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NO. I.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

LET us begin tranquilly. We are going to kill a good many old horses, whose four feet were in the grave before they entered the ring, and we are going to torture them in their last hours on the way to the bone-yard; we are going to bait, and worry, and weaken by loss of blood, and finally slaughter a number of noble bulls; perhaps we shall break some *picador* ribs; we are about to enter the region of chivalry, and engage in the pastime most characteristic of and most esteemed by the Spanish people; we promise gore and carnage enough farther on, and we may be pardoned for a gentle and gentleman-and-lady-like introduction to the noble sport.

One afternoon, in Seville, we learned that there was to be a *funcion* at the Bull Ring, given by amateurs, by a society of gentlemen Caballeros, whose object is the cultivation of horsemanship and the manly, national pastime. It was an entertainment given by the gentlemen of Seville to their lady friends, offering at the shrine of beauty the best fruit of a gallant civilization, and probably that which is most acceptable, just as the amateur Mendelssohn Society of New York gives its winter concerts to a refined and fashionable circle of friends. As admission was to be had only on special invitation of the members of the club, we had no expectation of participating, but we drove down to the amphitheater with a praiseworthy curiosity to see the beauty of Seville, in holiday attire, flock in to the spectacle.

The Bull Ring, which stands on the flat—all Seville is flat, and subject more or less to the overflow of the river—near the Guadalquivir, is an ample one, with a seating capacity of eleven thousand persons. It is built of stone, with wide interior corridors and entrance galleries to the different stories and private boxes, like the ancient Colosseum. Begun over

a century ago, it is still rough and unfinished, but it answers all the substantial purposes of its erection. The upper galleries and rows of benches on the shady side are set apart for the gentry; while the tiers near the ring and all the sunny side are given up to the lower orders and the rabble, the seats being much less in price than the others.

Carriages blocked the space in front of the entrance,—the most aristocratic of which were a sort of private and not much glorified omnibus, drawn by a team of gayly caparisoned mules,—and into the gates poured a stream, principally of ladies in full toilet. It was evidently an occasion of the highest fashion, and one that exhausted and put on view the entire beauty and gentility of Seville. The regular bull-fights of late years appear to have lost caste somewhat with the more refined circles of society, and the stranger might attend a dozen and not see a tithe of the dress and display, or women of the upper rank, that were forthcoming at this amateur performance. This rare opportunity to admire the beauty of Spain, which is becoming, so far as national peculiarities are concerned, somewhat traditional, made us anxious to be admitted.

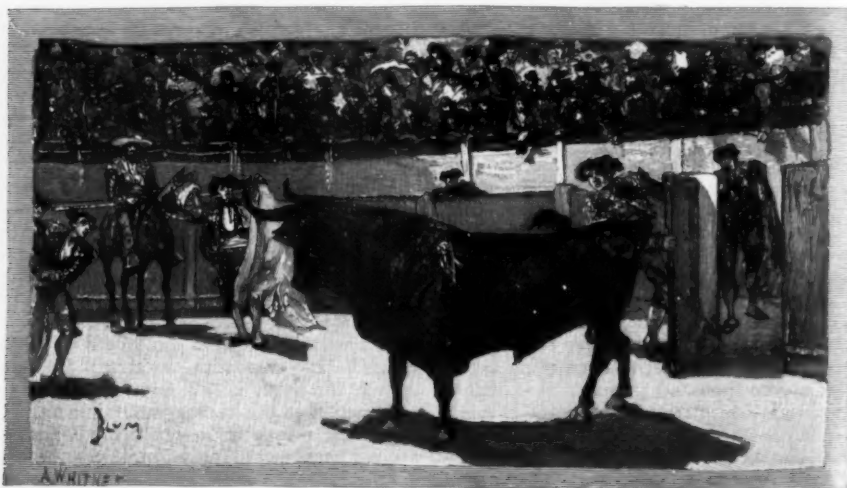
At length I plucked up courage and asked one of the gentlemen keeping the gate and taking tickets if there was any proper way by which a stranger could gain admittance. He replied, with great courtesy, that the only entrance would be by a member's ticket, but that, if I would wait a little till the rush was over, he would see what could be done. We amused ourselves with watching the gay throng trip past, in all the excitement of anticipation of the choice entertainment. At length the person upon whom my hopes depended beckoned to me, and said that he had

been fortunate enough to secure a member's ticket, which was quite at my service, and he was evidently very glad to be able to oblige a stranger. The ticket bore the name of Don somebody, with a long title, and was evidently a piece of paper to be respected. I was required to write my name on it as his guest. When I read the document, I found that it virtually entitled me to all the privileges of the club for fourteen days. I had heard so much of Spanish courtesy and generosity, and unfortunately seen so little of it in streets and highways of travel, that I was glad to have my faith restored by this act of hospitality. Thanking my temporary friend as profusely as I was able, I was about to pass into the arena, when an expression on his face arrested my attention, and a good providence led me to ask, "How much may I give you for this ticket?" "Four dollars," was the prompt reply. I said I thought that was very little for a piece of paper conveying such privileges, paid the vulgar silver, thanked him anew for his favor; to which he replied, in effect, that I needn't mention it, with a gracious air of presenting me with the entire Bull Ring, and I passed in among the select elect.

The ring had been contracted for action to about two-thirds of its usual size, and the greater part of the seats, including all on the sunny side, were vacant. But the audience was, nevertheless, large, all the balconies and boxes, and most of the benches on the gentry side, being full, and the spectacle was exceedingly brilliant. How could it be otherwise, with three thousand ladies in full drawing-room toilet? The ladies of Spain, except in

some remote towns in the mountain regions, have laid aside the national costume, and dress according to the dictates of Paris, preferring even the French fans to their own decorated with the incidents of the bull-fight and the serenade. In Seville, the black lace mantilla is still worn at church, and to some extent on the street; but the hat is the cover of the new fashion, more's the pity, and the high combs have gone altogether. I do not know why a woman, even a plain woman, should be so utterly fascinating in a mantilla, thrown over a high comb and falling gracefully over the shoulders, stepping daintily in high-heeled shoes with pointed toes, and moving her large fan with just that nonchalant air so accurately calculated to wound but not to kill. In the whole assembly I saw only one or two national costumes: the mantilla and the high comb, with the short petticoat, brilliant in color. Nothing could be more becoming, and it makes one doubt whether woman's strongest desire is to please, and whether it is not rather to follow the fashion, when we see a whole nation abandon such a charming attire.

But the white mantilla is *de rigueur* for a bull-fight, and every lady wore one. It was a little odd to see ladies in the open light of a brilliant, cloudless day, and in the gaze of the public, in full (as it is called) costume of the ball-room; but the creamy-white mantillas softened somewhat the too brilliant display, and threw over the whole the harmony of subdued splendor. What superb Spanish lace, blonde, soft, with a silken luster, falling in lovely folds that show its generous and exquisitely wrought figures, each leaf and stem and flower



ENTRANCE OF THE BULL.



THE ATTACK.

the creation of dainty fingers! Such work as this, of such a tone and fineness, in such large mantillas, sweeping from the head to the train, is scarcely to be found in the shops nowadays. These were heir-looms,—great-great-grandmother's lace, long yellowing, and growing rich in locked chests, worn only on state occasions, and now brought forth to make a bull's holiday.

We spent a good deal of the waiting time in scrutinizing the packed seats for beautiful women, and, I am sorry to say, with hardly a reward adequate to our anxiety. I am not sure how much the beauty of the women of Seville is traditional. They have good points. Graceful figures are not uncommon, and fine teeth; and dark, liquid, large eyes, which they use perpetually in *arillades* destructive to peace and security. And the fan, the most deadly weapon of coquetry, gives the *coup de grâce* to those whom the eyes have wounded. But the Seville women have usually sallow, pasty, dead complexions. Perhaps the beauty of the skin is destroyed by cosmetics, for there was not a lady at the bull-fight who was not

highly rouged and powdered. This gave an artificiality to their appearance *en masse*. Beauty of feature was very rare, and still rarer was that animation, that stamp of individual character, loveliness in the play of expression, and sprightliness, that charm in any assembly of American women. No, the handsome women in the ring were not numerous enough to make any impression on the general mass, and yet the total effect, with the blonde lace, the artificial color, the rich toilet, and the agitation of fans, was charming. The fan is the feature of Spanish life. It is, I believe, a well-known physiological fact that every Spanish girl is born with a fan in her hand. She learns to use it with effect before she can say "mamma." By the time she receives her first communion, it has become a fatal weapon in her hands, capable of expressing every shade of feeling, hope, tantalization. But ordinarily its use is excessively monotonous. It has, in fact, only three motions. It is opened with a languid backward flirt, it is moved twice gently to stir the air, it is closed with a slow, forward action,

and then the same process is exactly repeated, — open, two movements of fanning, shut; open, fan, shut, — hour after hour, until the beholder is driven half wild by the monotony of the performance. It is such a relief when there are three fanning movements between the opening and the shutting. In a public drawing-room, in the cars, in the street, in the bull-ring, this is the everlasting iteration of the fan. The effect produced when three thousand women are executing the monotonous maneuver is exasperating. This mechanical motion proceeds, of course, when the lady is in an attitude of mental and physical repose. When she is in conversation, and has an object, the fan has a hundred movements and varieties of expression, as the victim learns to his cost.

But let us not forget that this is a bull-fight, and the bull is probably waiting. The attention of the rustling, chattering, fanning audience is suddenly fixed upon the arena gate, which at the sound of a trumpet swings open to admit the procession of performers, — the *picadores* on horseback, the *chulos* or *banderilleros*, and *matador* on foot, and a gayly caparisoned team of mules with a drag of chains for removing the dead animals. We need not detain ourselves here with the details which will be necessary when we come to engage in a serious affair. The performers are all gentlemen, clad in the fantastic dress of the professionals. The procession makes the round of the arena under a shower of hand-clapping, salutes the president and the bevy of ladies in the central balcony, and withdraws, leaving only the *picadores*, or spearmen, and attendants in possession of the field of honor.

The trumpet sounds a second time, and the door of the *toril*, the dark cage on wheels in which the bull is confined, is opened, and the bull rushes out. He is also an amateur, a two-year-old, of good lineage like his tormentors, but of imperfect development. He has been exasperated by confinement in a dark box, and pricked into a rage by an ornamented rosette of ribbons, which is fastened between his shoulders by spikes that have drawn blood. Astonished at first by the glare of light and the noisy welcome of the assembly, he stands a moment confused, and then runs about the arena looking for some place of escape. He is a compact, clean-built, intrepid little fellow, and probably does not at first comprehend that this is a duel for life, without a single chance for himself. He does not yet know that he is to be stabbed and pricked and baited for an hour for the amusement of these gracious, applauding ladies, and then butchered, to give them a holiday sensation. He does not know how unequal the fight is to be,

until he learns by experience that he is deprived of his natural weapon of attack. But we feel a pity for him in advance, as we notice that the points of his horns have been sawn off, so that their thrusts will be harmless. After a circuit or two, he becomes aware that he is among enemies, and seeing the *picadores* advancing and menacing him with their spears, he makes a rush at one of them. The clumsy rider attempts a spear-thrust, but the bull disregards that and gets in under the flank of the horse and attempts to gore him. Alas, the blunt horns will not gore; the blinded beast is lifted a little off his hind legs by sheer force of the plucky little fighter, and then the bull turns away in disgust, pursued by the courageous *picadores*. Again and again he is nagged and pricked into a charge, but always with the same result. This sort of thing goes on till both the bull and the spectators are weary of it, and then the trumpet sounds and the merry *chulos* enter to assist the *picadores* in further worrying the bull. These light-clad skirmishers bear darts and long red cloaks. They surround the puzzled bull and torment him, shake their aggravating red cloaks in his face, and when he rushes at one of them, the athlete springs lightly aside and lets him toss the garment; or, if he pursues too closely, the man runs to the barrier and escapes through one of the many narrow openings. When this sport has continued some time, the *banderilleros* come into play. One of them advances with a long barbed arrow in each hand, holding it by the feathered end of the shaft. The little bull looks at him, standing still and wondering what new sort of enemy this is. The man, with watchful eye, comes nearer, in fact, close to him; the bull lowers his head and concludes to try a charge, but he has scarcely taken two steps when the *banderillero* plants the two cruel arrows on the top of his shoulders and springs lightly aside. The bull passes with the weapons sticking into his flesh, loosely swaying, and irritating him, and the blood flows down his shoulders. The crowd applaud the gallant young gentleman. This operation is repeated by a second *banderillero*, and when this sort of baiting ceases to be any longer amusing, the trumpet sounds again.

This is for the last act in this noble drama. The *picadores* withdraw, the arena is occupied by the skirmishing *chulos*. At a blast of the trumpet the *matador* enters, advances to the central balcony, makes an address, receives permission to dispatch the little beast, throws his cap over the barrier, and advances to his work. He carries in the left hand a small scarlet flag, and in the other, a long, slender Toledo blade. He must kill

the bull, but in only one way. The sword must enter in the back part of the neck just between the shoulder-blades, so as to pierce the heart. The blow must consequently be delivered when the bull is charging, head down. It requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and unshaken nerves to plant the sword exactly in this spot. The *matador* advances warily to play with the bull and study his nature; his assistants group themselves about at his command, to goad the bull into action by shaking their cloaks, or to protect the *matador* if the latter is hard pressed. The little bull is tired and bloody and hot, and has had enough of it. But the *matador* is tantalizing, the scarlet banner is irritating, the *chulos* are exasperating. After much irresolution, and turning his eyes to one tormentor and another, he decides to pay his attention to the man with the sword. He makes a rush at the red banner; it flirts in his face; the *matador* steps aside, and as he does so makes a thrust. The sword enters the beast only an inch or two, and in the wrong place. The bull canters away to the other side of the arena to get rid of his tormentors. They follow him and bait him. He turns again upon his cool pursuer. This time the sword is thrust into his neck and sticks there, while the bull runs and bellows at the hurt until he shakes out the weapon. The *matador* recovers it, and the sport continues. There is nothing very exciting about it, but the crowd apparently enjoy the torture of the animal. The *matador* is cool; he is practicing a noble art. After long maneuvering and feinting and false thrusting, he plants his sword in the fatal spot. The bull stops in his career, astonished. An attendant runs up and drives the sword in by a blow on the hilt; the bull falls on his knees, and "the arena swims around him." He tumbles over; the mule team gallops in and drags away his carcass; the hero advances to the central balcony and receives a tempest of applause and a shower of bouquets. He has done what man can do in this land of romance to commend himself to the favors of the gentler sex. Two other bulls are slain with exactly the same prolonged and ceremonious torture, and then the arena is cleared for another sort of performance.

Meantime, the fans flutter with a new meaning, the chatter is continuous, the brilliant behavior of the performers is discussed with earnestness, and boys make their way up and along the tiers of seats with great trays of costly and toothsome candies and sweetmeats, which are gratuitously distributed at the expense of the club.

The next performance is by the gentlemen riders. Sixteen of them, superbly mounted,

in morning costume, with tall hats, enter the ring and begin a series of pleasing evolutions. The performance has not the dash and danger of an Arab *jereed* nor the break-neck pace and skill of some of our Western and Indian horsemen, but it is better than most of the riding in our best circuses with trained horses, and is altogether a pleasing sight. The riders sit and manage their spirited horses perfectly, and their complicated evolutions, like the mazes of a dance, in time to the music of the band, are a charming exhibition of grace and skill.

This was followed by riding at the scarf. On a projecting arm in front of the president's stand were rolls of colored scarfs, the end of each roll hanging down with its fringe about six inches. The scarfs of blue, red, white, yellow, and green had been embroidered by the fair hands that were applauding the horsemen, and the capture of these was the prize of the riders. Each horseman carried a long wooden lance with a sharp point. They were drawn up in line on the opposite side of the arena. At a signal one advanced, and put his horse into a gallop around the circle; as he neared the balcony, the pace increased to a dead run. Just before the rider passed under the roll of scarfs, he raised his lance and thrust it at the six inches square of hanging silk. He had to estimate the height, to calculate exactly the distance from the balcony, and to hit this small object exactly while guiding his fiery horse at a prodigious pace. If the point of the lance caught the silk, the scarf unrolled and fluttered down, and another one was ready for the next trial. Opposite the balcony, by the side of the track, on a stand about eighteen inches high, lay a bouquet. When the rider had essayed at the scarf, he threw down his lance and, with the horse still at full speed, leaned from his saddle and attempted to snatch the bouquet. I could see how the riders could very well spear the silk and catch the flowers; but how, in all this excitement, with a plunging horse, they could keep on their tall hats, was a mystery to me. There were many rounds made without capturing a scarf. Whenever one was caught down, a footman picked it up and carried it to the winner, who decorated himself with it by passing it over his right shoulder and knotting it on his left hip. In time, the successful competitors presented a gay appearance, with scarfs of many colors. The game went on for nearly two hours, and almost at the last there were some unfortunate riders who had no scarf, while others were ornamented with a dozen of these tokens of affection. I fancied there were some heart-aches in the galleries on seeing so many of the embroidered decorations go to the wrong

men. But the supply held out, and when the trial was over every gallant had at least one. No doubt it was a happy night for the heroes who wore a dozen. But what their social rank would be, in comparison with the swordsman who killed the amateur bull, I cannot say.

The high and almost sacred rank the bull-fight holds in Spain may be inferred from the fact that all the important spectacles are on Sunday. As the great *funciones* had already

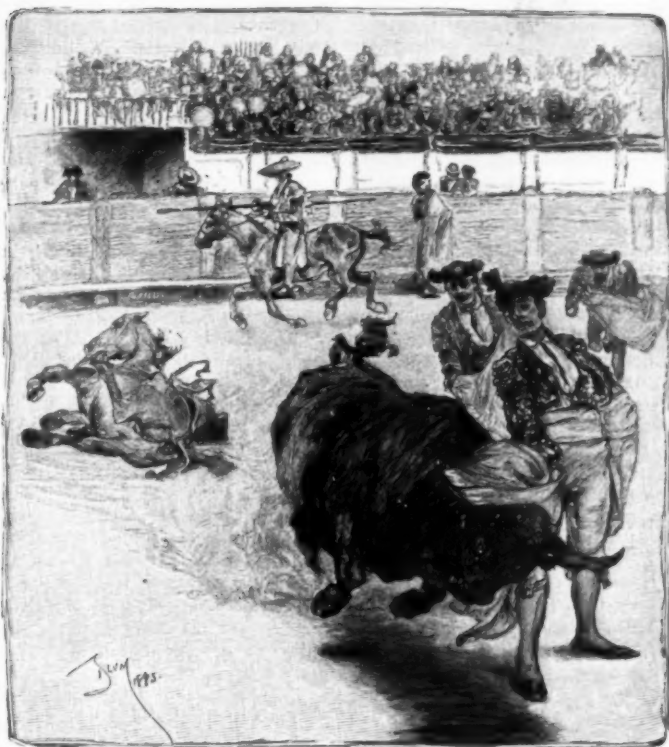
There are very few who attain great eminence in their profession, never more than three or four at a time in the whole kingdom; but for them there is profit as well as honor. These great men are the autocrats of the ring when they enter it. Each one has his own train of followers, *chulos* and *banderilleros*, who accompany him in his circuit of engagements, and who are paid as he dictates. A great favorite receives a thousand dollars for a



THE BANDERILLERO'S CHALLENGE.

taken place during the Easter holidays in Seville, we were obliged to go to Jerez on the thirtieth of April in order to witness a real engagement. Every town in Spain of any size has a large bull-ring, whatever other public buildings it may lack; and the erection of new ones recently proves that the sport has not declined in popular estimation, although a few fastidious persons are beginning to regard it as a barbarous and unseemly usage. And during some portion of the year, usually during the local fair, or on some high *fête* of the Church, there is in every bull-ring in the kingdom a great *funcion*. There are a few bull-fighters who have a national reputation, whose services are always in demand, and the local fights have to be postponed till one or more of them can be secured. Although it is said that the professional bull-fighter is very low caste in Spain, I think no one, not even the military hero, enjoys so much consideration with the masses as the successful and skillful *matador* of the ring. They are followed by the boys, they are the admiration of the rabble, they are smiled on by the gentle ladies in the boxes, they are dined by the local governors, and they move about in their own social circles with the port of conquerors who subdue hearts as easily as they slay bulls.

fight, and as he is crowded with engagements during the whole spring, summer, and autumn, he reaps a good harvest. Two fighters whom I saw, one of Seville and one of Granada, had accumulated large fortunes, owned many houses, and lived in considerable, showy ostentation. Bull-fights are very expensive entertainments, costing usually two thousand dollars and more, and the prices of admission are high compared with the wages paid in Spain; the artists must be well paid, and the animals cost much to breed. But there is no difficulty in filling a ring anywhere, for the fight is a passion with the people; children are taken early to the arena, and bred to love it—their common game is a "bull-fight"; and all Spaniards love to see a bull slain, for they seem to have an unconquerable hatred of the animal, and never see one in the field without attempting to irritate and insult him. Of the bulls that are bred for this pastime, only the noblest and fiercest are fit for the arena, and the breeders have methods of testing their courage and mettle. The lovers of the sport always post themselves as to the character of the bulls who are to perform, and the reputation of the fighting quality of the forthcoming bulls is an attraction only second to that of the famous artists who are to meet



AN ACT OF AUDACITY.

them in the arena; and the latter are esteemed as great actors are with us.

It was fair and horse-race week at Jerez, and the little "sherry" city was crowded with visitors. The culminating interest was in the bull-baiting on Sunday afternoon, and when we found our way to our seats in the vast edifice, at half-past three, it was already packed from the barrier-ring to the top of the walls. And such an assembly! I doubt if a Roman circus could ever have shown a more brutal one. Very few women were present, though there were many children; and there was a sprinkling of ladies in white mantillas in the grand balcony, where the town officials were seated. These functionaries had the air of the judges and important personages on the stand at an American horse-trot *funcion*. The occasion had been anticipated with great eagerness, because the bulls were from a famous Andalusian herd, and two fighters with a national reputation were to officiate: Antonio Carmona, called "El Gordito," of Seville, and Salvador Sanchez, called "Frascuero," of Granada. These men are both in the first class

of the brotherhood, although two of the Madrid fighters are their acknowledged superiors.

I had imagined that a bull-fight, with all its cruelty and much to disgust, must be an exciting and gallant spectacle. I saw, in my mind, the trained spearmen on horseback dashing in full gallop at the bull, dexterously evading his enraged rush, and flying and charging about the arena, alternately pursuing and pursued. I saw the bull, always alert and bellicose, charging the footmen, who pricked and baited and enraged him with their scarlet mantles, who put their lives against his in a closed arena, and only saved themselves by the utmost address and skill. I had imagined, in short, a chivalrous performance.

We had not long to wait. The gate swung open, and the bull-fighting company entered in what was meant for a gorgeous procession. It had the cheap elements of a spectacular effect in a sawdust arena. The costumes, at least, were showy in spangles and in divers colors, as in the "grande entrée" of a circus, and some of them were rich; and scarlet cloaks and swords and plumes and the courtly,

high-stepping march of the fighters imitated, I supposed, the opening of a mediæval tournament. First came four *picadores*. These men wore broad-brimmed Thessalian hats and carried long spears; their bodies were thickly padded, their legs incased in iron and leather, the right one being most protected; they were rusty in appearance, and so encumbered were they with armor and wadding that they sat their horses insecurely. The poor beasts they rode were worthy of the occasion, thin Rosinantes, old, knock-kneed, stiff-legged, who stumbled along and with difficulty could be urged out of a walk. They were blindfolded. They would be dear purchases at two dollars and a half a head. When you speak to a Spaniard of the cruelty of torturing such poor beasts, he says, "Why, they are worth nothing!" These were followed by a band of foot-fighters, comely fellows in spangled jackets, plumed caps, waist sashes, short breeches, and stockings, bearing on the left arm red mantles. After them walked the two *matadores en grande tenue*, with conscious pride, and the procession closed with a team of six gaudily caparisoned mules. The procession marched up to the judges' stand and saluted; the president threw down the key of the *toril*, or bull-cell, to an attendant policeman, the round of the arena was made amid the roar of nine thousand spectators, and all passed out except the *picadores* and half a dozen of the footmen.

And now came the first moment of intense anxiety, the awaiting of the appearance of the bull. Would he be game or indifferent? would he be boldly savage or slyly murderous, a dangerous customer or a coward? Pending this issue, however, I was aware of a rising tumult on the opposite benches, an angry sort of roar and grumble that spread speedily over the whole house except in our immediate vicinity near the grand balcony; men rose gesticulating and sputtering wildly, and pointing in our direction, until nearly everybody was standing on the benches, half of them not comprehending what the matter was, and eager to see, but all roaring in tones that had no good nature in them. "They are all looking at you," said my companion; "I think it must be your hat." I was wearing, for protection against the sun, an India pith helmet, common enough all along the Mediterranean, but for some reason apparently offensive to these courteous provincials. The whole arena rose at me. It was some seconds before I could comprehend that I was the center of such polite attention. The hubbub increased; men shook their fists and howled, and began to move as if they would climb up to our tier. They demanded something

most vehemently, but whether it was my head or my hat I could not tell. I did not, however, rise to acknowledge the honor, but sat smiling, much as I suppose the *matador* smiles when the bull is about to charge him; and when the tumult was at its height there was a cry, "*El toro! El toro!*" and the crowd turned to a greater attraction.

The bull was in the ring. He was a noble animal, dun in color, handsomely marked, thin flanks, powerful shoulders, high-bred head with dilating nostrils, large, glaring eyes, and symmetrical polished horns. Affixed to the back of his neck was the variegated rosette, and blood trickled down his shoulders. He stood for a moment facing the nine thousand enemies who roared at him, and then dashed around the ring, head erect and lashing his tail, with blood and defiance in his eye. The *chulos* sought cover, and the *picadores* stood still, awaiting his attention. After his first course, the bull stood for a moment pawing the ground and bellowing, and then, catching sight of one of the weak, blindfolded horses, whose rider was urging him forward, he advanced to the attack, though not with any rush. As he came near, the *picador*, who was swaying clumsily on his horse, made a thrust at the bull with his spear and slightly turned his horse's head to the left. The horse stood still, and the bull inserted his horns under the animal's flank, slightly raising him from the ground. The footmen ran to the rescue with their distracting mantles, and the bull turned in pursuit of them. They nimbly skipped behind the shelters that are erected every few paces in the barrier, and the horse got away with his entrails trailing on the ground, his rider trying to spur him into a gallop. The crowd roared in great delight. The horse was good for sport as long as he could stand. (When the horse is not too weak to keep his feet, the wound is sewed up, that he may be gored again; for seeing the horses tortured is one of the chief delights of the ring.) After a brief interval, the bull was excited to attack another horse. This time the horse was lifted from the ground and thrown on his side, the man under him, and the bull drew back to give him a finishing stroke. The attendants again rushed in, distracted the attention of the bull, pulled the man from under the horse, got the horse up, lifted the *picador* to his feet (for encumbered as he was with armor and wadding he could not rise), and put him on the horse again. The bull, still full of fight, wheeled about in a rage at losing his assailants, who had quickly stepped behind their shelter, and advanced threateningly

toward another horse. The *picador* walked his horse to meet him. The same clumsy maneuvers occurred as before. But this time the bull not only overthrew the horse, but gored him severely, and then attacked the prostrate rider. The footmen rushed in just in time to save the man from being tossed. The horse lay dead, and the man was carried out of the ring. It was considered by this time a lively fight, and the *picadores* were reinforced by two more horsemen. The next horse assailed was gored so badly that, although he escaped, he was in a shocking condition; and after his cruel rider had spurred him a couple of times around the ring, he collapsed. The bull continued raging about, stopping occasionally to gore and toss the dead horses or chase the aggravating *chulos* to cover, and then sullenly advancing and ripping open another of the blindfolded steeds. When the trumpet sounded, he had virtually cleared the ring, and roamed around, its master. Six horses lay dead or dying in the sand.

In the second act the *chulos* and *banderilleros* had the field, to torture and bait the noble fighter, who was getting a little weakened by his extraordinary efforts, but still seemed to think he had a chance for his life. These fellows are light and nimble, costumed exactly like *Figaro*, in the "Barber's" opera, and skip about the arena with considerable agility. Their office is to tease the bull, to run toward him and irritate him by shaking their colored mantles in his face, to distract him to pursue first one and then another, and to elude him, when they are hard pressed, by dodging behind the shelters. The only danger they run is in slipping on the sod when the bull is in pursuit. After this game had gone on for some time, a *banderillero* stepped forward with a barbed arrow in each hand and faced the bull. His object was to plant an arrow in each shoulder. The two looked at each other warily. The bull was studying how he could kill the man. He pawed the ground, he lowered his head, and made a dash; the *banderillero* planted the arrows exactly in the shoulders, and skipped aside, just avoiding the points of the sharp horns. It was very neatly done; and the bull went roaring around the arena, bleeding and trying to shake himself free from the stinging barbs. This operation, after two or three failures, was repeated by another *banderillero*, and the bull was further dispirited by nagging until it was deemed time to kill him. The trumpet sounded for the third and last act.

Frascuolo entered. He was not by any means a bad-looking fellow, and, physically, he deserved a good deal of credit. He advanced straight across the arena with the

lordly strut of a great man, conscious of his merit and of deserving the thunderous applause that greeted him, to the president's box. There he made a grandiloquent speech, signifying his willingness to rid the earth of that pestilent bull. Permission was graciously accorded: we are nothing here if not courtly. Frascuelo pledged himself to do his duty, tossed his plumed hat over the barrier, and turned and addressed himself to the work. The bull had been meantime patiently waiting for the oratorical part of the performance to finish, and evidently not caring particularly for any more fighting that day.

Frascuolo carried in his right hand a long Toledo blade; in his left, a scarlet mantle a yard square. He wore a small wig of black hair, with a sort of chignon on the back of the head, and a short cue. His jacket and breeches were of light olive-green velvet. The open jacket and the front of his thighs were thickly crusted with silver spangles. His waist was girt with a red sash; his long stockings were pink, and his shoes were black. He was a cool-eyed, steady-nerved, well-made fellow, and he presented a pretty appearance as he advanced to his duel with the bull. His attendants, with the mantles, were disposed near at hand and under his orders, to excite the bull to the combat and to rescue the *matador* in case of extreme peril.

The two stood face to face; the man fresh and cool, the bull enraged, but weakened by the running and the nagging and loss of blood. The only stroke the *matador* is allowed to deliver is between the shoulders; in order to kill, he must pass the sword down close to the shoulder-blade into the heart. In order to reach this spot, the bull must have his head down, and consequently be charging. The combatants eye each other. Frascuelo shakes the scarlet before the bull's eyes. The bull paws the ground and looks wicked, but distrustful of the blade. Frascuelo comes nearer, never for a second losing the bull's eye. He insults him with the scarlet. The bull dashes at it. Frascuelo delivers a stroke as the bull comes on, flirts the banner in his eyes, and steps aside. The bull is wounded, but not in the vital spot, and speedily turns and faces his foe. Frascuelo coolly wipes the blade on the silk in his hand, and is ready for another turn. The same wary maneuvers follow, with the same result. Then a longer period of skirmishing follows, in which the attendants again nag and torment the now distracted and reluctant animal. In the third round, Frascuelo plants his sword in the right spot, half way to the hilt. The crowd rise and roar with delight. The bull goes bellowing around the arena in pain, blood running from his



TAKING OUT THE VICTIM.

mouth. As he passes near the barrier, the spectators lean over and, with one blow after another, thrust the sword in to the hilt. The bull falls on his knees and is done for. Frascuelo, still cool, gracious, dignified, advances to the grand balcony. He is greeted with a hurricane of hurrahs, and a shower of hats is thrown at him from the benches. These hats are not, however, gifts. Frascuelo goes around and picks each one up and restores it to its owner. Then the trumpet sounds, the mule team gallops in and drags away the bull and the carcasses of the horses, and the arena is ready for another fight.

The second fight was essentially a repetition of the first, only this bull was sullen and less enterprising than the first one, though equally strong and dangerous. In the second act, an incident occurred that sent a delightful thrill of horror through the spectators for a moment. One of the *chulos*, pursued by the bull, fell, and the brute's horns were just about entering his body when Frascuelo, who was in the arena, rushed forward with incredible swiftness and address and, blinding the bull with his cloak, diverted his attention and saved the man's life. It was the cleverest feat of the day.

The *matador* in this fight was El Gordito, a man of fame, but older than Frascuelo, and on this occasion he appeared to be a very clumsy swordsman. Although the bull was much fatigued when he took him, the fight was intolerably long. El Gordito made pass after pass, wounding the bull repeatedly, but never in the right spot. Twice he lost his sword, the bull carrying it away in his neck, and it was recovered and brought to the *matador* by his attendants. Once he thrust it so deeply into the shoulder that it was a long time before it was pulled out, and then by one of the spectators leaning over the barrier when the bull was sulking, and El Gordito had to be furnished with another sword. After twenty minutes of this clumsy work, the

crowd got very impatient, and did what is very seldom done in a bull-ring—they demanded the life of the bull. The signal of this act of mercy is the waving of a white handkerchief. Soon the whole arena was fluttering with these flags of truce. But the president would not heed them. He probably hesitated to disgrace so notorious a fighter. The farce went on. Again and again the crowd rose, waving handkerchiefs and demanding that the bull should be let go. But the president was inexorable. The fight went on, intolerably weary and monotonous. At the end of nearly three-quarters of an hour, El Gordito succeeded in planting his weapon in the right spot, though not delivering an immediate death-blow; but the bull, after some hesitation, sank on his knees, and an attendant crept up to his side and dispatched him with a butcher-knife.

We assisted at the killing of one bull more. It was always the same thing. Six bulls were slaughtered that day, but three were quite enough for us. I do not know how many horses bit the dust, but a good many,—I should think twenty-five dollars' worth, in all. Perhaps I should have got used to the cruelty, the disgusting sight of the gored horses, and the cheap barbarity, if I had staid through the entire performance; but I could not longer endure the weariness and monotony of the show, the tedious skirmishing between bulls that had to be all the time irritated up to the fighting point, and decrepit, blindfolded horses that could not see their danger, and nimble athletes that could easily skip to a place of safety. It would have been something like fair if the barriers had been closed and the fighters had owed their escape to speed and address. One's sympathy went always with the tormented bull, whose very bravery and courage insured his death, for there was no chance for him from the first moment. There were times when it

would have been a relief to see him dispatch one of his tormentors.

The profoundest impressions left with one were of the weary monotony of the show, and the utter tameness and cheapness of most of it, and the character of the spectators. There were a good many children in the crowd, having their worst passions cultivated by the brutal exhibition. It is an important part of the national education, and the fruits of it are plain to be seen. I am glad to record that a little girl, seated near us, who had enjoyed the grand entry and the excitement of the scene, was quite broken up by the disgusting details, and frequently hid her face on her father's shoulder, crying nervously at the distress of the poor horses. But the great, roaring crowd heartily gloated over all that was most revolting.

Long after we left the arena, there was ringing in my ears their barbaric clamor.

We went out from the blazing light and tumult of the ring, glad to escape from the demoniac performance, and sought refuge in an old church near by, to bathe our tired eyes and bruised nerves in its coolness and serenity. Here, at least, was some visible evidence that the Christian religion has still a foothold in Spain.

We tried to console ourselves for the part we had taken in the day's sport, by the thought that we had once for all discharged the traveler's duty in a study of the great national pastime—the pastime that royalty encourages by its presence, the pastime that reveals and molds the character of a once powerful people.

Charles Dudley Warner.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN ENGLAND.

MR. WINSLOW HOMER holds, as to time, an intermediate place between our elder and our younger painters. He cannot be classed with those who won their position and gained their chief honors before the War of the Rebellion; nor is he identified with the later generation which has so rapidly grown in numbers and in influence since the appear-

ance of a few clever Munich and Paris students on the Academy walls in 1877. And not only in time, but in the character of his work, he stands apart from both these well-known groups.

Mr. Homer was born in Boston in 1836. At the age of six his family removed to Cambridge, where country life fostered



A CHARCOAL SKETCH. BY WINSLOW HOMER.

the tastes and feelings he reveals so clearly in his art. Never was any painter more rurally minded. Never did any dweller in cities more completely ignore on canvas not their existence only, but also the existence of the human types they foster. This would not, of course, be remarkable if he were simply a landscape painter; but while landscape elements are very prominent in his work, humanity is rarely absent, and is usually his chief concern. But it is rustic humanity always. The rural American of his earlier pictures is shown with a persistence, a sympathy, and an artistic clearness and directness of speech quite unequaled in our art. We get the very essence of New England forms and faces and gestures, and of New England fields and hill-sides, in this early work, and just as truly the very essence of negro life and its surroundings. No man could mistake the home and people of this artist. No man could doubt his being an American by birth and nature. This national quality it was—always a precious thing, but never so valuable as now when art has grown so eclectic and cosmopolitan—that caused his pictures to be so much noticed at the Paris Exposition of 1878, so much praised by critics who saw their technical peculiarities quite clearly, but forgave them, prized them, indeed, for the breath of genuine transatlantic sentiment they preserved.

Mr. Homer's taste for art seems to have developed very early, for we are told that by the time he was twelve years old he had already accumulated a large stock of crayon drawings. He was encouraged in his efforts and ambitions by his father,—a fact in refreshing contrast to the usual course of artistic true love,—and at the age of nineteen was apprenticed to Bufford, the Boston lithographer. The first work of his apprenticeship was in the shape of title-pages for sheet music. The most important, perhaps, was a series of portraits of all the members of the Massachusetts Senate. When he was of age, Mr. Homer abandoned the lithographer's craft, the mechanical and business requirements of which he had found alike galling, and set up a studio in Boston. He designed much for the Harpers' wood-engravers, and the firm soon offered him a permanent engagement. But he refused to bind himself in any way again, and worked on quite independently, studying diligently all the time. In 1859 he removed to New York and attended the night schools of the Academy. In 1861 he began to use color for the first time, going directly to nature for his models and to his own instincts for his methods. With the outbreak of the war, he went to Washington, and thrice accompanied the army of the Potomac

in its campaigns, the first time as artist correspondent of the Harpers, and later for his own private purposes. His first oil paintings were war scenes,—among them the famous "Prisoners from the Front," than which no American picture is more familiar to his countrymen.

In later years Mr. Homer has, I believe, lived chiefly in New York, though making trips to various places at home and across the water. He has been extremely prolific in oils, in water-colors, and in black-and-white. Most of his work has been, as I have said, in the line of outdoor *genre*, though he sometimes gives us landscape by itself, sometimes interiors, and occasionally figures without surroundings of importance. We all know the little water-colors he sent by the dozen for many years to our annual exhibitions,—the bare-footed, sun-bonneted little girls; the flocks of ragged sheep; the Yankee boys playing by the gaunt little school-house or under twisted apple-boughs through which the sun was sifting; the negro urchins eating water-melons; the tanned hay-makers in their shirt-sleeves and their coarse hide boots; the thousand and one rustic scenes—pictorial scenes merely, without incident or story—that were recorded with so much freshness and so much truth and strength, if often with so little beauty. Among his oil paintings we find, as is but natural, many subjects of more ambitious sorts, though almost always conceived from a pictorial and not a literary point of view. Just as well as we know his little water-color sketches, we know his thoroughly studied interiors of negro huts or New England rural homes, with the characteristic human types they shelter, and the groups of blue-coats that were prominent in war days. Even here, it is interesting to note, Mr. Homer is still the painter of character or simple incident, never of "story" or dramatic effect. His soldier-boys are shown in their more peaceful moods, there being, so far as I remember, no battle scenes among his military paintings.

With all these things every visitor to our galleries had been long familiar—every visitor, though of the most careless and unobserving sort. For a noteworthy point about Mr. Homer's work, one that proves its inherent originality of mood and strength of utterance, is that it always makes itself felt, no matter amid what surroundings. Every passer-by marks it at once, and is apt to give it an unusually decided verdict in his mind, whether of approval or dispraise. No one can be blind to it in the first place or indifferent in the second, as one may be to the things by which it is encompassed on the average ex-

hibition wall,—things probably more “pretty” or more “charming,” possibly more polished, but in almost every case much weaker, more conventional, less original, and at the same time much less truthful. As an instance in point, I may refer to the way in which it affected my own childish eyes, in days when I dared to hold very few positive opinions in such matters. As a youthful visitor to our exhibitions and student of our illustrated papers, I remember to have hated Mr. Homer in quite vehement and peculiar fashion, acknowledging thereby his individuality and his force, and also his freedom from the neat little waxy prettinesses of idea and expression which are so alien to true art, but always so delightful to childish minds, whether in bodies childish or adult.

Two or three years ago, Mr. Homer must have astonished, I think, many who, knowing his work so well, thought they had gauged his power and understood its preferences and its range; for he then exhibited a series of water-colors conceived in an entirely novel vein. No one could have guessed he might attempt such things. Yet the moment they were seen no one could doubt whose hand had been at work,—so strong were they, so entirely fresh and free and native. They were marine studies of no considerable size, done at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Never before had Mr. Homer made color his chief aim or his chief means of expression. In his paintings his scheme had usually been cold, neutral, unattractive. In his aquarelles he had often used very vivid color, but rather, apparently, for the purpose of meeting that most difficult of problems, the effect of full sunlight out-of-doors, than with an eye to the color in and for itself. And the result had usually been strength not unmingled with crudeness. But in these marine sketches color had been his chief concern, and there was much less of crudeness and more of beauty in the result. They were chiefly stormy sunset views—glowing, broadly indicated, strongly marked memoranda, done with deep reds and blacks. A sweep of red-barred black water, a stretch of black-barred red sky, and the great black sail of a fishing-boat set against them, with no detail and the fewest of rough brush strokes, gave us not only the intensified color-scheme of nature but nature's movement, too,—the slow rise and fall of the billows, the motion of the boat, the heavy pulsation of the air. The hues were a palpable exaggeration of the hues of nature; but then all color that is homogeneous and good on canvas is and must be an exaggeration, either in the way of greater strength or of greater weakness. No one can paint nature just as she appears;

and if one could, the result would not be clear and expressive art. As a Frenchman has well said, “Art is a state of compromises, of sacrifices,”—much omitted or altered for the sake of the clear showing and the emphasizing of a little. Most artists accomplish this end, as we know, by the weakening process—by taking, to start with, a lower, duller, less positive key than nature's, and by then still further modifying minor things in order that the chief may appear strong enough by contrast. To use the familiar phrase, they *tone things down*. But Mr. Homer had gone the other way to work in these little marines, and had toned things *up*. He had boldly omitted everything that could not serve his purpose,—which was to show the demoniac splendor of stormy sunset skies and waters,—and then, unsatisfied by the brilliant hues of nature, had keyed them to deeper force, made them doubly powerful, the reds stronger and the blacks blacker,—insisting upon and emphasizing a theme which another artist would have thought already too pronounced and too emphatic for artistic use. That he could do this and keep the balance of his work is a patent proof of his artistic power. For though overstatement is not more non-natural or less allowable in art than under-statement, yet under-statement is, of course, the easier, safer kind of adaptation. If this is unsuccessful, the result is simply weak; but if over-statement is unsuccessful, the result is an atrocity. Mr. Homer, however, was so artistic, so clear, so well poised in his exaggerations, that he did more than satisfy the eye. He opened it to the full force and beauty of certain natural effects, and filled for us the sky of every future stormy sunset with memories of how his brush had interpreted its characteristic beauty.

I would not be understood to mean, nevertheless, that even in these pictures Mr. Homer won himself a title to the name of colorist in its highest sense. His color was good in its way, and most impressive. But the finest color must always, no matter how great its strength, preserve an element of suavity; and suavity, sensuous charm of any kind, Mr. Homer's brush is quite without. Its notes may be grand and powerful upon occasion, but, in color at least, are always a little rude and violent. Those who remember these pictures will remember also, I think, how they divided the honors of the exhibition with Mr. Currier's, his also being color-studies of stormy sunset skies, though over moorland instead of water. In comparing them, we saw the difference between the temperament of a true colorist like Mr. Currier and a vigorous artistic temperament like Mr. Homer's, making itself felt through color



"LOOKING OVER THE CLIFF."

which still was not its native element. Mr. Currier's drawings, in spite of their hurrying dash of method, were far more suave in tone, more subtle in suggestion, more harmonious, more beautiful. They were also more refined and skillful in handling. But they were no more artistic in conception than Mr. Homer's, — no stronger, no more valuable as fresh individual records of personal sensations in the face of nature. And they lacked, of course, the native American accent which Mr. Homer had put even into his waves and boats.

At the water-color exhibition of 1883, Mr. Homer again surprised us with drawings of a new kind and possessing novel claims to praise. They were pictures of English fisherwomen, set, as usual with him, in landscape surroundings of much importance, and were, I think, by far the finest works he had yet shown in any medium. They were lacking in but one quality we had prized in his earlier work — in the distinctively American accent hitherto so prominent. But we could not resent this fact, since, if an artist chooses a foreign theme, he must, of course, see it in its own light or do uncharacteristic and savorless work. To paint English girls as though they were Americans would have been as great an artistic sin as is the more common crime of painting Yankees to look like Bretons or Bavarians. It is a proof of his true artistic instinct and insight, and his freedom from conventionality of thought or method, that Mr. Homer, who had so clearly understood and expressed the American type during so many years of working, could now free himself so entirely from its memory as to make these English girls as distinctly, as typically English as any which have ever come from a British hand.

It is this most recent phase of Mr. Homer's work which is illustrated here, — both from his exhibited pictures and from the contents of his portfolio. "The Voice from the Cliffs" and the "Inside the Bar" were among the former, and seem to me not only, as I have said, the most complete and beautiful things he has yet produced, but among the most interesting American art has yet created. They are, to begin with, *pictures* in the truest sense, and not mere studies or sketches, like most of his earlier aquarelles. Then they are finer in color than anything except the sunset sketches just described, and finer than these in one way — as being more explicit and comprehensive in their scheme. Another exhibited picture, a harbor view called "Tynemouth," seen close at hand, with its pale sunset pinks and yellows, seemed a little crude as well as odd; but from the proper distance it was not only subtly truthful, but fine in harmony. The dark gray tone

of "Inside the Bar" was admirably kept and modulated through the entire landscape, giving us as marvelous a sky as I remember to have seen in water-color work from any hand. And though the flesh-tones were, as so often with the artist, too purplish for either truth or beauty, yet they worked in well with the general scheme. In "The Voice from the Cliffs," the same fault in the flesh-tones was noticeable. Yet I cannot say the picture was disagreeable in color. It was pitched in a peculiar and rather crude key, but held well together within that key, and this is always the first thing that must be secured to make color *good*, if not beautiful. And in handling, these works were, I think, a great improvement on all that had gone before — more skillful, more refined, more delicate, while not less strong and individual. But the most interesting and valuable thing about them was their beauty of line. Linear beauty is a rare thing in modern art, scarcely ever aimed at even by a modern artist without a lapse into conventionality or would-be-classic lifelessness. And it is a quality which we might have thought the very last to which Mr. Homer could attain. Certainly he had never seemed even to think of it before. In his paintings the composition had been sufficiently good, but not marked in any way, and in his water-colors it had usually been neglected altogether. Never had he shown, so far as I know his work, a care for really artistic, well-balanced composition, still less a trace of feeling for the charm and value of pure linear beauty. Compare the carelessly chosen attitudes, the angular outlines, the awkwardly truthful gestures of his New England figures, with the sculptural grace of these fisher-girls, and no contrast could be greater. The novel choice of material does not explain the matter. Had Mr. Homer seen with the same eyes as heretofore and worked with the same ends in view, he would not have marked and emphasized the splendid linear possibilities of his new models, more suggestive though they doubtless were than those of his native land. For they had been possibilities only, to be discovered and utilized by artistic selection, and not persistent, evident, and unmistakable characteristics inherent in every figure and every attitude he might see. The pose of the woman in "Inside the Bar" is fine in its rendering of strength, of motion, of rugged vitality. But it is very beautiful as well, even in the almost over-bold line of the apron twisted by the wind, which gives it accent, and greatly aids the impression of movement in air and figure. The grouping of "The Voice from the Cliffs" is still more remarkable. These outlines might almost be transferred



LISTENING TO THE VOICE FROM THE CLIFFS.

to a relief in marble; and yet there is none of the stiffness, the immobility, with which plastically symmetrical effects are usually attended in painted work. They are statuesque figures, but they are living, moving, breathing beings, and not statues; and they are as characteristic, as simply natural and unconventional, as are the most awkward of Mr. Homer's Yankee children. It is interesting to note how this fine symmetry has been secured—as it is often secured in art of very different kinds, though more frequently in marble than in paint. The method is one that needs a master hand to manage it aright. It works first, of course, by making the lines fine in themselves, and then by making the lines of one figure reproduce to a great degree the lines of its fellows—not nearly enough to produce monotony and stiffness, but nearly enough to secure repose, harmony, and a sort of rhythmical unity not to be obtained in other ways. This device—the word is correct, for what looks to us like artistic instinct is always, of course, artistic reasoning, conscious or unconscious—is used throughout these English pictures and studies of Mr. Homer's, and often with the most exquisite result. In a water-color not yet exhibited,—which is a most remarkable rendering of figures seen through a thick fog,—there is in particular a group of two girls with their arms

linked together, which as a bit of linear composition could hardly be surpassed by any pencil,—so statuesque is it, so superbly graceful, yet so simple, so natural, so apparently unstudied. In "The Voice from the Cliffs," moreover, we may note the working of the same principle of delicately varied unity in the faces themselves. Instead of the strongly contrasted types which most artists would have chosen, we have but a single type, though distinctly individualized in every case. As with the outlines of the figures, so here, also, there is no monotony, no repetition. But variety has been secured in such subtle, reposeful ways that a wonderful harmony and artistic force are the result.

Nor is the linear beauty of these pictures confined to the figures only. The composition of the "Tynemouth"—with its waves and its drifting smoke-wreaths and the groups of figures in the foreground boat—is fine in every way; and in the "Inside the Bar," and other similar works, the lines of cloud and shore are arranged with consummate skill, framing, as it were, the figure, giving it additional importance, and bringing it into close artistic relation with the landscape.*

* In the accompanying sketch, which shows the whole scheme of "Inside the Bar," the boats, owing to the absence of *chiaroscuro*, seem much too prominent. They are well in the background, and the figure dominates

In oils, too, Mr. Homer has shown one work which belongs to the same series. This is "The Coming of the Gale," exhibited with the last Academy collection. A wide, wind-tormented sweep of gray, foamy sea stretches away to a gray and cloudy sky. In the middle distance is a group of fishermen beaching their boat, and on the pier in the foreground a sturdy young woman, with her baby strapped to her back by a shawl, striding vigorously against the gale. Sea and sky are finely painted, full of color, atmosphere, and motion; and there is the same sort of sturdy beauty in the principal figure, though the attitude is less well chosen than in the water-colors just described, since with as much of power it has less of naturalness and ease.

But no analysis of these pictures, no pointing out of the elements upon which their power depends, can convey the impression that they make,—the way in which all elements work together to produce an effect of artistic strength, of artistic dignity and beauty, that fall nothing short of grandeur. They are serious works of "high art," in spite of their peasant subjects and their water-color medium. That is to say, they have an ideal tinge which lifts them above the cleverest transcripts of mere prosaic fact. And this idealism, this high artistic sentiment on the part of the artist, is of so strong, so fresh, so vital, so original a sort, that his pictures took the life and vigor out of almost everything else upon the wall. Many other things were as well done, some were better done as concerned their technique only; but not one seemed quite so well worth the doing. Mr. Homer does indeed, in these pictures, show something quite different from the fresh and individual but crude and unpoetic suggestiveness of his earlier aquarelles, something different from the prosaic realism of his war paintings and his negro interiors, something different also from the fervid, half infernal poetry of the Gloucester studies. The dignity of these landscapes and the statuesque impressiveness and sturdy vigor of these figures, translated by the strong sincerity of his brush, prove an originality of mood, a vigor of conception, and a sort of stern poetry of feeling to which he had never reached before.

I began my chapter by saying that Mr. Homer holds a place in our art apart both from our elder and from our younger schools; and this not only by reason of the time when he gained his first fame, but by the nature of his work. He began to practice his art at a

distance from the schools and the popular artists of the day, and so it was not molded into conformity with the dry, detailed, conscientious, but unindividual and inartistic methods then in vogue. And he was born too soon to be drawn into the current which some fifteen years ago set so strongly toward the *ateliers* of Europe. He has worked out his technical manners for himself. The results show something of crudeness, of rugged angularity,—are unscholarly, perhaps, but extremely original, and also forcible and clearly expressive of what he has to say. He has invented in some sort a language of his own. It is not polished, not deft and rapid and graceful. We could never care for it in itself and apart from the message it delivers, as we so often care for really beautiful artistic workmanship. But it is not hesitating, confused, inadequate. It is always sure of itself, and always reaches its end, as ignorant or immature work does not, though it may reach that end in a rather blunt and uncompromising fashion. In a word, it is not childish, uncertain technique; but it is, I think, a little primitive, a little *rustic*. It is the strong, characteristic, personal, though unpolished, diction of a provincial poet. We do not resent the fact; we are tempted to feel, indeed, that upon this unconventional, unacademic accent of his brush depends something of the interest if not the value of his work. Perhaps it is *because* of his *naïveté*, his occasional *gaucheries*, his sturdy if angular independence, and not in spite of these things, that his handling seems so fresh, so unaffected, so peculiarly his own, so well adapted to the nature of the feeling it reveals. I think it is an open question whether, had Mr. Homer been born a few years later and taken an early flight to Paris or to Munich with our younger brood of callow painters, his art would have gained or lost in value. It might have grown more scholarly, more gracious, more beautiful, more delightful to the eye and to that second sight which rejoices in work well done simply because it *is* well done. But with its polish might have come some loss of its freshness, of its genuine, spontaneous rendering of genuine, untutored feeling. No artist has a more personal message to deliver than Mr. Homer, and none tells it more distinctly or in a more native way. And we can well afford to lose a little possible technical brilliancy or charm in the gain we register hereby. No man is less self-conscious, works less as though centuries of great painters were watching him from the pyramid of fine accomplishment. And his strong freshness of mood and manner is peculiarly precious in these days when most men *are* self-conscious,—these days of

the entire picture. In the original drawing of "Looking Over the Cliff," a wall of chalky rock is seen below the figures. It was necessary to omit it in the engraving, in order that these last might be of satisfactory size.



"INSIDE THE BAR."

cosmopolitan experience and hackneyed practice. Talents so produced and so self-nurtured are apt, perhaps, to fall into hard, unprogressive mannerisms of conception and of treatment. But we have seen that Mr. Homer

technique will not make up for conventionality of feeling, for lack of sentiment and personality on the artist's part. The way he feels and the way he speaks—these are the two parallel things which must always



OUTLINE OF "INSIDE THE BAR."

has been too true an artist to lose himself in such a way. I have already noted the variety of his work, its constant gain in poetic sentiment, in dignity and beauty of conception, and its constant growth in technical excellence as well. These last pictures are very different in treatment from those by which he has so long been known. A few years ago he could surely not have painted the fine and subtle sky in "The Coming Storm" or "Inside the Bar," or the delicate harmony of tones in "The Foggy Day." A few years ago his brush was stiffer, his tones were cruder, than they are to-day; his art altogether was harsher and more angular. That he will give us many different kinds of work in the years to come, no one who has followed his course thus far can greatly doubt. And I am equally sure it will be work that, while keeping all his early independence of mood and freshness of vision, will show an ever-growing feeling for beauty, and an ever-growing power to put it beautifully on canvas.

It may seem ungracious to have pointed out the flaws in art so good as this—so much better in many ways than much of the current work which is technically more lovely. But I have acknowledged them chiefly to get a chance of showing—no unnecessary preachment in these days of devotion to technique for itself alone—that there is something more in art than technical grace and charm. Of course, no art can be perfect, can be really great, which is not perfect and great in technical ways as well as in conception and in feeling. But even the most marvelous

be considered in judging of a painter. And when a man feels so strongly, so freshly, sometimes so grandly and poetically, as Mr. Homer, and when he expresses himself so clearly, so distinctly, so impressively, we are foolish indeed if we resent the fact that he does not speak as smoothly, as beautifully, as gracefully as he might. Beauty—sensuous charm of motive and of treatment—is a factor in art, and a factor of much value; but it is not *all* of art. There is no denying the fact that Mr. Homer's work has sometimes been positively ugly. Even the beauty of his later efforts is beauty of form, of idea, of feeling, and of strong expression only—very rarely beauty of color, and never, whether in color, in form, in handling, or in sentiment, beauty of the suave and sensuous sort; and, needless to say, of so-called "decorative" beauty we find not the slightest trace. But always, whether it be austere beautiful or frankly ugly, his work is vital *art*—not mere painting, not the record of mere artistic seeing, but the record of strong artistic *feeling* expressed in strong, frank, and decided ways. It is always artistic in sentiment if not artistically gracious in speech, always clear, always self-reliant, always genuine, and—to use again the word which comes inevitably to my pen—always *strong* to a remarkable degree. For the sake of these qualities—so important and to-day so very rare—we may a thousand times excuse all technical deficiencies we find; and the more gladly since, as I have said, they are gradually disappearing, year by year.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

MADAME MODJESKA.

Or the many foreign actors who have played during the last ten years in New York, not more than four, Salvini, Ristori, Bernhardt, and Modjeska, have acquired a permanent reputation. The great German artists who have visited us from time to time have acted in their own tongue and, chiefly, before their own countrymen, and cannot justly be said to have appeared before the American public at all. Charles Fechter—French, English, and German in one—was a cosmopolitan, and can scarcely be included in the category of foreigners. There are no names but these whose memory is likely to outlive the present generation or the fame of many English-speaking actors. The triumphs of Ristori already belong to the past; and it is uncommonly doubtful whether Bernhardt, great artist as she is, could repeat the successes achieved by her during her first engagement here. The public excitement attending her performances then was very largely due to the notoriety insured by skillful management; and her audiences grew steadily smaller, both in numbers and enthusiasm, when the curiosity concerning the personal appearance of so reckless and eccentric a woman had been satisfied. That she is a consummate mistress of her art cannot be questioned; but her claim to the possession of positive genius rests upon a very shadowy foundation, while the fact remains that, although she spoke a language and acted in plays perfectly familiar to a large proportion of her hearers, she rarely reached the height of absolute illusion, or wrought the spell by which the inspired player overwhelms the intellect with the emotions. She has not, in other words, displayed that magnetic quality essential to true genius, but existing sometimes apart from it, by which public admiration and affection are aroused in spite of the obstacles opposed by foreign speech or any other difficulty whatever.

Salvini and Modjeska have both stood the test of public trial. Both of them won the most cordial critical appreciation on the occasion of their first appearance in this country, and both have grown constantly in popular favor. This, of course, is stated as a fact, not with any idea of instituting a comparison between the two. Salvini, in whom towering dramatic genius is strengthened and elevated by all the resources of the most exquisite art, stands by himself alone; but Modjeska, nevertheless,

possesses, in a modified degree, some of the qualities common to the great Italian and all actors of eminence, and it is the object of this brief sketch to consider what these qualities are.

It would be unnecessary, even if space permitted, to enter upon a minute history of the life of Madame Modjeska, or a recital of her personal characteristics. These have been treated at length in a former number of *THE CENTURY*.^{*} All that is needful now is to refer to her work during her latest engagement in New York, and more especially to those characters in which she appeared then for the first time. These were *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Odette*, three parts which show with sufficient clearness the sum of her artistic attainments and the limitations of her dramatic power. Her brilliant success in the first and her comparative failure in the last of these characters once more prove that her greatest strength lies in the direction of pure comedy, and that she imposes too great a strain upon her physical strength and exceeds the limits of her inspiration in simulating the stormy passions of tragedy or even the emotional throes of the modern lachrymose drama. She can portray *hauteur*, anger, or scorn, but not the frenzy of either rage or despair; she can be infinitely tender and exquisitely pathetic, but the agony of a great nature is beyond her grasp. She can indicate the pangs of suppressed sorrow with admirable and touching truthfulness, but the full expression of tragic grief or horror is not within her range. The woes of *Camille* never found a more graceful or more pathetic interpreter; but the awful imaginings of the despairing *Juliet* at the one supreme moment in the potion scene, demand powers of a different and higher order than any which she possesses, although the impersonation, as a whole, is most poetic in ideal and brilliant and fascinating in execution, glowing, as it does, with the true southern ardor, and employing all the witchery of that personal charm which is the marked characteristic of this actress. Again, in *Odette*, a vile play upon which it is sheer waste to expend any intellectual effort, Madame Modjeska

^{*} See this magazine for March, 1879; also see note in the May number, 1879, by her husband, C. Bozenta Chlapowski, who, it is interesting to know, recently became an American citizen, in California, the State in which Madame Modjeska's art first received recognition in America.—ED.

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failed at the critical point in the first act, where nothing but a whirlwind of blind passion can give even the semblance of decency to the position assumed by the erring heroine, or furnish the slightest excuse for sympathy with her in her later sufferings. In this scene, both before and after her discovery of the removal of her child, the actress failed to maintain the illusion, because her assumed passion was plainly artificial; whereas in the final act, where the anguish of a breaking heart is suggested rather than expressed, her acting was so entirely natural and affecting as to move many persons in the audience to tears. There are, perhaps, two or three actresses upon the American stage who could use this opportunity with similar effect, that is, so far as the tears are concerned, but there is not one of them capable of creating the effect by means of the few and simple devices employed by Modjeska. It is only the accomplished artist who can draw a perfect picture in a few strokes.

It was by her *Rosalind* that Madame Modjeska chiefly added to her reputation last season. This was an impersonation full of charm, lovely to the eye, and satisfying to the sense, giving life to a poetic ideal, and presenting many of the rarest beauties of prosaic flesh and blood, without resolving a fanciful creation into a being essentially earthy. There was a sustained elevation in the performance which was delightful; a refinement which was not affectation, a delicacy which was not finical. It differed widely from the *Rosalind* prescribed by the traditions of the English stage; but no less an authority than Salvini has ventured to denounce traditions as cankerous, and they most certainly should not be allowed to trammel genius. The typical English *Rosalind* is perhaps a little more robust, a little less mercurial, as if infected by the heavy insular air, a little less prodigal of gesture, slower of speech, and more restrained in manner. But it is surely hypercriticism to object to Modjeska's brilliant audacity, in which there is no trace of immodesty, or to the elaboration of her by-play, which is invariably apt and graceful. Restlessness upon the stage is a vice, but the constant gesture of Modjeska is always guided by intelligent purpose, and is illustrative both of the text and of her conception. A remarkable instance of her skill in this respect is seen in her treatment of the love scenes with *Orlando*, in which, by an infinite variety of subtle touches, she suggests to the audience the archness and coquetry of a woman, while to her lover she is nothing but a wayward and fanciful boy. This same assumption of a double identity was maintained with brilliant effect in the scene with the bloody handkerchief, where,

amid all her extreme solicitude concerning the safety of her lover, she betrayed a semi-humorous perception of the incongruity between her masculine attire and her sinking heart. All this is comedy of the finest kind, and the remembrance of it will be treasured among some of the choicest memories of the contemporary stage.

Her *Viola*, a part to which she is yet new, promises to become a fit companion picture to her *Rosalind*. The distinction between the two characters is cleverly marked, and will, of course, grow more clear with future study and rehearsal. The sentimental side of *Viola* is projected into strong relief, and is treated with exquisite tenderness and grace. The key-note of the impersonation is given at the first entrance from the boat. At Booth's Theater, this coast scene was a marvel of shabbiness and grotesque unfitness; yet the actress, by her power of pantomime, created a vivid impression of cold and storm, of suffering, fatigue, and fear. The natural timidity of woman was substituted for the high courage of *Rosalind*, and this phase of the character was emphasized throughout the play, and was made manifest even in the love scenes with *Olivia*, which were treated most picturesquely, in varying moods of bewilderment, incredulity, and raillery, but with a constant suggestion of the pain inflicted for love's sake by a loving heart upon itself. The performance, as has been intimated, is not yet a finished work. There are rough spots in it here and there, and there are traces of labor and uncertainty which only time will remove. But these flaws are only discernible at intervals, and never at important crises. The versatility of the actress is displayed in the contrast between the delicate pathos and unsurpassable grace of the famous scene between *Viola* and *Orsino* and the admirable humor of the duel scene with *Sir Andrew*, which excites the heartiest merriment without recourse to any methods except those which belong legitimately to comedy. These scenes contain the promise of the completed work.

Madame Modjeska is undoubtedly advancing in artistic growth. She is and long has been entitled to a place in the first rank of living players, but it is not easy to determine her exact position. She has challenged comparison with Bernhardt, her chief female rival, and in comedy is at least the equal of the famous Frenchwoman; but the latter has a wider range of character in tragedy. In respect of artistic accomplishment, the mere mastery of stage device, there is little to choose between them; but Modjeska, when at her best, is far nearer to nature than Bernhardt ever is,

even if she sometimes fails to make so brilliant a theatrical effect. If Bernhardt has the brilliancy, she has also the coldness and hardness of the diamond; whereas Modjeska, in addition to the resources of her skill, possesses the sympathetic power which stirs the heart. It has been the fashion to name Bernhardt as the first of living actresses, chiefly because she has played so many parts; but in acting it is necessary to look for something more than the perfection of mechanism. This can be acquired by intellectual effort, and is no indication of genius or inspiration. It raises, indeed, something like a presumption in the opposite direction, for genius is impatient of restraint. Clara Morris has greater moments than either

Bernhardt or Modjeska; but as an artist she cannot be named in the same breath with either of them. She has genius, or something very nearly akin to it, and no training. Bernhardt has perfect training, but no genius. Whether Modjeska has genius or not is a question which the reader may decide in his own way, according to his own definition of that much abused term. She has, at least, the power of infusing life into her creations, and of exciting sympathy in their behalf, which is to create an illusion and to fulfill the principal aim of the actor. In this respect, if in no other, she is the superior of Bernhardt, and the public, which knows more about nature than art, will probably give the final verdict in her favor.

J. Ranken Towse.

IN ROME.

SOMETHING there is in Death not all unkind,
He hath a gentler aspect, looking back;
For flowers may grow in the dread thunder's track,
And even the cloud that struck, with light was lined:
Thus, when the heart is silent, speaks the mind;
But there are moments when comes rushing, black
And fierce upon us, the old, awful lack,
And Death once more is cruel, senseless, blind.

So, when I saw beside a Roman portal
"In this house died John Keats"—for tears that sprung,
I could no further read. O bard immortal!
Not for thy fame's sake,—but so young, so young!
Such beauty vanished, spilled such priceless wine,
And quenched such power of deathless song divine!

THE CELESTIAL PASSION.

O WHITE and midnight skies! O starry bath!
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
Cleanse me, ye stars! from earthly soil and scath,
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps!
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps,—
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour.
O glittering host! O high celestial choir!
Silence each tone that with thy music jars—
Fill me, even as an urn, with thy white fire,
Till all I am is kindred to the stars.
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night!
So shall my days be full of heavenly light.

R. W. Gilder

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS.

SKETCHES FROM A CALIFORNIAN MOUNTAIN.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "New Arabian Nights," "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes," "An Inland Voyage," etc.

THE scene of these chapters is on a high mountain. There are, indeed, many higher; there are many of a nobler outline. It is no place of pilgrimage for the summary globe-trotter. But to one who lives upon its sides, Mount Saint Helena soon becomes a center of interest. It is the Mont Blanc of one section of the Californian Coast Range, none of its near neighbors rising to one-half its altitude. It looks down on much green, intricate country. It feeds in the spring-time many splashing brooks. From its summit you must have an excellent lesson of geography: seeing to the south San Francisco Bay, with Tamalpais on the one hand and Monte Diablo on the other; to the west and thirty miles away, the open ocean; eastward, across the corn lands and thick tule swamps of Sacramento Valley, to where the Central Pacific Railroad begins to climb the sides of the Sierra; and northward, for what I know, the white head of Shasta looking down on Oregon. Three counties, Napa County, Lake County, and Sonoma County, march across its cliffy shoulders. Its naked peak stands nearly four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. Its sides are fringed with forest, and the soil, where it is bare, glows warm with cinabar. Life in its shadow goes rustically forward. Bucks, and bears, and rattlesnakes, and former mining operations are the staple of men's talk. Agriculture has only begun to mount above the valley; and though, in a few years from now, the whole district may be smiling with farms, passing trains shaking the mountain to the heart, many-windowed hotels lighting up the night like factories, and a prosperous city occupying the site of sleepy Calistoga; yet in the meantime, around the feet of that mountain, the silence of nature reigns in great measure unbroken, and the people of hill and valley go saunteringly about their business as in the days before the Flood.

To reach Mount Saint Helena from San Francisco, the traveler has twice to cross the bay, once by the busy Oakland Ferry, and again, after an hour or so of the railway, from Vallejo Junction to Vallejo. Thence he takes rail once more to mount the long green strath of Napa Valley.

Early the next morning we mounted the hill along a wooden footway, bridging one marish spot after another. Here and there, as we ascended, we passed a house embowered in white roses. More of the bay became apparent, and soon the blue peak of Tamalpais arose above the green level of the island opposite. It told us we were still but a little way from the city of the Golden Gates, already, at that hour, beginning to awake among the sand hills. It called to us over the waters as with the voice of a bird. Its stately head, blue as a sapphire on the paler azure of the sky, spoke to us of wider outlooks and the bright Pacific. Far Tamalpais stands sentry, like a light-house, over the Golden Gates, between the bay and the open ocean, and looks down indifferently on both. Even as we saw and hailed it from Vallejo, seamen far out at sea were scanning it with shaded eyes; and as if to answer to the thought, one of the great ships below began silently to clothe herself with white sails, homeward bound for England.

For some way beyond Vallejo the railway led us through bald green pastures. On the west, the rough highlands of Marin shut off the ocean; in the midst, in long, straggling, gleaming arms, the bay died out among the grass; there were few trees and few inclosures; the sun shone wide over open uplands, the displumed hills stood clear against the sky. But by and by these hills began to draw nearer on either hand, and first thicket and then wood began to clothe their sides, and soon we were away from all signs of the sea's neighborhood, mounting an inland, irrigated valley. A great variety of oaks stood, now severally, now in a becoming grove, among the fields and vineyards. The towns were compact, in about equal proportions, of bright new wooden houses, and great and growing forest trees; and the chapel bell on the engine sounded most festally that sunny Sunday as we drew up at one green town after another, with the towns-folk trooping in their Sunday's best to see the strangers, with the sun sparkling on the clean houses and great domes of foliage humming overhead in the breeze.

This pleasant Napa Valley is, at its north end, blockaded by our mountain. There, at Calistoga, the railroad ceases; and the trav-

eler who intends faring further, to the geysers or to the springs in Lake County, must cross the spurs of the mountain by stage. Thus, Mount Saint Helena is not only a summit, but a frontier; and, up to the time of writing, it has stayed the progress of the iron horse.

CALISTOGA.

It is difficult for a European to imagine Calistoga; the whole place is so new and of such an accidental pattern: the very name, I hear, was invented at a supper party by the man who found the springs.

The railroad and the highway come up the valley about parallel to one another. The street of Calistoga joins them, perpendicular to both,—a wide street with bright, clean, low houses; here and there a veranda over the sidewalk, here and there a horse-post, here and there lounging towns-folk. Other streets are marked out, and most likely named; for these towns in the New World begin with a firm resolve to grow larger, Washington and Broadway, and then First and Second, and so forth, being boldly plotted out as soon as the community indulges in a plan. But in the meanwhile all the life and most of the houses of Calistoga are concentrated upon that street between the railway station and the road. I never heard it called by any name, but I will hazard a guess that it is either Washington or Broadway. Here are the blacksmith's, the chemist's, the general merchant's, and Kong Sam Kee, the Chinese laundryman's; here, probably, is the office of the local paper (for the place has a paper, they all have papers); and here, certainly, is one of the hotels, Cheeseborough's, whence the daring Foss, a man dear to legend, starts his horses for the geysers.

It must be remembered that we are here in a land of stage-drivers and highwaymen: a land, in that sense, like England a hundred years ago. The highway robber—road-agent he is quaintly called—is still busy in these parts. The fame of Vasquez is still young. Only a few years ago, the Lakeport stage was robbed a mile or two from Calistoga. In 1879, the dentist of Mendocino City, fifty miles away upon the coast, suddenly threw off the garments of his trade, like Grindoff in "The Miller and his Men," and flamed forth in his second dress as a captain of banditti. A great robbery was followed by a long chase, a chase of days if not of weeks, among the intricate hill country; and the chase was followed by much desultory fighting, in which several—and the dentist, I beheve, amongst the number—bit the dust. The grass was springing, for the first time, nourished upon their

blood, when I arrived in Calistoga. I am reminded of another highwayman of that same year. "He had been unwell," so ran his humorous defense, "and the doctor told him to take something; so he took the express box."

The cultus of the stage-coachman always flourishes highest where there are thieves on the road and where the guard travels armed, and the stage is not only a link between country and city and the vehicle of news, but has a faint wayfaring aroma, like a man who should be brother to a soldier. California boasts her famous stage-drivers; and among the famous, Foss is not forgotten. Along the unfenced, abominable mountain roads, he launches his team with small regard to human life or the doctrine of probabilities. Flinching travelers, who behold themselves coasting eternity at every corner, look with natural admiration at their driver's huge, impassive, fleshy countenance. He has the very face for the driver in Sam Weller's anecdote, who upset the election party at the required point. Wonderful tales are current of his readiness and skill. One, in particular, of how one of his horses fell at a ticklish passage of the road, and how Foss let slip the reins, and, driving over the fallen animal, arrived at the next stage with only three. This I relate as I heard it, without guarantee.

I only saw Foss once, though, strange as it may sound, I have twice talked with him. He lives out of Calistoga at a ranch called Fossville. One evening, after he was long gone home, I dropped into Cheeseborough's, and was asked if I should like to speak with Mr. Foss. Supposing that the interview was impossible, and that I was merely called upon to subscribe the general sentiment, I boldly answered yes. Next moment, I had one instrument at my ear, another at my mouth, and found myself, with nothing in the world to say, conversing with a man several miles off among desolate hills. Foss rapidly and somewhat plaintively brought the conversation to an end; and he returned to his night's grog at Fossville, while I strolled forth again on Calistoga high street. But it was an odd thing that here, on what we are accustomed to consider the very skirts of civilization, I should have used the telephone for the first time in my civilized career. So it goes in these young countries: telephones and telegraphs, and newspapers and advertisements, running far ahead among the Indians and the grizzly bears.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

We drove off from the Springs Hotel about three in the afternoon. The sun

warmed me to the heart. A broad, cool wind streamed pauselessly down the valley, laden with perfume. Up at the top stood Mount Saint Helena, a great bulk of mountain, bare atop, with tree-fringed spurs, and radiating warmth. Once, we saw it framed in a grove of tall and exquisitely graceful white-oaks; in line and color a finished composition. We passed a cow stretched by the road-side, her bell slowly beating time to the movement of her ruminating jaws, her big, red face crawled over by half a dozen flies, a monument of content.

A little further, and we struck to the left up a mountain road, and for two hours threaded one valley after another, green, tangled, full of noble timber, giving us every now and again a sight of Mount Saint Helena and the blue, hilly distance, and crossed by many streams, through which we splashed to the carriage step. To the right or the left, there was scarce any trace of man but the road we followed; I think we passed but one ranch in the whole distance, and that was closed and smokeless. But we had the society of these bright streams, dazzlingly clear, as is their wont, splashing from the wheels in diamonds, and striking a lively coolness through the sunshine. And what, with the innumerable variety of greens, the masses of foliage tossing in the breeze, the glimpses of distance, the descents into seemingly impenetrable thickets, the continual dodging of the road, which made haste to plunge again into the covert, we had a fine sense of woods, and spring-time, and the open air.

Our driver gave me a lecture by the way on Californian trees: a thing I was much in need of, having fallen among painters who knew the name of nothing, and Mexicans who knew the name of nothing in English. He taught me the madrona, the manzanita, the buckeye, the maple; he showed me the crested mountain quail; he showed me where some young redwoods were already spiring heavenward from the ruins of the old; for in this district all had already perished—redwoods and redskins,—the two noblest indigenous living things alike condemned.

At length, in a lonely dell, we came on a huge wooden gate, with a sign upon it like an inn. "The Petrified Forest; proprietor, C. Evans," ran the legend. Within, on a knoll of sward, was the house of the proprietor, and another smaller house hard by to serve as a museum, where photographs and petrifications were retailed. It was a pure little isle of tourism among these solitary hills.

The proprietor was a brave, old, white-faced Swede. He had wandered this way, Heaven knows how, and taken up his acres, I forget

how many years ago, all alone, bent double with sciatica, and with six bits in his pocket and an axe upon his shoulder. Long, useless years of sea-faring had thus discharged him at the end, penniless and sick. Without doubt, he had tried his luck at the diggings, and got no good from that; without doubt, he had loved the bottle, and lived the life of Jack ashore. But at the end of these adventures, here he came; and the place hitting his fancy, down he sat to make a new life of it, far from crimps and the salt sea. And the very sight of his ranch had done him good. It was "the handsomest spot in the Californy mountains,"—"Isn't it handsome, now?"—he said. Every penny he makes goes into that ranch to make it handsomer. Then the climate, with the sea breeze every afternoon in the hottest summer weather, had gradually cured the sciatica; and his sister and a niece were now domesticated with him for company; or rather the niece came only once in the two days, teaching music meanwhile in the valley. And then, for a last piece of luck, the handsomest spot in the "Californy" mountains had produced a petrified forest, which Mr. Evans now shows at the modest figure of half a dollar a head, or two-thirds of his capital when he first came there with an axe and a sciatica.

This tardy favorite of fortune, hobbling a little, I think, as if in memory of the sciatica, but with not a trace that I can remember of the sea, thoroughly ruralized from head to foot, proceeded to escort us up the hill behind his house.

"Who first found the forest?" asked my wife.

"The first? I was that man," said he. "I was cleaning up the pasture for my beasts, when I found *this*"—kicking a great redwood, seven feet in diameter, that lay there on its side, hollow heart, clinging lumps of bark, all changed into gray stone with veins of quartz between what had been the layers of the wood.

"Were you surprised?"

"Surprised? No! What would I be surprised about? What did I know about petrifications—following the sea? Petrification! There was no such word in my language. I thought it was a stone; so would you, if you was cleaning up pasture."

And now he had a theory of his own, which I did not quite grasp, except that the trees had not "grewed" there. But he mentioned, with evident pride, that he differed from all the scientific people who had visited the spot; and he flung about such words as tufa and silica with irreverent freedom.

When I mentioned I was from Scotland,

—“My old country,” he said; “my old country,” with a smiling look and a tone of real affection in his voice. I was mightily surprised, for he was obviously Scandinavian, and begged him to explain. It seemed he had learned his English and done nearly all his sailing in Scotch ships “out of Glasgow,” said he, or Greenock, but that’s all the same; they all hail from Glasgow; and he was so pleased with me for being a Scotchman and his adopted compatriot that he made me a present of a very beautiful piece of petrification, I believe the most beautiful and portable he had.

Here was a man at least, who was a Swede, a Scot, and an American, acknowledging some kind of allegiance to three lands. Mr. Wallace’s Scoto-Circassian will not fail to come before the reader. I have, myself, met and spoken with a Fifehire German, whose combination of abominable accents struck me dumb. But, indeed, I think we all belong to many countries. And perhaps this habit of much travel, and the engendering of scattered friendships, may prepare the euthanasia of ancient nations. And the forest itself? Well, on a tangled, briery hill-side (for the pasture would bear a little farther cleaning up, to my eyes) there lie scattered thickly various lengths of petrified trunk such as the one already mentioned. It is very curious, of course, and ancient enough if that were all. Doubtless, the heart of the geologist beats quicker at the sight; but for my part, I was mightily unmoved. Sight-seeing is the art of disappointment.

“There’s nothing under heaven so blue
That’s fairly worth the traveling to.”

But, fortunately, Heaven rewards us with many agreeable prospects and adventures by the way, and sometimes, when we go out to see a petrified forest, prepares a far more delightful curiosity in the form of Mr. Evans; whom may all prosperity attend throughout a long and green old age.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

I WROTE that a man belonged, in these days, to a variety of countries; but the old land is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities. I task myself in vain to think what it is that makes up Scotland. Insurmountable differences of race divide us. Two languages, many dialects, many religions, many local patriotisms and prejudices split us among ourselves more widely than the extreme East and West of that great continent of America. When I am at home, I

feel a man from Glasgow to be something like a rival, a man from Barra to be more than half a foreigner. Yet let us meet in some far country, and whether we hail from the braes of Manar or the braes of Mar, some ready-made affection joins us on the instant. It is not race. Look at us. One is Norse, one Celtic, and another Saxon. It is not community of tongue. We have it not among ourselves; and we have it, almost to perfection, with English or Irish or American. It is no tie of faith, for we hate each other’s errors. And yet somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land and the old, kindly people.

Of all mysteries of the human heart, I think this bears the bell. There is no special loveliness in that grim, gray land, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking corn lands; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out: “Oh, why left I my home?” and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though, I think, I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly,—it grows on me with every year,—there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth; you have to learn the paraphrases and the shorter catechism; you generally take to drink; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow, life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street. The very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer around our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman to-morrow upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care; but when McEckron, the Scotch wine-grower, told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

“From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland;
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.”

And Highland and Lowland, all our hearts are Scotch.

Only a few days after I had seen McEckron, a message reached me in my cottage. It was a Scotchman who had come down a long way from the hills to market. He had heard there was a countryman in Calistoga, and came round to the hotel to see him. We said a few words to each other; we had not much to say—should never have seen each other had we staid at home, separated alike in space and in society; and then we shook hands, and he went his way again to his ranch among the hills. That was all.

Another Scotchman there was, a resident, who for the mere love of the common country,—douce, serious, religious man,—drove me all about the valley and took as much interest in me as if I had been his son: more, perhaps; for the son has faults too keenly felt, while the abstract countryman is perfect—like a whiff of peats.

And there was yet another. Upon him I came suddenly as he was calmly entering my cottage, his mind quite evidently bent on plunder: a man of about fifty, filthy, ragged, roguish, with a chimney-pot hat and a tail coat, and a pursing of his mouth that might have been envied by an elder of the kirk. He had just such a face as I have seen a dozen times behind the plate.

"Hullo, sir!" I cried. "Where are you going?"

He turned round without a quiver.

"You're a Scotchman, sir?" he said, gravely. "So am I. I come from Aberdeen. This is my card," presenting me with a piece of pasteboard which he had raked out of some gutter in the period of the rains. "I was just examining this palm," he continued, indicating the misbegotten plant before our door, "which is the largest specimen I have yet observed in California."

There were four or five larger within sight, but where was the use of argument? He produced a tape-line, made me help him to measure the tree at the level of the ground, and entered the figures in a large and filthy pocket-book: all with the gravity of Solomon. He then thanked me profusely, remarking that such little services were due between countrymen, shook hands with me "for auld lang syne," as he said, and took himself solemnly away, radiating dirt and humbug as he went.

A more impudent rascal I have never seen; and, had he been American, I should have ragged. But then—he came from Aberdeen.

A month or two after this encounter of mine there came a Scot to Sacramento—perhaps from Aberdeen. Anyway, there never

was any one more Scotch in this wide world. He could sing and dance and drink, I presume, and he played the pipes with vigor and success. All the Scotch in Sacramento became infatuated with him, and spent their spare time and money driving him about in an open cab, between drinks, while he blew himself scarlet at the pipes. This is a very sad story. The piper must have been a relation of my friend with the tape; or else the devil in person; for after he had borrowed money from everybody all round, he and his pipes suddenly disappeared from Sacramento, and, when I last heard, the police were looking for him.

I cannot say how this story amused me, when I felt myself so thoroughly ripe on both sides to be duped in the same way.

It is at least a curious thing, to conclude, that the races which wander widest, Jews and Scotch, should be the most clannish in the world. But perhaps these two are cause and effect. "For ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

MR. KELMAR.

ONE thing in this new country very particularly strikes a stranger, and that is the number of antiquities. Already there have been many cycles of population succeeding each other and passing away and leaving behind them relics. These, standing on into changed times, strike the imagination as forcibly as any pyramid or feudal tower. The towns, like the vineyards, are experimentally founded; they grow great and prosper by passing occasions; and when the lode comes to an end, and the miners move elsewhere, the town remains behind them, like Palmyra in the desert. I suppose there are in no country in the world so many deserted towns as here in California.

The whole neighborhood of Mount Saint Helena, now so quiet and rural, was once alive with mining camps and villages: here there would be two thousand souls under canvas, there a thousand or fifteen hundred ensconced, as if forever, in a town of comfortable houses; but the luck had failed, the mines petered out, the army of miners had departed, and left this quarter of the world to the rattlesnakes and deer and grizzlies and to the slower but steadier advance of husbandry.

It was with an eye on one of these deserted places, Pine Flat, on the geysers road, that we had come first to Calistoga. There is something singularly enticing in the idea of going, rent-free, into a ready-made house; and to the British merchant, sitting at home at ease, it may appear that, with such a roof

over your head and a spring of clear water hard by, the whole problem of the squatter's existence would be settled. Food, however, has yet to be considered. I will go as far as most people on tinned meats; and some of the brightest moments of my life were passed over tinned mullagatawny in the cabin of a sixteen-ton schooner, storm-staid in Port-ree Bay; but after suitable experiments, I pronounce authoritatively that man cannot live by tins alone. Fresh meat must be had on an occasion. It is true that the great Foss, driving by along the geysers road, wooden-faced, but glorified with legend, might have been induced to bring us meat; but the great Foss could hardly bring us milk. To take a cow would have involved taking a field of grass and a milkmaid. After which it would have been hardly worth while to pause, and we might have added to our colony a flock of sheep and an experienced butcher.

Now my principal adviser in this matter was one whom I will call Kelmar. That was not what he called himself; but as soon as I set eyes on him, I knew it was or ought to be his name. Kelmar was the store-keeper, a Russian Jew, good-natured, in a very thriving way of business, and on equal terms one of the most serviceable of men. He also had something of the expression of a Scotch country elder who, by some peculiarity, should chance to be a Hebrew. He had a projecting under-lip, with which he continually smiled, or rather smirked. Mrs. Kelmar was a singularly kind woman; and the oldest son had quite a dark and romantic bearing, and might be heard on summer evenings playing sentimental airs on the violin.

I had no idea, at the time I made his acquaintance, what an important person Kelmar was. I believe, even from the little I saw, that Kelmar, if he chose to put on the screw, could send half the farmers packing in a radius of seven or eight miles round Calistoga. These are continually paying him, but are never suffered to get out of debt; he palms dull goods upon them, for they dare not refuse to buy; he goes and dines with them when he is on an outing, and no man is louder welcomed; he is their family friend, the director of their business, and, to a degree elsewhere unknown in modern days, their king.

For some reason Kelmar always shook his head at the mention of Pine Flat; and for some days I thought he disapproved of the whole scheme, and was proportionately angry. One fine morning, however, he met me, wreathed in smiles. He had found the very place for me: Silverado, another old mining town, right up the mountain; Rufe Hanson, the hunter,

could take care of us—fine people the Hansons; we should be close to the Toll House, where the Lakeport stage called daily; it was the best place for my health besides—Rufe had been consumptive, and was now quite a strong man—aint it? In short, the place and all its accompaniments seemed made for us on purpose.

He took me to his backdoor, whence, as from every point of Calistoga, Mount Saint Helena could be seen towering in the air. There, in the nick, just where the eastern foot-hills joined the mountain, and she herself began to rise above the zone of forest—there was Silverado. The name had already pleased me; the high station pleased me still more. I began to inquire with some eagerness. It was but a little while ago that Silverado was a *great* place; the mine, a silver mine, of course, had promised *great* things; there was quite a lively population, with several hotels and boarding-houses; and Kelmar himself had opened a branch store, and done extremely well. "Aint it?" he said, appealing to his wife. And she said "Yes, extremely well." Now there was no one living in the town but Rufe, the hunter; and once more I heard Rufe's praises by the yard, and this time sung in chorus.

I could not help perceiving at the time that there was something underneath, and that it was not an unmixed desire to have us comfortably settled which inspired the Kelmar family with this unusual eloquence. But I was impatient to be gone, to be about my kingly project; and when the Kelmars offered my wife and me a seat in their conveyance, I accepted on the spot. The plan of their next Sunday's outing took them, by good fortune, over the border into Lake County. They would carry us so far, drop us at the Toll House, present us to the Hansons, and call for us again on Monday morning early.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SILVERADO.

WE were to leave by six precisely. That was solemnly pledged on both sides, and a messenger came to us the last thing at night, to remind us of the hour. But it was eight before we got clear of Calistoga: Kelmar, Mrs. Kelmar, a friend of theirs, whom we named Abramina, her little daughter, my wife, myself, and, stowed away behind us, a cluster of ship's coffee-kettles. These last were highly ornamental in the sheen of their bright tin, but I could invent no reason for their presence. Our carriageful reckoned up, as near as we could get it, some three hundred years to the six of us. Four of the six,

besides, were Hebrews. But I never, in all my life, was conscious of so strong an atmosphere of holiday. No word was spoken but of pleasure; and even when we drove in silence, nods and smiles went round the party like refreshments.

The sun shone out of a cloudless sky. Close at the zenith rode the belated moon, still clearly visible and, along one margin, even bright. The wind blew a gale from the north; the trees roared, the corn and the deep grass in the valley fled in whitening surges; the dust towered into the air along the road and dispersed like the smoke of battle. It was clear in our teeth from the first, and, for all the windings of the road, it managed to keep clear in our teeth until the end.

For some two miles we rattled through the valley, skirting the eastern foot-hills; then we struck off to the right, through bough-land; and presently, crossing a dry water-course, entered the Toll road, or, to be more local, entered on "the grade." The road mounts the near shoulder of Mount Saint Helena, bound northward into Lake County. It is a private speculation, and must have cost a pretty penny to make, nor has it yet done costing. In one place, it skirts along the edge of a narrow and deep cañon filled with trees; and I was glad, indeed, not to be driven at this point by the dashing Foss. Kelmar, with his unvarying smile, jogging to the motion of the trap, drove for all the world like a good, plain country clergyman at home; and I thought that style the most suitable for the occasion.

Vineyards and deep meadows, islanded and framed with thicket, gave place more and more, as we ascended, to woods of oak and madrona, dotted with enormous pines. It was these pines, as they shot above the lower wood, that produced that penciling of single trees I had so often remarked from the valley. The oak is no baby; even the madrona, upon these spurs of Mount Saint Helena, comes to a fine bulk and ranks among forest trees; but the pines look down upon the rest for under-wood. As Mount Saint Helena among her foot-hills, so these dark giants outtop their fellow vegetables. Alas, if they had left the redwoods, the pines, in turn, would have been dwarfed. But the redwoods, fallen from their high estate, are serving as family bedsteads, or yet more humbly as field-fences along all Napa Valley.

A rough smack of resin was in the air, and a crystal mountain purity. It came pouring over these green slopes by the oceanful. The woods sang aloud, and gave largely of their healthful breath. Gladness seemed to inhabit these upper zones, and we had left indiffer-

ence behind us in the valley. I to the hills will lift mine eyes! There are days in a life when thus to climb out of the lowlands seems like scaling heaven.

Some way beyond the cañon, there stands a white house, with *Saloon* painted on it, and a horse-trough with a spray of diamond water. On the other side of the road, we could see a few brown houses dotted in the bottom of the dell, and a great brown mill big as a factory, two stories high, and with tanks and ladders along the roof. This was Silverado mill and mill town: Lower Silverado, if you like; now long deserted and yielded up to squatters. Even the saloon was a saloon no longer; only its tenant, old Wash, kept up the character of the place by the amount and strength of his potations.

As we continued to ascend, the wind fell upon us with increasing strength. It was a wonder how the two stout horses managed to pull us up that steep incline and still face the athletic opposition of the wind, or how their great eyes were able to endure the dust. Ten minutes after we went by, a tree fell, blocking the road; and even before us, leaves were thickly strewn, and boughs had fallen, large enough to make the passage difficult. But now we were hard by the summit. The road crosses the ridge, just in the nick that Kelmar showed me from below, and then, without pause, plunges down a deep, thickly wooded glen on the farther side. At the highest point, a trail strikes up the main hill to the leftward; and that leads to Silverado. A hundred yards beyond, and in a kind of elbow of the glen, stands the Toll House Hotel. We came up the one side, were caught upon the summit by the whole weight of the wind as it poured over into Napa Valley, and a minute after had drawn up in shelter, but all buffeted and breathless, at the Toll House door.

A water-tank, and stables, and a gray house of two stories, with gable ends and a veranda, are jammed hard against the hill-side, just where a stream has cut for itself a narrow cañon, filled with pines. The pines go right up overhead; a little more, and the stream might have played, like a fire-hose, on the Toll House roof. In front, the ground drops as sharply as it rises behind. There is just room for the road and a sort of promontory of croquet-ground, and then you can lean over the edge and look deep below you through the wood. I said croquet-ground, not *green*; for the surface was of brown, beaten earth. The toll-bar itself was the only other note of originality: a long beam, turning on a post, and kept slightly horizontal by a counter-weight of stones. Regularly about sundown this rude barrier was swung, like a

derrick, across the road and made fast, I think, to a tree on the other side.

On our arrival, there followed a gay scene in the bar. I was presented to Mr. Corwin, the landlord; to Mr. Jennings, the engineer, who lives there for his health; to Mr. Hoddy, a most pleasant little gentleman, once a member of the Ohio Legislature, again the editor of a local paper, and now, with undiminished dignity, keeping the Toll House bar. I had a number of drinks and cigars bestowed on me, and enjoyed a famous opportunity of seeing Kelmar in his glory, friendly, radiant, smiling, steadily edging one of the ship's kettles on the reluctant Mr. Corwin. Corwin, plainly aghast, resisted gallantly, and for that bout victory crowned his arms.

At last we set forth for Silverado on foot. Kelmar and his jolly Jew girls were full of the sentiment of Sunday outings, and breathed geniality and vagueness. Kelmar suffered a little vile boy from the hotel to lead him here and there about the woods, without even explaining where he wished to go. So long as he might now and then draw up and descendant upon the scenery, to get his wind again, it was identically the same to that Ebrew Jew whether we ever arrived anywhere or not.

For three people, all so old, so bulky in body, and belonging to a race so venerable, they could not but surprise us by their extreme and almost imbecile youthfulness of spirit. They were only going to stay ten minutes at the Toll House; had they not twenty long miles of road before them on the other side? Stay to dinner? Not they! Put up the horses? Never; let us attach them to the veranda by a wisp of straw rope, such as would not have held a person's hat that blustering day. And with all these protestations of hurry, they proved irresponsible, like children. Kelmar himself, shrewd old Russian Jew, with a smirk that seemed just to have concluded a bargain to its satisfaction, intrusted himself and us devoutly to that boy. Yet the boy was patently fallacious; and for that matter, a most unsympathetic urchin, raised apparently on gingerbread. He was bent on his own pleasure, nothing else, and Kelmar followed him to his ruin, with the same shrewd smirk. If the boy said there was "a hole there in the hill,"—a hole, pure and simple, neither more nor less,—Kelmar and his Jew girls would follow him a hundred yards to look complacently down that hole. For two hours we looked for houses, and for two hours they followed us, smelling trees, picking flowers, foisting false botany on the unwary; had we taken five, with that vile lad to lead them off on meaningless divagations, for five they would have smiled and stumbled through the woods.

However, we came forth at length upon a lawn, sparse-planted, like an orchard, but with forest instead of fruit trees. And that was the site of Silverado mining town. There was a piece of ground leveled up where Kelmar's store had been; and there was Rufe Hanson's house, still bearing on its front the legend, "Silverado Hotel." Not another sign of habitation. Silverado town had all been carted from the scene; one of the houses was now the school-house far down the road; one was gone here, one there, but all were gone away. It was now a sylvan solitude, and the silence was unbroken but by the great, vague voice of the wind. Some days before our visit, a cinnamon bear had been sporting around the Hanson's chicken-house.

Mrs. Hanson was at home alone, we found. Rufe had been out late after a "bar," had risen late, and was now gone, it did not clearly appear whither. Perhaps he had had wind of Kelmar's coming, and was now ensconced among the underwood, or watching us from the shoulder of the mountain. We, hearing there were no houses to be had, were for immediately giving up all hopes of Silverado. But this, somehow, was not to Kelmar's fancy. He first proposed that we should "camp someveres around, aint it?" waving his hand cheerily as though to weave a spell; and when that was firmly rejected, he decided that we must take up house with the Hansons. Mrs. Hanson had been, from the first, flustered, subdued, and a little pale; but from this proposition she recoiled with haggard indignation. So did we, who would have preferred, in a manner of speaking, death. But Kelmar was not to be put by. He edged Mrs. Hanson into a corner, where for a long time he threatened her with his forefinger, like a character in Dickens; and the poor woman, driven to her entrenchments, at last remembered with a shriek that there were still some houses at the tunnel.

Thither we went; the Jews, who should already have been miles into Lake County, still cheerily accompanying us. For about a furlong we followed a good road along the hill-side through the forest, until suddenly that road widened out and came abruptly to an end. A cañon, woody below, red, rocky, and naked overhead, was here walled across by a dump of rolling stones, dangerously steep, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. A rusty iron chute, on wooden legs, came flying, like a monstrous gargoyle, across the parapet. It was down this that they poured the precious ore; and below here, the carts stood to wait their loading, and carry it millward down the mountain.

The whole cañon was so entirely blocked, as if by some rude guerrilla fortification, that

we could only mount by lengths of wooden ladder, fixed in the hill-side. These led us round the further corner of the clump; and when they were at an end, we still persevered, over loose rubble and wading deep in poison oak, till we struck a triangular platform, filling up the whole glen, and shut in, on either hand, by bold projections of the mountain. Only in front the place was open like the proscenium of a theater, and we looked forth into a great realm of air, and down upon tree-tops and hill-tops, and far and near on wild and varied country. The place still stood as on the day it was deserted; a line of iron rails with a bifurcation, a truck in working order, a world of lumber, old wood, old iron; a blacksmith's forge on one side, half buried in the leaves of dwarf madroñas; and on the other, an old brown wooden house.

Fanny and I dashed at the house. It consisted of three rooms, and was so plastered against the hill, that one room was right atop of another, that the upper floor was more than twice as large as the lower, and that all three apartments must be entered from a different side and level. Not a window-sash remained. The door of the lower room was smashed, and one panel hung in splinters. We entered it, and found a fair amount of lumber; sand and gravel that had been sifted in there by the mountain winds; straw, sticks and stones; a table, a barrel, a plate-rack on the wall; two home-made boot-jacks—signs of miners and their boots; and a pair of papers pinned on the boarding, headed respectively "Funnel No. 1" and "Funnel No. 2," but with the tails torn away. The window, sashless, of course, was choked with the green and sweetly smelling foliage of a bay; and through a chink in the floor, a spray of poison-oak had shot up, and was handsomely prospering in the interior. It was my first care to cut away that poison-oak, Fanny standing by at a respectful distance. That was our first improvement by which we took possession.

The room immediately above could only be entered by a plank propped against the threshold, along which the intruder must foot it gingerly, clutching for support to sprays of poison-oak, the proper product of the country. Herein was, on either hand, a triple tier of beds, where miners had once lain; and the other gable was pierced by a sashless window and a doorless door-way opening on the air of heaven, five feet above the ground. As for the third room, which entered squarely from the ground-level, only higher up the hill and further up the cañon, it contained only rubbish and the uprights for another triple tier of beds.

The whole building was overhung by a bold,

lion-like, red rock. Poison-oak, sweet bay-trees, calcanthus, brush and chaparral grew freely but sparsely all about it. In front, in the strong sunshine, the platform lay overstrewn with busy litter, as though the labors of the mine might begin again to-morrow in the morning.

Following back into the cañon, among the mass of rotting plant and through the flowering bushes, we came to a great crazy staging, with a windlass on the top; and clambering up, we could look into an open shaft, leading edgeways down into the bowels of the mountain, trickling with water, and lit by some stray sun-gleams, whence I know not. In that quiet place, the still, far-away tinkle of the water drops was loudly audible. Close by, another shaft led edgeways up into the superincumbent shoulder of the hill. It lay partly open, and, sixty or a hundred feet above our head, we could see the strata propped apart by solid wooden wedges, and a pine, half undermined, precariously nodding on the verge. Here also a rugged horizontal tunnel ran to I know not what depth. This secure angle in the mountain's flank was, even on this wild day, as still as my lady's chamber. But in the tunnel a cold, wet draught tempestuously blew. Nor have I ever known that place otherwise than cold and windy.

A little way back from there, some clear cold water lay in a pool at the foot of a choked trough; and forty or fifty feet higher up, through a thick jungle and hard by another house where Chinamen had slept in the days of the prosperity of Silverado, we were shown the intake of the pipe and the same bright water welling from its spring.

Such was our first prospect of Juan Silverado. I own I had looked for something different—a clique of neighborly houses on a village green, we shall say, all empty to be sure, but swept and varnished; a trout-stream brawling by; great elms or chestnuts, humming with bees and nested in by song-birds; and the mountains standing round about, as at Jerusalem. Here, mountain and house and the old tools of industry were all alike rusty and downfalling. The hill was here wedged up, and there poured forth its bowels in a spout of broken mineral; man, with his picks and powder, and nature, with her own great blasting tools of sun and rain, laboring together at the ruin of that proud mountain. The view of the cañon was a glimpse of devastation; dry red minerals sliding together, here and there a crag, here and there dwarf thicket clinging in the general glissade, and over all a broken outline trenching on the blue of heaven. Downward, indeed, from our rock eyrie we beheld the greener side of nature; and the bearing of the pines and the sweet smell

of bays and nutmegs commended themselves gratefully to our senses. One way and another, now the die was cast. Silverado be it!

After we had got back to the Toll House the Jews were not long of striking forward. But I observed that one of the Hanson lads came down before their departure and returned with a ship's kettle. Happy Hansons! Nor was it until after Kelmar was gone, if I remember rightly, that Rufe put in an appearance to arrange the details of our installation.

The latter part of the day Fanny and I sat in the veranda of the Toll House, utterly stunned by the uproar of the wind among the trees on the other side of the valley. Sometimes, we would have it, it was like a sea; but it was not various enough for that. And, again, we thought it like the roar of a cataract, but it was too changeful for the cataract; and then we would decide, speaking in sleepy voices, that it could be compared with nothing but itself. My mind was entirely preoccupied by the noise. I hearkened to it by the hour, gapingly hearkened, and let my cigarette go out. Sometimes the wind would make a sally nearer hand, and send a shrill, whistling crash among the foliage on our side of the glen; and sometimes a back-draught would strike into the elbow where we sat and cast the gravel and torn leaves into our faces. But, for the most part, this great, streaming gale passed unweariedly by us into Napa Valley, not two hundred yards away, visible by the tossing boughs, stunningly audible, and yet not moving a hair upon our heads. So it blew all night long while I was writing up my journal and after we were in bed, under a cloudless, star-set heaven; and so it was blowing still next morning when we rose.

It was a laughable thought to us what had become of our cheerful, wandering Hebrews. We could not suppose they had reached a destination. The meanest boy could lead them miles out of their way to see a gopher-hole. Boys, we felt to be their special danger. None others were of that exact pitch of cheerful irrelevancy to exercise a kindred sway upon their minds; but before the attractions of a boy, their most settled resolutions would be as wax. We thought we could follow in fancy these three aged Hebrew truants, wandering in and out on hill-top and in thicket, a demon boy trotting far ahead, their will-o'-the-wisp conductor; and at last, about midnight, the wind still roaring in the darkness, we had a vision of all three on their knees upon a mountain-top around a glow-worm.

Next morning we were up by half-past five, according to agreement; and it was ten by the clock before our Jew boys returned to pick us up: Kelmar, Mrs. Kelmar, and Abra-

mina, all smiling from ear to ear, and full of tales of the hospitality they had found on the other side. It had not gone unrewarded; for I observed with interest that the ship's kettles, all but one, had been "placed." Three Lake County families, at least, endowed for life with a ship's kettle: come, this was no mis-spent Sunday. The absence of the kettles told its own story.

Take them for all in all, few people have done my heart more good. They seemed so thoroughly entitled to happiness, and to enjoy it in so large a measure and so free from after-thought. Almost they persuaded me to be a Jew. There was, indeed, a chink of money in their talk. They particularly commended people who were well to do. "He don't care, aint it?" was their highest word of commendation to an individual fate; and here I seem to grasp the root of their philosophy. It was to be free from care, to be free to make these Sunday wanderings, that they so eagerly pursued after wealth; and all their carefulness was to be careless. The fine good humor of all three seemed to declare they had attained their end.

So ended our excursion with the village usurers; and now that it was done, we had no more idea of the nature of the business, nor of the part we had been playing in it, than the child unborn. That all the people we had met were the slaves of Kelmar, though in various degrees of servitude; that we ourselves had been sent up the mountain in the interests of none but Kelmar; that the money we laid out, dollar by dollar, cent by cent, and through the hands of various intermediaries, should all hop ultimately into Kelmar's till — these were facts that we only grew to recognize in the course of time and by the accumulation of evidence.

THE ACT OF SQUATTING.

THERE were four of us squatters, myself and my wife, the King and Queen of Silverado; Sam, the Crown Prince; and Chuchu, the Grand Duke. Chuchu, a setter crossed with spaniel, was the most unsuited for a rough life. He had been nurtured tenderly in the society of ladies. His heart was large and soft. He regarded the sofa-cushion as a bed-rock necessary of existence. Though about the size of a sheep, he loved to sit in ladies' laps. He never said a bad word in all his blameless days; and if he had seen a flute, I am sure he could have played upon it by nature. It may seem hard to say it of adog, but Chuchu was a tame cat.

The King and Queen, the Grand Duke, and a basket of cold provender for immediate

use, set forth from Calistoga in a double buggy; the Crown Prince, on horseback, led the way like an outrider. Bags and boxes and a second-hand stove were to follow close upon our heels by Hanson's team. It was a beautiful still day. The sky was one field of azure. Not a leaf moved, not a speck appeared in heaven. Only from the summit of the mountain one little snowy wisp of cloud after another kept detaching itself, like smoke from a volcano, and blowing southward in some high stream of air, Mount Saint Helena still at her interminable task, making the weather, like a Lapland witch.

By noon we had come in sight of the mill, which, as a pendicle of Silverado mine, we held to be an outlying province of our own. Thither, then, we went, crossing the valley by a grassy trail, and there lunched out of the basket, sitting in a kind of portico and wondering, while we ate, at this great bulk of useless building. Through a chink we could look far down into the interior and see sunbeams floating in the dust and striking on tier after tier of silent, rusty machinery. It cost six thousand dollars, twelve hundred English sovereigns; and now here it stands, deserted, like the temple of a forgotten religion, the busy millers toiling somewhere else. All the time we were there, mill and mill town showed no sign of life. That part of the mountain-side, which is very open and green, was tenanted by no living creature but ourselves and the insects; and nothing stirred but the cloud manufactory upon the mountain summit. It was odd to compare this with the former days, when the engine was in full blast, the mill palpitating to its strokes, and the carts came rattling down from Silverado charged with ore.

By two we had been landed at the mine, the buggy was gone again, and we were left to our own reflections and the basket of cold provender until Hanson should arrive. Hot as it was by the sun, there was something chill in such a home-coming; in that world of wreck and rust, splinter and rolling gravel, where, for so many years, no fire had smoked.

Silverado platform filled the whole width of a cañon. Above, as I have said, this was a wild, red, stony gully in the mountains. But below, it was a woody dingle, and through this I was told there had gone a path between the mine and the Toll House, our natural north-west passage to civilization. I found and followed it, clearing my way as I went through fallen branches and dead trees. It went straight down that steep cañon till it brought you out abruptly over the roofs of the hotel. There was nowhere any break in the descent. It almost seemed as if, were you to drop a stone down the old iron chute at our

platform, it would never rest until it hopped upon the Toll House shingles. The whole ravine is choked with madrona and low brush; thence spring great old pines, and, high as are the banks, plant their black spires against the sky. Signs were not wanting of the ancient greatness of Silverado. The foot-path was well marked, and had been well trodden in the old days by thirsty miners. And far down, buried in foliage, deep out of sight of Silverado, I came on a last outpost of the mine, a mound of gravel some wreck of a wooden aqueduct, and the mouth of a tunnel, like a treasure grotto in a fairy story. A stream of water, fed by the invisible leakage from our shaft, and dyed red with cinnabar or iron, ran trippingly forth out of the bowels of the cave; and, looking far under the arch, I could see something like an iron lantern fastened on the rocky wall. It was a promising spot for the imagination. No boy could have left it unexplored.

The stream thenceforward stole along the bottom of the dingle, and made, for that dry land, a pleasant warbling in the leaves. Once, I suppose, it ran splashing down the whole length of the cañon; but now its head-waters had been tapped by the shaft at Silverado, and for a great part of its course it wandered sunless among the joints of the mountain. No wonder that it should better its pace when it sees, far before it, daylight whitening in the arch; or that it should come trotting forth into the sunlight with a song.

The two stages had gone by when I got down; and the Toll House stood dozing in sun and dust and silence, like a place enchanted. My mission was after hay for bedding; and that I was readily promised. But when I mentioned that we were waiting for Rufe, the people shook their heads. Rufe was not a regular man, anyway, it seemed; and if he got playing poker—well, poker was too many for Rufe. I had not yet heard them bracketed together; but it seemed a natural conjunction, and commended itself swiftly to my fears; and as soon as I returned to Silverado, and had told my story, we practically gave Hanson up, and set ourselves to do what we could find do-able in our desert island state.

The lower room had been the assayer's office. The floor was thick with débris: part human, from the former occupants; part natural, sifted in by mountain winds. In a sea of red dust, there swam or floated sticks, boards, hay, straw, stones, and paper; ancient newspapers, above all, for the newspaper, especially when torn, soon becomes an antiquity; and bills of the Silverado boarding-house, some dated Silverado, some Calistoga mine. Here is one verbatim; and if any one

can calculate the scale of charges, they have my envious admiration :

"CALISTOGA MINE, May 3d, 1875.

"JOHN STANLEY.

"To S. CHAPMAN, DR.

"To board from April 1st to April 30th.....\$25.75

" " " May 1st to 3rd 2.00

\$27.75

Where is John Stanley mining now? Where is S. Chapman, within whose hospitable walls we were to lodge? The date was but five years old; but in that time the world had changed for Silverado; like Palmyra in the desert, it had outlived its people and its purpose; we camped, like Layard, amid ruins; and these names spoke to us of prehistoric time. A boot-jack, a pair of boots, a dog-hutch, and these bills of Mr. Chapman's were the only speaking relics that we disinterred from all that vast Silverado rubbish-heap; but what would I not have given to unearth a letter, a pocket-book, a diary, only a ledger, or a roll of names, to take me back, in a more personal manner, to the past? It pleases me, besides, to fancy that Stanley or Chapman or one of their companions may light upon this chronicle, and be struck by the name, and read some news of their anterior home, coming, as it were, out of a subsequent epoch of history in that quarter of the world.

As we were tumbling the mingled rubbish on the floor, kicking it with our feet, and groping for these written evidences of the past, Sam, with a somewhat whitened face, produced a paper bag. "What's this?" said he. It contained a granulated powder, something the color of Gregory's mixture, but rosier; and as there were several of the bags, and each more or less broken, the powder was spread widely on the floor. Had any of us ever seen giant powder? No, nobody had; and instantly there grew up in my mind a shadowy belief, verging with every moment nearer to certitude, that I had somewhere heard somebody describe it as just such a powder as the one around us. I have learnt since that it is a substance not unlike tallow, and is made up in rolls for all the world like tallow candles.

Fanny, to add to our happiness, told us a story of a gentleman who had camped one night, like ourselves, by a deserted mine. He was a handy, thrifty fellow, and looked right and left for plunder; but all he could lay his hands on was a can of oil. After dark he had to see to the horses with a lantern; and not to miss an opportunity, filled up his lamp from the oil-can. Thus equipped, he set forth into the forest. A little after, his friends heard a loud explosion; the mountain echoes bellowed, and then all was still. On examination, the can

proved to contain oil with the trifling addition of nitro-glycerine; but no research disclosed a trace of either man or lantern.

It was a pretty sight, after this anecdote, to see us sweeping out the giant powder. It seemed never to be far enough away. And, after all, it was only some rock pounded for assay.

So much for the lower room. We scraped some of the rougher dirt off the floor, and left it. That was our sitting-room and kitchen, though there was nothing to sit upon but the table, and no provision for a fire except a hole in the roof of the room above, which had once contained the pipe of a stove.

To that upper room we now proceeded. There were the eighteen bunks in a double tier, nine on either hand, where from eighteen to thirty-six miners had once snored together all night long, John Stanley perhaps snoring loudest. There was the roof, with a hole in it, through which the sun now shot an arrow. There was the floor in much the same state as the one below, though perhaps there was more hay, and certainly there was the added ingredient of broken glass, the man who stole the window-panes having apparently made a miscarriage with this one. Without a broom, without hay or bedding, we could but look about us with a beginning of despair. The one bright arrow of day, in that gaunt and shattered barrack, made the rest look dirtier and darker; and the sight drove us at last into the open.

Here, also, the handiwork of man lay ruined; but the plants were all alive and thriving. The view below was fresh with the colors of nature, and we had exchanged a dim human garret for a corner, even although it were untidy, of the blue hall of heaven. Not a bird, not a beast, not a reptile. There was no noise in that part of the world, save when we passed beside the staging and heard the water musically falling in the shaft.

We wandered to and fro. We searched among that drift of lumber-wood and iron, nails and rails, and sleepers, and the wheels of trucks. We gazed up the cleft into the bosom of the mountain. We sat by the margin of the dump and saw, far below us, the green tree-tops standing still in the clear air. Beautiful perfumes, breaths of bay, resin, and nutmeg, came to us more often and grew sweeter and sharper as the afternoon declined. But still there was no word of Hanson.

I set to with pick and shovel and deepened the pool behind the shaft till we were sure of sufficient water for the morning; and, by the time I had finished, the sun had begun to go down behind the mountain shoulder, the platform was plunged in quiet shadow, and a chill descended from the sky. Night began

early in our cleft. Before us, over the margin of the dump, we could see the sun still striking slant into the wooded nick below and on the battlemented, pine-besattered ridges on the further side.

There was no stove, of course, and no hearth, in our lodging; so we betook ourselves to the blacksmith's forge across the platform. If the platform be taken as a stage, and the out-curving margin of the dump to represent the line of the foot-lights, then our house would be the first wing on the actor's left, and this blacksmith's forge, although no match for it in size, the foremost on the right. It was a low, brown cottage, planted close against the hill and overhung by the foliage and peeling boughs of a madrona thicket. Within, it was full of dead leaves and mountain dust and rubbish from the mine. But we soon had a good fire brightly blazing, and sat close about it on impromptu seats. Chuchu, the slave of sofa-cushions, whimpered for a softer bed; but the rest of us were greatly revived and comforted by that good creature, fire, which gives us warmth and light and companionable sounds, and colors up the emptiest building with better than frescoes. For awhile it was even pleasant in the forge, with a blaze in the midst, and a look over our shoulders on the woods and mountains where the day was dying like a dolphin.

It was between seven and eight before Hanson arrived, with a wagonful of our effects and two of his wife's relatives to lend him a hand. The elder showed surprising strength. He would pick up a large packing-case, full of books, of all things, swing it on his shoulder, and away up the two crazy ladders and the break-neck spout of rolling mineral, familiarly termed a path, that led from the cart-track to our house. Even for a man unburdened, the ascent was toilsome and precarious; but Irvine scaled it with a light foot, carrying box after box, as the hero whisks the stage child up the practicable footway beside the water-fall of the fifth act. With so strong a helper, the business was speedily transacted. Soon the assayer's office was thronged with our belongings, piled higgledy-piggledy and upside down about the floor. There were our boxes, indeed, but my wife had left her keys in Calistoga. There was the stove; but alas! our carriers had forgotten the stove-pipe, and lost one of the plates along the road. The Silverado problem was scarce solved.

Rufe himself was grave and good-natured over his share of blame; he even, if I remember right, expressed regret. But his crew, to my astonishment and anger, grinned from ear

to ear and laughed aloud at our distress. They thought it "real funny" about the stove-pipe they had forgotten, "real funny" that they should have lost a plate. As for hay, the whole party refused to bring us any till they should have supped. See how late they were! Never had there been such a job as coming up that grade—nor often, I suspect, such a game of poker as that before they started. But about nine, as a particular favor, we should have some hay.

So they took their departure, leaving me still staring; and we resigned ourselves to wait for their return. The fire in the forge had been suffered to go out, and we were one and all too weary to kindle another. We dined, or—not to take that word in vain—we ate after a fashion, in the nightmare disorder of the assayer's office, perched among boxes. A single candle lighted us. It could scarce be called a house-warming, for there was, of course, no fire; and with the two open doors and the open window gaping on the night like breaches in a fortress, it began to grow rapidly chill. Talk ceased; nobody moved but the unhappy Chuchu, still in quest of sofa-cushions, who tumbled complainingly among the trunks. It required a certain happiness of disposition to look forward hopefully from so dismal a beginning, across the brief hours of night, to the warm shining of to-morrow's sun.

But the hay arrived at last; and we turned, with our last spark of courage, to the bedroom. We had improved the entrance; but it was still a kind of rope-walking, and it would have been droll to see us mounting, one after another, by candle-light, under the open stars.

The western door, that which looked up the cañon, and through which we entered by our bridge of flying plank, was still entire, a handsome, paneled door, the most finished piece of carpentry in Silverado. And the two lowest bunks next to this we roughly filled with hay for that night's use. Through the opposite or eastern-looking gable, with its open door and window, a faint, diffused starshine came into the room like mist; and when we were once in bed, we lay, awaiting sleep, in a haunted, incomplete obscurity. At first the silence of the night was utter. Then a high wind began in the distance among the tree-tops, and, for hours, continued to grow higher; it seemed to me much such a wind as we had found on our visit. Yet here in our open chamber we were fanned only by gentle and refreshing draughts, so deep was the cañon, so close our house was planted under the overhanging rock.

(To be continued.)

THE SCENES OF CABLE'S ROMANCES.

WHEN I first viewed New Orleans from the deck of the great steam-boat that had carried me from gray north-western mists into the tepid and orange-scented air of the South, my impressions of the city, drowsing under the violet and gold of a November morning, were oddly connected with memories of "Jean-ah Poquelin." That strange little tale had appeared in this magazine a few months previously; and its exotic picturesqueness had considerably influenced my anticipations of the Southern metropolis, and prepared me to idealize everything peculiar and semi-tropical that I might see. Even before I had left the steam-boat my imagination had already flown beyond the wilderness of cotton-bales, the sierra-shaped roofs of the sugar-sheds, the massive fronts of refineries and store-houses, to wander in search of the old slave-trader's mansion, or at least of something resembling it—"built of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless." I did not even abandon my search for the house after I had learned that Tchoupitoulas "Road" was now a great business street, fringed not by villas but by warehouses; that the river had receded from it considerably since the period of the story; and that where marsh lands used to swelter under the sun, pavements of block stone had been laid, enduring as Roman causeways, though they will tremble a little under the passing of cotton-floats. At one time, I tried to connect the narrative with a peculiar residence near the Bayou Road—a silent wooden mansion with vast verandas, surrounded by shrubbery which had become fantastic by long neglect. Indeed, there are several old houses in the more ancient quarters of the city which might have served as models for the description of Jean-ah Poquelin's dwelling, but none of them is situated in his original neighborhood,—old plantation homes whose broad lands have long since been cut up and devoured by the growing streets. In reconstructing the New Orleans of 1810, Mr. Cable might have selected any one of these to draw from, and I may have found his model without knowing it. Not, however, until the last June CENTURY appeared, with its curious article upon the "Great South Gate," did I learn that in the early years of the nineteenth century such a house existed precisely in the location described by Mr. Cable. Readers of "The Great South Gate" must have been impressed

by the description therein given of "Doctor" Gravier's home, upon the bank of the long-vanished Poydras Canal,—a picture of desolation more than justified by the testimony of early municipal chronicles; and the true history of that eccentric "Doctor" Gravier no doubt inspired the creator of "Jean-ah Poquelin." An ancient city map informs us that the deserted indigo fields, with their wriggling amphibious population, extended a few blocks north of the present Charity Hospital; and that the plantation-house itself must have stood near the juncture of Poydras and Freret streets,—a region now very closely built and very thickly peopled.

The sharp originality of Mr. Cable's description should have convinced the readers of "Old Creole Days" that the scenes of his stories are in no sense fanciful; and the strict perfection of his creole architecture is readily recognized by all who have resided in New Orleans. Each one of those charming pictures of places—veritable pastels—was painted after some carefully selected model of French or Franco-Spanish origin,—typifying fashions of building which prevailed in colonial days. Greatly as the city has changed since the eras in which Mr. Cable's stories are laid, the old creole quarter still contains antiquities enough to enable the artist to restore almost all that has vanished. Through those narrow, multicolored, and dilapidated streets, one may still wander at random with the certainty of encountering eccentric façades and suggestive Latin appellations at every turn; and the author of "Madame Delphine" must have made many a pilgrimage into the quaint district, to study the wrinkled faces of the houses, or perhaps to read the queer names upon the signs,—as Balzac loved to do in old-fashioned Paris. Exceptionally rich in curiosities is the *Rue Royale*, and it best represents, no doubt, the general physiognomy of the colonial city. It appears to be Mr. Cable's favorite street, as there are few of his stories which do not contain references to it; even the scenery of incidents laid elsewhere has occasionally been borrowed from that "region of architectural decrepitude," which is yet peopled by an "ancient and foreign-seeming domestic life." For Louisiana dreamers, Mr. Cable has peopled it also with many delightful phantoms; and the ghosts of Madame Délicieuse, of Delphine Carraze, of 'Sieur George, will surely continue to haunt it until of all the dear

old buildings there shall not be left a stone upon a stone.

From the corner of Canal street at Royal, —ever perfumed by the baskets of the flower-sellers,—to the junction of Royal with Bienville, one observes with regret numerous evidences of modernization. American life is invading the thoroughfare,—uprearing concert-halls, with insufferably pompous names, multiplying flashy saloons and cheap restau-

arabesque work in wrought iron,—graceful tendrils and curling leaves of metal, framing some monogram of which the meaning is forgotten. Much lattice-work also will be observed about verandas, or veiling the ends of galleries, or suspended like green cage-work at the angle formed by a window-balcony with some lofty court-wall. And far down the street, the erratic superimposition of wire-hung signs, advertising the presence



MADAME JOHN'S LEGACY.

rants, cigar stores and oyster-rooms. Gambling indeed survives, but only through metamorphosis;—it is certainly not of that aristocratic kind wherein Colonel De Charlen, owner of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation," could have been wont to indulge. Already a line of electric lights mocks the rusty superannuation of those long-disused wrought-iron lamp frames set into the walls of various creole buildings. But from the corner of Conti street,—where Jules St. Ange idled one summer morning "some seventy years ago,"—*Rue Royale* begins to display a picturesqueness almost unadulterated by innovation, and opens a perspective of roof lines astonishingly irregular, that jag and cut into the blue strip of intervening sky at every conceivable angle, with gables, eaves, dormers, triangular peaks of slate, projecting corners of balconies or verandas,—overtopping or jutting out from houses of every imaginable tint: canary, chocolate, slate-blue, speckled gray, ultramarine, cinnamon red, and even pale rose. All have sap-green batten shutters; most possess balconies balustraded with elegant

of many quiet, shadowy little shops that hide their faces from the sun behind slanting canvas awnings, makes a spidery confusion of lines and angles in the very center of the vista.

I think that only by a series of instantaneous photographs, tinted after the manner of Goupil, could the physiognomy of the street be accurately reproduced,—such is the confusion of projecting show-windows, the kaleidoscopic medley of color, the jumble of infinitesimal stores. The characteristics of almost any American street may usually be taken in at one glance; but you might traverse this creole thoroughfare a hundred times without being able to ordinate the puzzling details of its perspective.

But when the curious pilgrim reaches the corner of Royal and St. Peter streets (*Rue Saint Pierre*), he finds himself confronted by an edifice whose oddity and massiveness compel special examination,—a four-story brick tenement house with walls deep as those of a mediæval abbey, and with large square windows having singular balconies, the iron-work of which is wrought into scrolls and initials.



'SIEUR GEORGE'S'.

Unlike any other building in the quarter, its form is that of an irregular pentagon, the smallest side of which looks down Royal and up St. Peter street at once and commands, through its windows, in a single view, three street angles. This is the house where 'Sieur George' so long dwelt. It is said to have been the first four-story building erected in New Orleans; and it certainly affords a singular example of the fact that some very old buildings obstinately rebel against innovations of fashion, just as many old men do. Despite a desperate effort recently made to compel its acceptance of a new suit of paint and whitewash, the venerable structure persists in remaining almost precisely as Mr. Cable first described it. The cornices are still dropping plaster; the stucco has not ceased to peel off; the rotten staircases, "hugging the sides of the court," still seem "trying to climb up out of the rubbish"; the court itself is always "hung with many lines of wet clothes"; and the rooms are now, as ever, occupied by folk "who dwell there simply for lack of activity to find better and cheaper quarters elsewhere." Cheaper it would surely be easy to find, inasmuch as 'Sieur George's' single-windowed room rents unfurnished at ten dollars per month. There

is something unique in the spectacle of this ponderous, dilapidated edifice, with its host of petty shops on the *rez-de-chaussée*,—something which recalls an engraving I once saw in some archaeological folio, picturing a swarm of Italian fruit-booths seeking shelter under the crumbling arches of a Roman theater.

Upon the east side of *Rue Royale*, half a square farther up, the eye is refreshed by a delicious burst of bright green—a garden inclosed on three sides by spiked railings, above which bananas fling out the watered-satin of their splendid leaves, and bounded at its eastern extremity by the broad, blanchéd, sloping-shouldered silhouette of the cathedral. Here linger memories of Padre Antonio de Sedella (Père Antoine), first sent to Louisiana as a commissary of the Holy Inquisition, immediately shipped home again by sensible Governor Miro. But Padre Antonio returned to Louisiana, not as an inquisitor, but as a secular priest, to win the affection of the whole creole population, by whom he was venerated as a saint even before his death. Somewhere near this little garden, the padre used to live in a curious wooden hut; and the narrow, flagged alley on the southern side of the cathedral and its garden still bears the appellation, *Passage Saint Antoine*, in honor

of the old priest's patron. The name is legibly inscribed above the show-windows of the Roman Catholic shop on the corner, where porcelain angels appear to be perpetually ascending and descending a Jacob's-ladder formed of long communion candles. The "Pères Jérômes" of our own day reside in the dismal brick houses bordering the alley farther toward Chartres street,—buildings which protrude, above the heads of passers-by, a line of jealous-looking balconies, screened with lattice-work, in which wicket lookouts have been contrived. On the northern side of garden and cathedral runs another flagged alley, which affects to be a continuation of Orleans street. Like its companion passage, it opens into Chartres street; but on the way it forks into a grotesque fissure in the St. Peter street block—into a marvelous mediæval-looking by-way, craggy with balconies and peaked with dormers. As this picturesque opening is still called Exchange alley, we must suppose it to have once formed part of the much more familiar passage of that name, though now widely separated therefrom by architectural reforms effected in *Rue Saint Louis* and other streets intervening. The northern side-entrance of the cathedral commands it,—a tall, dark, ecclesiastically severe archway, in whose shadowed recess Madame Delphine might safely have intrusted her anxieties to "God's own banker"; and Catholic quadroom women on their daily morning way to market habitually enter it with their baskets, to murmur a prayer in patois before the shrine of *Notre Dame de Lourdes*. Jackson square, with its rococo flower-beds and clipped shrubbery, might be reached in a moment by either of the flagged alleys above described; but it retains none of its colonial features, and has rightly been deprived of the military titles it once bore: *Place d'Armes*, or *Plaza de Armas*.

There stands, at the corner of St. Anne and Royal streets, a one-story structure with Spanish tile roof, a building that has become absolutely shapeless with age, and may be torn away at any moment. It is now a mere hollow carcass—a shattered brick skeleton to which plaster and laths cling in patches only, like shrunk hide upon the bones of some creature left to die and to mummify under the sun. An obsolete directory, printed in 1845, assures us that the construction was considered immemorially old even then; but a remarkable engraving of it, which accompanies the above remark, shows it to have at that time possessed distinct Spanish features and two neat entrances with semicircular stone steps. In 1835 it was the *Café des Réfugiés*, frequented by fugitives from the Antilles, West Indian strangers, filibusters, *révolutionnaires*,—all that sin-

gular class of Latin-Americans so strongly portrayed in Mr. Cable's "*Café des Exilés*."

At the next block, if you turn down Du-maine street from Royal, you will notice, about half-way toward Chartres a very peculiar house, half brick, half timber. It creates the impression that its builder commenced it with the intention of erecting a three-story brick, but changed his mind before the first story had been completed, and finished the edifice with second-hand lumber,—supporting the gallery with wooden posts that resemble monstrous balusters. This is the house bequeathed by "Mr. John," of the Good Children's Social Club, to the beautiful quadroom Zalli and her more beautiful reputed daughter, "Tite Poulette. As Mr. Cable tells us, and as one glance can verify, it has now become "a den of Italians, who sell fuel by day, and by night are up to no telling what extent of devilry." On the same side of Du-maine, but on the western side of Royal street, is another remarkable building, more imposing, larger,— "whose big, round-arched windows in the second story were walled up, to have smaller windows let into them again with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters." It was to this house that Zalli and "Tite Poulette removed their worldly goods, after the failure of the bank; and it was from the most westerly of those curious windows in the second story that Kristian Koppig saw the row of cigar-boxes empty their load of earth and flowers upon the head of the manager of the Salle Condé. Right opposite you may see the good Dutchman's one-story creole cottage. The resemblance of "Tite Poulette's second dwelling-place to the old Spanish barracks in architectural peculiarity has been prettily commented upon by Mr. Cable; and, in fact, those barracks, which could shelter six thousand troops in O'Reilly's time, and must, therefore, have covered a considerable area, were situated not very far from this spot. But the only fragments of the barrack buildings that are still positively recognizable are the arched structures at Nos. 270 and 272 Royal street, occupied now, alas! by a prosaic seltzer factory. The spacious cavalry stables now shelter vulgar mules, and factory wagons protrude their shafts from the mouths of low, broad archways under which once glimmered the brazen artillery of the King of Spain.

A square west of Royal, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip streets, formerly stood the famed smithy of the Brothers Lafitte; but it were now useless to seek for a vestige of that workshop, whose chimes of iron were rung by African muscle. Passing St. Philip street, therefore, the visitor who follows the



MADAME DELPHINE'S HOUSE.

east side of Royal might notice upon the opposite side an elegant and lofty red-brick mansion, with a deep archway piercing its *rez-de-chaussée* to the court-yard, which offers a glimpse of rich foliage whenever the *porte cochère* is left ajar. This is No. 253 Royal street, the residence of "Madame Délicieuse"; and worthy of that honor, it seems, with its superb tiara of green verandas. A minute two-story cottage squats down beside it—a miniature shop having tiny show-windows that project like eyes. The cottage is a modern affair; but it covers the site of Dr. Mossy's office, which, you know, was a lemon-yellow creole construction, roofed with red tiles. What used to be "the Café de Poésie on the corner" is now a hat store. Further on, at the intersection of Royal and Hospital streets (*Rue d'Hôpital*, famous in creole ballads), one cannot fail to admire a dwelling solid and elegant as a Venetian palazzo. It has already been celebrated in one foreign novel; and did I not feel confident that Mr. Cable will tell us all about it one of these days, I should be tempted to delay the reader on this corner, although Madame Delphine's residence is already within sight.

No one can readily forget Mr. Cable's description of "the small, low, brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep." It stands near Barracks street, on Royal; the number, I think, is 294. Still are its solid wooden shutters "shut with a grip that makes one's nails and knuckles feel lacerated"; and its coat of decaying plaster, patched with all varieties of neutral

tints, still suggests the raggedness of mendicancy. Even the condition of the garden gate, through which Monsieur Vignevielle first caught a glimpse of Olive's maiden beauty, might be perceived to-day as readily as ever by "an eye that had been in the blacksmithing business." But since the accompanying sketch was drawn, the picturesqueness of the upper part of the cottage has been greatly diminished by architectural additions made with a view to render the building habitable. Over the way may still be seen that once pretentious three-story residence "from whose front door hard times have removed all vestiges of paint," a door shaped like old European hall doors, and furnished with an iron knocker. It has not been repainted since Mr. Cable wrote his story, nor does it seem likely to be.

Only a few paces farther on yawns the dreamy magnificence of aristocratic Esplanade street, with its broad, central band of grass all shadow-flecked by double lines of trees. There Royal street terminates, Esplanade forming the southern boundary line of the old French quarter.

If the reader could now follow me westwardly along one of the narrow ways leading to the great *Rue des Remparts*, he would soon find himself in that quadroom quarter, whose denizens still "drag their chairs down to the narrow gate-ways of their close-fenced gardens, and stare shrinkingly at you as you pass, like a nest of yellow kittens." He would be at once charmed and astonished by the irregularity of the perspective and the eccentricity of the houses: houses whose foreheads are fantastically encircled by

wooden parapets, striped like the *foulards* of the negresses; houses yellow-faced and sphinx-featured, like certain mulatto women; houses which present their profiles to the fence, so that as you approach they seem to

the Café des Exilés will bring you to Congo square, the last green remnant of those famous Congo plains, where the negro slaves once held their bamboulas. Until within a few years ago, the strange African dances were



CAFÉ DES EXILÉS.

turn away their faces with studied prudery, like young creole girls; houses that appear felinely watchful, in spite of closed windows and doors, gazing sleepily at the passer-by through the chinks of their green shutters, as through vertical pupils. Five minutes' walk over *banquettes* of disjointed brick-work, through which knots of tough grass are fighting their upward way, brings one to Rampart street, where Mr. Cable found the model for his "Café des Exilés." It was situated on the west side, No. 219, and THE CENTURY'S artist sketched it under a summer glow that brought out every odd detail in strong relief. But hereafter, alas! the visitor to New Orleans must vainly look for the window of Pauline, "well up in the angle of the broad side-gable, shaded by its rude awning of clapboards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand." Scarcely a week ago, from the time at which I write, the antiquated cottage that used to "squat right down upon the sidewalk, as do those Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting," was ruthlessly torn away, together with its oleanders, and palmettoes, and pomegranates, to make room, no doubt, for some modern architectural platitude.

A minute's walk from the vacant site of

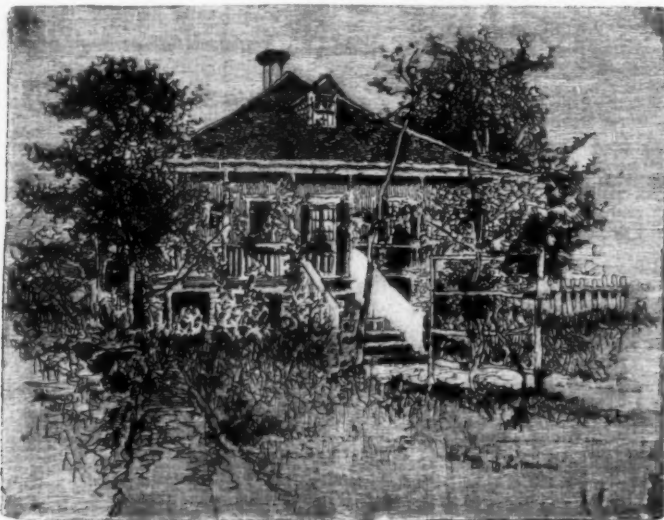
still danced and the African songs still sung by negroes and negresses who had been slaves. Every Sunday afternoon the bamboula dancers were summoned to a wood-yard on Dumaine street by a sort of drum-roll, made by rattling the ends of two great bones upon the head of an empty cask; and I remember that the male dancers fastened bits of tinkling metal or tin rattles about their ankles, like those strings of copper *gris-gris* worn by the negroes of the Soudan. Those whom I saw taking part in those curious and convulsive performances—subsequently suppressed by the police—were either old or beyond middle age. The veritable Congo dance, with its extraordinary rhythmic chant, will soon have become as completely forgotten in Louisiana as the signification of those African words which formed the hieratic vocabulary of the Voodooos.

It was where Congo square now extends that Bras-Coupé was lassoed while taking part in such a dance; it was in the same neighborhood that Captain Jean Grandissime of the Attakapas lay hiding—secure in his white man's skin "as if cased in steel"—to foil the witchcraft of Clemence; and it was there also that a crowd of rowdy American flat-boatmen, headed by "Posson Jone," of

Bethesdy Church, stormed the circus and slew the tiger and the buffalo. Now, "Cayetano's circus" was not a fiction of Mr. Cable's imagining: such a show actually visited New Orleans in 1816 or thereabouts, and remained a popular "fixture" for several seasons. The creole-speaking negroes of that day celebrated its arrival in one of their singular ditties.*

And whosoever cares to consult certain musty newspaper files which are treasured up among the city archives may find therein

railings and gate-ways have been removed; the weeds that used to climb over the molding benches have been plucked up; new graveled walks have been made; the grass, mown smooth, is now refreshing to look at; the trunks of the shade-trees are freshly white-washed; and, before long, a great fountain will murmur in the midst. Two blocks westward, the somber, sinister, Spanish façade of the Parish Prison towers above a huddling flock of dingy frame dwellings, and exhales



A CREOLE COTTAGE OF THE COLONIAL TIME.

the quaint advertisements of Señor Gaëtano's circus and the story of its violent disruption.

But Congo square has been wholly transformed within a twelvemonth. The high

far around it the heavy, sickly, musky scent that betrays the presence of innumerable bats. At sundown, they circle in immense flocks above it, and squeak like ghosts about its

* Some years ago, when I was endeavoring to make a collection, of patois songs and other curiosities of the oral literature of the Louisiana colored folk, Mr. Cable kindly lent me his own collection, with permission to make selections for my private use, and I copied therefrom this *chanson creole*:

C'est Michié Cayétane
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs!
Li gagnin ein homme qui dansé dans sac;
Li gagnin qui dansé si yé la main;
Li gagnin zaut' à choual qui boi' di vin;
Li gagnin oussi ein zeine zolie mamzelle
Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle;—
Pou di tou' ça mo pas capabe,—
Mais mo souvien ein qui valé sab'.
Yé n'en oussi tout sort bétail:
Yé pas montré pou' la négail
Qui ya pou' dochans,—dos-brulés
Qui fé tapaze,—et pou' birlé
Ces gros mesdames et gros michiés
Qui ménein là tous p'tis yé
'Oir Michié Cayétane

Qui vivé la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs.†

† "Tis Monsieur Gaëtano
Who comes out from Havana
With his horses and his monkeys!

He has a man who dances in a sack;
He has one who dances on his hands;
He has another who drinks wine on horseback;
He has also a young pretty lady
Who rides a horse without bridle or saddle:
To tell you all about it I am not able,—
But I remember one who swallowed a sword.
There are all sorts of animals, too;—
They did not show to nigger-folk
What they showed to the trash,—the burnt-backs
[poor whites]
Who make so much noise,—nor what they had to
amuse
All those fine ladies and gentlemen,
Who take all their little children along with them
To see Monsieur Gaëtano
Who lives in Havana
With his horses and his monkeys!"

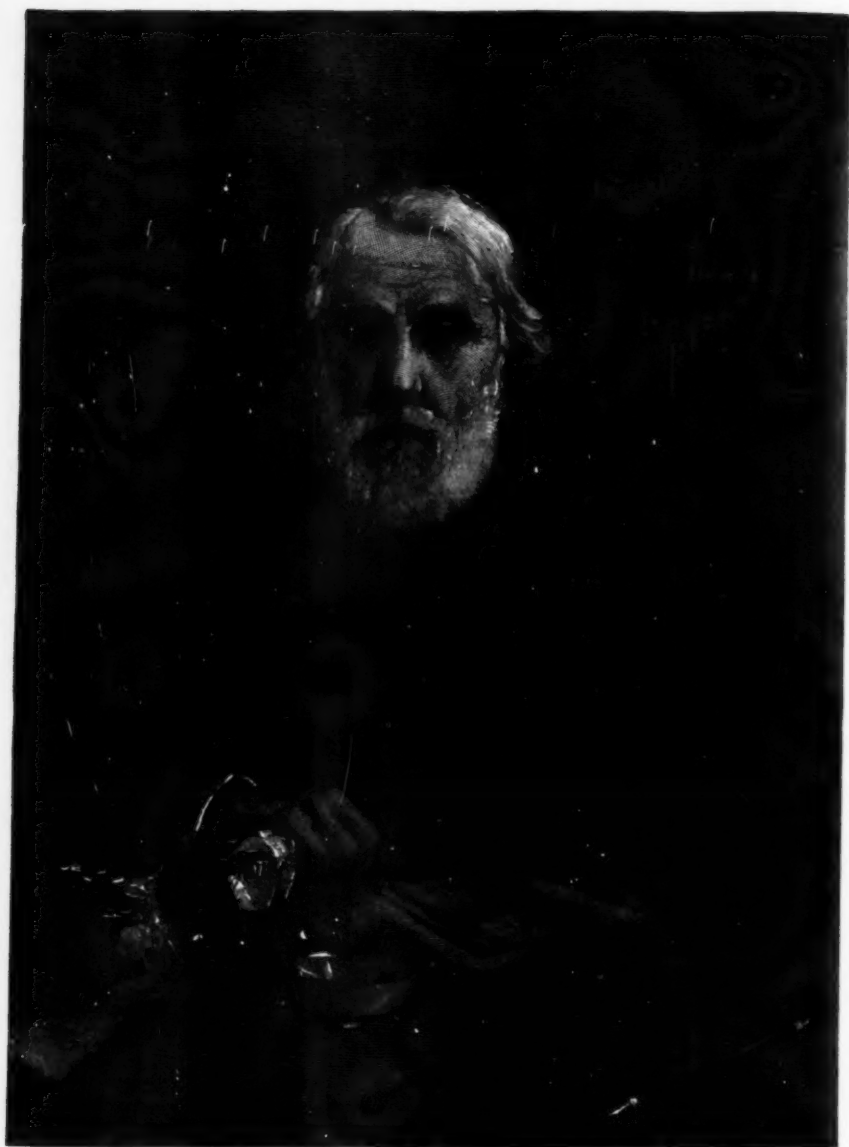
naked sentry towers. I have been told that this grim building will soon be numbered among those antiquities of New Orleans forming the scenery of Mr. Cable's romances.

The scene of perhaps the most singular tale in "Old Creole Days"—"Belles Demoiselles Plantation"—remains to be visited; but if the reader recollects the observation made in the very first paragraph of the story, that "the old Creoles never forgive a public mention," he will doubtless pardon me for leaving the precise location of "Belles Demoiselles" a mystery, authentic though it is, and for keeping secret its real and ancient name. I can only tell him that to reach it, he must journey far from the creole faubourg and beyond the limits of New Orleans to a certain unfamiliar point on the river's bank, whence a ferryman, swarthy and silent as Charon, will row him to the farther side of the Mississippi, and aid him to land upon a crumbling levee erected to prevent the very catastrophe anticipated in Mr. Cable's tale. Parallel with this levee curves a wagon-road whose farther side is bounded by a narrow and weed-masked ditch, where all kinds of marvelous wild things are growing, and where one may feel assured that serpents hide. Beyond this little ditch is a wooden fence, now overgrown and rendered superfluous by a grand natural barrier of trees and shrubs, all chained together by interlacements of wild vines and thorny creepers. This forms the boundary of the private grounds surrounding the "Belles Demoiselles" residence; and the breeze comes to you heavily-sweet with blossom-scents, and shrill with vibrant music of cicadas and of birds.

Fancy the wreck of a vast garden created by princely expenditure,—a garden once filled with all varieties of exotic trees, with all species of fantastic shrubs, with the rarest floral products of both hemispheres, but left utterly uncared for during a generation, so that the groves have been made weird with hanging moss, and the costly vines have degenerated into parasites, and richly cultured plants returned to their primitive wild forms. The alley-walks are soft and sable with dead leaves; and all is so profoundly beshadowed by huge trees that a strange twilight prevails there even under a noonday sun. The lofty hedge is becrimsoned with savage roses, in whose degenerate petals still linger traces of former high cultivation. By a little gate set into that hedge, you can enter the opulent wilderness within, and pursue a winding path between mighty trunks that lean at a multitude of angles, like columns of a decaying cathedral about to fall. Crackling of twigs under foot, leaf whispers, calls of birds and

cries of tree-frogs are the only sounds; the soft gloom deepens as you advance under the swaying moss and snaky festoons of creepers: there is a dimness and calm, as of a place consecrated to prayer. But for their tropical and elfish drapery, one might dream those oaks were of Dodona. And even with the passing of the fancy, lo! at a sudden turn of the narrow way, in a grand glow of light, *even the Temple appears*, with splendid peripteral of fluted columns rising boldly from the soil. Four pillared façades,—east, west, north, and south,—four superb porches, with tiers of galleries suspended in their recesses; and two sides of the antique vision ivory-tinted by the sun. Impossible to verbally describe the effect of this matchless relic of Louisiana's feudal splendors, that seems trying to hide itself from the new era amid its neglected gardens and groves. It creates such astonishment as some learned traveler might feel, were he suddenly to come upon the unknown ruins of a Greek temple in the very heart of an equatorial forest; it is so grand, so strangely at variance with its surroundings! True, the four ranks of columns are not of chiseled marble, and the stucco has broken away from them in places, and the severe laws of architecture have not been strictly obeyed; but these things are forgotten in admiration of the building's majesty. I suspect it to be the noblest old plantation-house in Louisiana; I am sure there is none more quaintly beautiful. When I last beheld the grand old mansion, the evening sun was resting upon it in a Turneresque column of yellow glory, and the oaks reaching out to it their vast arms through ragged sleeves of moss, and beyond, upon either side, the crepuscular dimness of the woods, with rare golden luminosities spattering down through the serpent knot-work of lianas, and the heavy mourning of mosses, and the great drooping and clinging of multitudinous disheveled things. And all this subsists only because the old creole estate has never changed hands, because no speculating utilitarian could buy up the plantation to remove or remodel its proud homestead and condemn its odorous groves to the saw-mill. The river is the sole enemy to be dreaded, but a terrible one: it is ever gnawing the levee to get at the fat cane-fields; it is devouring the roadway; it is burrowing nearer and nearer to the groves and the gardens; and while gazing at its ravages, I could not encourage myself to doubt that, although his romantic anticipation may not be realized for years to come, Mr. Cable has rightly predicted the ghastly destiny of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation."

Lafcadio Hearn.



Ivan Turgenev

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TOURGUÉNEFF IN PARIS.*

REMINISCENCES BY DAUDET.

It was ten or twelve years ago, at Gustave Flaubert's, in the Rue Murillo,—an apartment of small dainty rooms with Algerian upholstery, opening on the Parc Monceaux, the resort of good breeding and propriety, whose masses of verdure stretched across the windows, with the effect of green blinds.

We used to meet there every Sunday, always the same, and with something exquisite in our intimacy,—the doors being closed to supernumeraries and bores.

One Sunday, as I came back as usual to the old master and the rest of us, Flaubert took possession of me on the threshold.

"You don't know Tourguéneff?" And without waiting for my answer, he pushed me into the little drawing-room.

There, on a divan, was stretched a great Slavic figure with a white beard, who rose to his height as he saw me come in, unfolding on the pile of cushions a kind of serpentine prolongation, and raising a pair of surprised, enormous eyes.

We Frenchmen live in extraordinary ignorance of everything in the way of foreign literature. With us, the national mind stays at home as much as the body, and, with our aversion to traveling, we read beyond our borders as little as we colonize.

It so happened, however, that I knew, and knew well, what Tourguéneff had done. I had read with deep emotion the "Memoirs of a Russian Squire"; and this book of the great novelist, on which I had lighted by chance, led me to an intimate acquaintance with the others. We were united before we met by our love of nature in its grander aspects, and the fact that we felt it in the same way.

In general, the descriptive genius has only its eyes, and contents itself with a picture. Tourguéneff has his olfactories and his ears. All his senses have doors that swing open and place each in communication with the others. He is full of the odors of the country, of the sounds of water, of the transpar-

encies of the sky, and gives himself up, without calculation of effect, to this music-making of his sensations.

It is a music that doesn't reach every ear. The cockney organization, deafened from childhood by the uproar of great cities, never perceives it, and never will; never hears the voices that speak in that false silence of the woods, when Nature believes that she is alone, and man, holding his peace, is forgotten for awhile. These delicate perceptions of sound are a part of the training of primeval woods or of the desert places of nature. In some novel of Fenimore Cooper, which I have forgotten, we hear at a distance a pair of paddles dipped from a boat, amid the stillness of a great lake. The boat is three miles off, and of course out of sight; but the sleeping plain of water, and the woods on its shores, are made larger by this far-away sound of oars, and we feel something of the shudder of solitude. For myself, who have worked so much in the forest of Sénart, I shall never forget the canter of the rabbits over the foot-path that led to the pools, and the visit of the squirrels, whom a gesture would send off, and whom I used to hear for hours passing from one tree-top to another.

It is the Russian steppe that has given its expansion to the senses and the heart of Tourguéneff. People grow better for listening to Nature, and those who love her do not lose their interest in men. From such a source as this springs that pitying sweetness, as sad as the song of a *moujik*, which sobs in the depths of the Slavic novelist's work. It is the human sigh of which the Creole song speaks, the open valve that prevents the world from suffocating. "*Si pas té gagné soupi n'en mounné, mounné t'a touffé.*"† And this sigh, repeated again and again, in the long story and the short tale, arrived at last at imperial ears. The late Czar said of Tourguéneff's novels, "They are my own books"; and the "Memoirs of a Russian Squire" helped on largely the cause of the poor serfs. It is

* The following reminiscences were received from M. Daudet during the past summer. Tourguéneff's death took place September 3, 1883. The engraving here given is from a monochrome oil study from life, by the young American artist, Mr. E. R. Butler. It represents the author as he appeared in his last years, with broken health; an earlier portrait, from a photograph, will be found on page 200 of Vol. XIV., in connection with an article on his life and works by Professor Boyesen. Translations of Tourguéneff's "Living Mummy" and "Nobleman of the Steppe" appeared in our Vol. XII., page 563, and Vol. XIV., page 313. See also Vol. XIV., page 257.—Ed.

† "If the world couldn't sigh, the world would suffocate."

another "Uncle Tom," with a less overt attempt to point a moral.

I knew all this. Tourguéneff had a throne in my Olympus,—a chair of ivory among my gods. But far from suspecting that he was in Paris, I had not even asked myself whether he were living or dead. My astonishment may therefore be guessed when I found myself in presence of this strange personage, in a Parisian drawing-room, on a third floor looking into the Parc Monceaux.

I told him gayly how the matter stood, and expressed my admiration with the exuberance of my enthusiasm and of the South that is in me. I told him that I had read him in those woods of mine. There I had found out the soul that was in him; and the double remembrance of the scenery and the story was so effectually interwoven that a certain tale of his had remained in my mind under the color of a small field of pink heather, a little withered by autumn.

Tourguéneff could not get over this.

"Really, now, you have read me?"

And he gave me various details on the small sale of his books in Paris, the obscurity of his name in France. The publisher Hetzel brought him out for charity. His popularity had not passed his own borders. He suffered, from remaining unknown in a country that was dear to him. He confessed his disappointments rather sadly, but without rancor; on the contrary, our disasters in 1870 had attached him more strongly to France. He was unwilling for the future to leave it. Before the war, he used to pass his summers cheerfully at Baden-Baden; but now he would not return there; he would content himself with Bougival and the banks of the Seine.

It happened on that Sunday that Flaubert had no other guests, and our mutual talk grew long. I questioned Tourguéneff on his manner of work, and expressed my surprise that he should not himself be his translator; for he spoke French with great purity, with a trace of slowness caused by the subtlety of his mind. He admitted to me that the Academy and its dictionary simply froze him. He turned over this terrible dictionary with a tremor, as if it had been a code declaring the law of words and the punishment of him who should dare. He emerged from these researches with his conscience rankling with literary scruples which were fatal to his spontaneity. I remember that, in a tale that he wrote at this time, he had not thought it well to risk "her pale eyes" [*ses yeux pâles*], for fear of the Academic forty and their definition of the epithet.

It was not the first time that I had encountered these alarms; I had already found

them in the Provençal Mistral, who had also suffered the blighting fascination of the cupola of the Institute, that macaronic monument which, in a circular medallion, ornaments the covers of the editions of the house of Didot. On this matter I said to Tourguéneff what I had upon my heart: that the French language is not a dead language, to be written with a dictionary of settled expressions, classed in order, as in a *gradus*. For myself, I feel it to be all quivering with life, all swelling and surging. It is a great river which rolls full to the brink; it picks up refuse on the way, and everything is thrown into it. But let it run; it will filter its waters itself.

Hereupon, as the day was waning, Tourguéneff said he was to go and fetch "the ladies" from the Pasedeloup concert, and I went down with him. On our way we talked of music; I was delighted to find that he was fond of it. In France, it is the fashion among men of letters to detest music; painting has invaded everything. Théophile Gautier, Paul de Saint-Victor, Victor Hugo, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, Leconte de Lisle are so many music-phobists. To my knowledge, I am the first who has confessed aloud his ignorance of colors and his passion for notes. That belongs doubtless to my southern temperament and my near-sightedness; one sense has developed itself to the detriment of another. With Tourguéneff the musical sense had been educated in Paris; he had acquired it in the circle in which he lived. This circle had been formed by an intimacy of thirty years with Madame Viardot, the great singer, sister of the Malibran. Independent and a bachelor, Tourguéneff occupied an apartment in the detached house, 50 Rue de Douai, of which this lady and her family inhabited the remainder. "The ladies," of whom he had spoken to me at Flaubert's, were Madame Viardot and her daughters, whom Tourguéneff loved as his own children. It was in this hospitable dwelling that I presently called on him.

The mansion was furnished with a refinement of luxury; it denoted a care for art and a love of comfort. As I passed across the entrance floor, I perceived through an open door a bright gallery of pictures. Fresh voices, of young girls, pierced through the hangings. They alternated with the passionate contralto of Orpheus, which filled the stair-case and ascended with me.

Above, on the third floor, was a little curtained and cushioned apartment as encumbered with furniture as a boudoir. Tourguéneff had borrowed from his friends their tastes in art—music from the wife and painting from the husband.

He was lying on a sofa, according to his

habit. I seated myself near him, and we immediately took up our conversation where we had left it. He had been struck with my observations, and promised to bring, the next Sunday we should be at Flaubert's, a tale which we should all translate together, under his eyes. Then he spoke to me of a book that he wished to write—"Virgin Soil," a dark picture of the new social strata that grumble together in the depths of Russian life and are rising to the light; the history of those poor votaries of "simplification" which a dreadful mistake drives into the arms of the people. The people has no understanding of them, and mocks and repudiates them. And while he talked, I reflected that Russia is indeed a virgin soil,—a soil still soft, where the least step leaves its trace,—a soil where all is new, is yet to be done and to be discovered. Whereas, with us, there is now not an alley untrodden, not a path on which the crowd has not trampled. To speak only of the novel, the shade of Balzac is at the end of every avenue.

Dating from this interview, our relations became more frequent. Among all the moments we passed together, I remember but an afternoon in spring, a Sunday in the Rue Murillo, which has remained in my mind as luminous and rare.

We had spoken of Goethe at one of our dinners, and Tourguéneff had said: "My friends, you don't know him."

The next Sunday he brought the "Prometheus" and the "Satyr," which, with its tone of revolt and impiety, might have been a tale of Voltaire enlarged to a poem by a mind inspired.

The Parc Monceaux sent us up the cries of its children, its clear sunshine, the freshness of its watered greenery; and we four, shaken by this rich improvisation, listened to genius translated by genius. In a tremor, while he held the pen, Tourguéneff had, as he stood there, all the daring of the poet; and it was not the usual mendacity of a translation that stiffens and petrifies, it was the soul of Goethe waked and speaking to us.

Often, too, Tourguéneff used to come and find me in the depths of the Marais, in the old mansion of the time of Henry II., which I occupied at that time. He was amused by the strange exhibition of that stately court, a royal, gabled habitation, littered with the petty industries of Parisian commerce: a manufacture of spinning-tops, of Seltzer water, of sugared almonds.

One day, as he came into my apartment on Flaubert's arm, my little boy, much daunted, cried out:

"Why, papa, they are giants!"

Yes, indeed, giants; good giants: large brains, great hearts, in proportion to chest and shoulders. There was a bond, an affinity of unconscious goodness in these two genial natures. It was George Sand who had married them. Flaubert, a talker and a free-lance,—Don Quixote with the voice of a trumpeter of the guards, with the powerful irony of his observation, the semblance of a Norman (as he was) of the Conquest,—was certainly the virile half in this spiritual matrimony. Yet who, in that other Colossus, with his white beard and his fleecy eyebrows, would have suspected the feminine nature, the nature of that woman of acute sensibilities whom Tourguéneff has painted in his books,—that nervous, languorous, passionate Russian, slumbering like an Oriental, and tragic like a loosened force? So true it is that souls sometimes take up the wrong envelope—souls of men embodied in slender women, souls of women incarnate in Cyclopean form. One might think that, in the great human workshop, an ironical "hand" had taken pleasure in misleading our judgment by the falsity of the label.

It was at this period that we conceived the idea of a monthly gathering at which we friends should meet: it was to be called "the Flaubert dinner," or "the dinner of hissed authors." Flaubert belonged to it by right of his "Candidat," I by that of my "Arlésienne," Zola with "Bouton de Rose," De Goncourt with "Henriette Maréchal." Émile de Girardin wished to slip into our group; but though he had been heartily hissed at the theater, he was not a writer in our sense of the word, and we excluded him. As for Tourguéneff, he gave us his word that he had been hissed in Russia; and as it was very far off, none of us went to see.

Nothing can be more delightful than these friendly feasts, where you talk in perfect freedom, with your wits all present and your elbows on the cloth. Like men of experience, we were all enlightened diners. Naturally, there were as many forms of this enlightenment as there were different temperaments, and as many receipts for dishes as different provinces. Flaubert had to have his Norman butter-pats, and his ducks from Rouen à l'étouffade. De Goncourt pushed refinement and criticism to the point of demanding preserved ginger! I did honor to my *bouillabaisse*, as well as to sea-urchins and shell-fish; and Tourguéneff kept on tasting his caviere.

Ah, we were not easy to feed, and the restaurants of Paris must remember us well! We tried a great many. At one time we were with Adolphe & Pelé, behind the Opéra; then in the Place de l'Opéra Comique; then

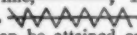
with Voisin, whose cellar pacified all our exactions and reconciled all our appetites.

We sat down at seven o'clock, and at two in the morning we were still at table. Flaubert and Zola dined in their shirt-sleeves, Tourguéneff stretched himself on the divan; we turned the waiters out of the room,—a needless precaution, as the mighty "jaw" of Flaubert was heard from the top to the bottom of the house,—and then we talked of literature. Some one of us always had a book just out; it was the "Tentation de Saint-Antoine" and the "Trois Contes" of Flaubert, the "Fille Élisa" of De Goncourt, the "Abbé Mouret" and the "Assommoir" of Zola. Tourguéneff brought the "Living Relics" and "Virgin Soil"; I, "Fromont Jeune," "Jack," "The Nabab." We talked to each other openheartedly, without flattery, without the complicity of mutual admiration.

I have here, before my eyes, a letter of Tourguéneff, in a large foreign hand, the hand of an old manuscript, and I transcribe it completely, as it gives the tone of our relations:

"Monday, 24th May, '77.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: If I haven't spoken to you yet of your book, it is because I wished to do it at length, and not content myself with a few matter-of-course phrases. I will put all that off to our interview, which will soon take place, I hope; for Flaubert will be coming back one of these days, and our dinners will begin again.

"I will confine myself to saying one thing. 'Le Nabab' is the most remarkable and the most unequal book you have written. If 'Fromont et Risler' is represented by a straight line, ———, 'Le Nabab' ought to be figured thus, ; and the summits of the zigzags can be attained only by a talent of the first order.

"I have had a very long and very violent attack of gout. I went out for the first time yesterday, and I have the legs and the knees of a man of ninety. I am very much afraid I have become what the English call a 'confirmed invalid.'

"A thousand remembrances to Madame Daudet; I give you a cordial hand-shake. Yours,

"IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF."

When we had finished with the books and the preoccupations of the day, our talk took a wider scope: we came back to those themes, those ideas which are always with us; we spoke of love, of death, particularly of death.

Every one said his word. The Russian, on his divan, was silent.

"And you, Tourguéneff?"

"Oh, me? I don't think of death. In my country, no one has it as an image in his mind; it remains distant, covered—the Slavic mist."

That word spoke volumes on the nature of his race and of his own genius. The Slavic mist floats over all his work, blurs its edges, makes it waver; and his conversation as well was suffused with it. What he said always

began with difficulty, with uncertainty; then, suddenly, the cloud was dissipated, pierced by a shaft of light, by a decisive word. He talked to us of Russia—not of the Russia of Napoleon's winter, icy, historic, and conventional, but of a Russia of summer-time, and of wheat and flowers that have nestled out of the snow-flurries—Little Russia, a land of bursting herbage and of the hum of bees. Accordingly, as we must always locate somewhere the stories that are told us, Russian life has appeared to me through Tourguéneff as a manorial existence on an Algerian estate surrounded with huts.

Tourguéneff lifted the veil which covered this queer, quaint, stupefied people. He spoke to us of its deep alcoholism, of its benumbed, inactive conscience, of its ignorance of liberty! Or else, he opened some fresher page—a glimpse of an idyl, the recollection of a little mill-servant whom he met once on his hunting-ground and fell in love with for three days. He had asked her what she would like to have, and the fair maid had answered: "You must bring me a piece of soap from town, so that I may make my hands smell sweet and you may kiss them, as you do to ladies!"

After love and death, we talked about forms of illness, about one's slavery to the body, that is dragged after us like a chained bull. Sad avowals of men who have entered their forties! For me, who had not yet begun to be gnawed with rheumatism, I rather chafed my friends and made merry at the expense of poor Tourguéneff, who was tortured by gout and used to hobble to our dinners. Since then I have lowered my pitch!

Death, alas, of which we used to talk, came to us. It took Flaubert, who was the soul, the link. With his departure, life changed for us, and we met only at longish intervals; for none of us had the courage to take up our little parties again, after the break made by our mourning.

Months afterward Tourguéneff tried to bring us together. Flaubert's place was to remain marked at our table. But his big voice and his large laugh were too deeply missed; they were no longer the dinners of the old time, and we gave them up.

Since then I have met Tourguéneff at a party at the house of Madame Adam. He had brought the Grand-Duke Constantine, who, passing through Paris, wished to see some of the celebrities of the day—a Tussaud-museum of living and supping figures. I hasten to say that he saw nothing but attitudes—attitudes of people who pretended to turn their back and of others who presented themselves as fully as possible. Alexandre Dumas,

furious at being taken for a curious animal, refused to say good things. Carolus Duran, the painter, sang; Munkácsy whistled; M. de Beust played a pretty valse, which was rather long.

Tourguéneff and I talked together in a corner. He was sad and ill: Always his gout! It laid him flat on his back for weeks together, and he asked his friends to come and see him.

Two months ago was the last time I have seen him. The house was still full of flowers; the sound of singing was still in the hall; my friend was still upstairs, on his divan, but much weakened and changed.

He was suffering from an *angina pectoris*, and, in addition, from a horrible wound in the abdomen, the result of the extraction of a cyst. Not having taken chloroform, he described to me the operation with a perfect lucidity of memory. First, there had been the sharp pain of the blade in the flesh; then a circular sensation, as of a fruit being peeled. And he added:

"I analyzed my suffering so as to be able to relate it to you, thinking it would interest you."

As he was still able to walk a little, he came down the staircase to accompany me to the door.

At the bottom, he took me into the gallery of pictures and showed me the works of his national painters,—a halt of Cossacks, a cornfield swept by a gust, landscapes from that warm Russia which he has described.

Old Viardot was there, rather out of health; Garcia was singing in the neighboring room; and Tourguéneff, surrounded by the arts that he loved, smiled as he bade me farewell.

A month later, I learned that Viardot was dead and that Tourguéneff had been taken to the country, very ill.

I cannot believe in the fatal issue of this malady. There must be, for beautiful and sovereign minds, so long as they have not said all that they have to say, a respite—a commutation. Time and the mildness of Bougival will give Tourguéneff back to us; but he will know no more of those friendly meetings to which he was so happy to come.

Ah, the Flaubert dinner! We tried it again the other day: there were only three of us left!

Alphonse Daudet.

YQUTH AND DEATH.

WHAT hast thou done to this dear friend of mine,
Thou cold, white, silent Stranger? From my hand
Her clasped hand slips to meet the grasp of thine;
Her eyes that flamed with love, at thy command
Stare stone-blank on blank air; her frozen heart
Forgets my presence. Teach me who thou art,
Vague shadow sliding 'twixt my friend and me.
I never saw thee till this sudden hour.

What secret door gave entrance unto thee?

What power is thine, o'ermastering Love's own power?

AGE AND DEATH.

COME closer, kind, white, long-familiar friend,
Embrace me, fold me to thy broad, soft breast.
Life has grown strange and cold, but thou dost bend
Mild eyes of blessing wooing to my rest.
So often hast thou come, and from my side
So many hast thou lured, I only bide
Thy beck, to follow glad thy steps divine.

Thy world is peopled for me; this world's bare.

Through all these years my couch thou didst prepare.
Thou art supreme Love—kiss me—I am thine!

Emma Lazarus.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

I.

THE DOCTOR.

THE main road to wealth in New Orleans has long been Carondelet street. There you see the most alert faces; noses—it seems to one—with more and sharper edge, and eyes smaller and brighter and with less distance between them than one notices in other streets. It is there that the stock and bond brokers hurry to and fro and run together promiscuously—the cunning and the simple, the head-long and the wary—at the four clanging strokes of the Stock Exchange gong. There rises the tall façade of the Cotton Exchange. Looking in from the sidewalk as you pass, you see its main hall, thronged but decorous, the quiet engine-room of the surrounding city's most far-reaching occupation, and at the hall's farther end you descry the "Future Room," and hear the unearthly ramping and bellowing of the bulls and bears. Up and down the street, on either hand, are the ship-brokers and insurers, and in the upper stories foreign consuls among a multitude of lawyers and notaries.

In 1856 this street was just assuming its present character. The cotton merchants were making it their favorite place of commercial domicile. The open thoroughfare served in lieu of the present exchanges; men made fortunes standing on the curb-stone, and during bank hours the sidewalks were perpetually crowded with cotton factors, buyers, brokers, weighers, reweighers, classers, pickers, pressers, and samplers, and the air was laden with cotton quotations and prognostications.

Number 3½, second floor, front, was the office of Dr. Sevier. This office was convenient to everything. Immediately under its windows lay the sidewalks where congregated the men who, of all in New Orleans, could best afford to pay for being sick, and least desired to die. Canal street, the city's leading artery, was just below at the near left-hand corner. Beyond it lay the older town, not yet impoverished in those days,—the French quarter. A single square and a half off at the right, and in plain view from the front windows, shone the dazzling white walls of the St. Charles Hotel, where the nabobs of the river plantations came and dwelt

with their fair-handed wives in seasons of peculiar anticipation, when it is well to be near the highest medical skill. In the opposite direction, a three minutes' quick drive around the upper corner and down Common street carried the Doctor to his ward in the great Charity Hospital, and to the school of medicine where he filled the chair set apart to the holy ailments of maternity. Thus, as it were, he laid his left hand on the rich and his right on the poor; and he was not left-handed.

Not that his usual attitude was one of benediction. He stood straight up in his austere pure-mindedness, tall, slender, pale, sharp of voice, keen of glance, stern in judgment, aggressive in debate, and fixedly untender everywhere, except—but always except—in the sick chamber. His inner heart was all of flesh; but his demands for the rectitude of mankind pointed out like the muzzles of cannon through the embrasures of his virtues. To demolish evil! That seemed the finest of aims; and even as a physician, that was, most likely, his motive until later years and a better self-knowledge had taught him that to do good was still finer and better. He waged war—against malady. To fight; to stifle; to cut down; to uproot; to overwhelm; these were his springs of action. That their results were good proved that his sentiment of benevolence was strong and high; but it was well-nigh shut out of sight by that impatience of evil which is very fine and knightly in youngest manhood, but which we like to see give way to kindlier moods as the earlier heat of the blood begins to pass.

He changed in later years; this was in 1856. To "resist not evil" seemed to him then only a rather feeble sort of knavery. To face it in its nakedness and to inveigh against it in high places and low, seemed the consummation of all manliness; and manliness was the key-note of his creed. There was no other necessity in this life.

"But a man must live," said one of his kindred, to whom, truth to tell, he had refused assistance.

"No, sir; that is just what he can't do. A man must die! So, while he lives, let him be a man!"

How inharmmonious a setting, then, for Dr. Sevier, was 3½ Carondelet street. As he drove, each morning, down to that point,

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he had to pass through long, irregular files of fellow-beings thronging either sidewalk, a sadly unchivalric grouping of men whose daily and yearly life was subordinated only and entirely to the getting of wealth, and whose every eager motion was a repetition of the sinister old maxim that "Time is money."

"It's a great deal more, sir; it's life!" the Doctor always retorted.

Among these groups, moreover, were many who were all too well famed for illegitimate fortune. Many occupations connected with the handling of cotton yielded big harvests in perquisites. At every jog of the Doctor's horse, men came to view whose riches were the outcome of semi-respectable larceny. It was a day of reckless operation; much of the commerce that came to New Orleans was simply, as one might say, beached in Carondelet street. The sight used to keep the long, thin, keen-eyed doctor in perpetual indignation.

"Look at the wreckers," he would say.

It was breakfast at eight, indignation at nine, dyspepsia at ten.

So his setting was not merely inharmonious; it was damaging. He grew sore on the whole matter of money-getting.

"Yes, I have money. But I don't go after it. It comes to me because I seek and render service for the service's sake. It will come to anybody else the same way; and why should it come any other way?"

He not only had a low regard for the motives of most seekers of wealth; he went further and fell into much disbelief of poor men's needs. For instance, he looked upon a man's inability to find employment, or upon a poor fellow's run of bad luck, as upon the placarded woes of a hurdy-gurdy beggar.

"If he wants work, he will find it. As for begging, it ought to be easier for any true man to starve than to beg."

The sentiment was ungentle, but it came from the bottom of his belief concerning himself, and a longing for moral greatness in all men.

"However," he would add, thrusting his hand into his pocket and bringing out his purse, "I'll help any man to make himself useful. And the sick—well, the sick, as a matter of course. Only I must know what I'm doing."

Have some of us known Want? To have known her—though to love her was impossible—is "a liberal education." The Doctor was learned, but this acquaintanceship, this education, he had never got. Hence his untenderness. Shall we condemn the fault? Yes. And the man? We have not the face. To be *just*, which he never knowingly failed to be, and at the same time to feel tenderly for

the unworthy, to deal kindly with the erring,—it is a double grace that hangs not always in easy reach even of the tallest. The Doctor attained to it—but in later years; meantime, this story—which, I believe, had he ever been poor would never have been written.

II.

A YOUNG STRANGER.

IN 1856, New Orleans was in the midst of the darkest ten years of her history. Yet she was full of new-comers from all parts of the commercial world,—strangers seeking livelihood. The ravages of cholera and yellow fever, far from keeping them away, seemed actually to draw them. In the three years 1853, '54, and '55, the cemeteries had received over thirty-five thousand dead; yet here in 1856, besides shiploads of European immigrants, came hundreds of unaccustomed youths, from all parts of the United States, to fill the wide gaps which they imagined had been made in the ranks of the great exporting city's clerking force.

Upon these pilgrims Dr. Sevier cast an eye full of interest and often of compassion hidden under outward impatience. "Who wants to see," he would demand, "men—and women—increasing the risks of this uncertain life?" But he was also full of respect for them. There was a certain nobility rightly attributable to emigration itself in the abstract. It was the cutting loose from friends and aid,—those sweet-named temptations,—and the going forth into self-appointed exile and into dangers known and unknown, trusting to the help of one's own right hand to exchange honest toil for honest bread and raiment. His eyes kindled to see the goodly, broad, red-cheeked fellows. Sometimes, though, he saw women, and sometimes tender women, by their side, and that sight touched the pathetic chord of his heart with a rude twangle that vexed him.

It was on a certain bright, cool morning early in October that, as he drove down Carondelet street toward his office, and one of those little white omnibuses of the old Apollo street line, crowding in before his carriage, had compelled his driver to draw close in by the curbstone and slacken speed to a walk, his attention chanced to fall upon a young man of attractive appearance, glancing stranger-wise and eagerly at signs and entrances while he moved down the street. Twice, in the moment of the Doctor's enforced delay, he noticed the young stranger make inquiry of the street's more accustomed frequenters, and that in each case he was directed farther on. But the way opened, the Doctor's horse switched

his tail and was off, the stranger was left behind, and the next moment the Doctor stepped across the sidewalk and went up the stairs of Number 3½ to his office. Something told him—we are apt to fall into thought on a stair-way—that the stranger was looking for a physician.

He had barely disposed of the three or four waiting messengers that arose from their chairs against the corridor wall, and was still reading the anxious lines left in various hand-writings on his slate, when the young man entered. He was of fair height, slenderly built, with soft auburn hair a little untrimmed, neat dress, and a diffident yet expectant and courageous face.

"Dr. Sevier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doctor, my wife is very ill. Can I get you to come at once and see her?"

"Who is her physician?"

"I have not called any; but we must have one now."

"I don't know about going at once. This is my hour for being in the office. How far is it, and what's the trouble?"

"We are only three squares away, just here in Custom-house street." The speaker began to add a faltering enumeration of some very grave symptoms. The Doctor noticed that he was slightly deaf; he uttered his words as though he did not hear them.

"Yes," interrupted Dr. Sevier, speaking half to himself as he turned around to a standing case of cruel-looking silver-plated things on shelves, "that's a small part of the penalty women pay for the doubtful honor of being our mothers. I'll go. What is your number? But you had better drive back with me if you can." He drew back from the glass case, shut the door, and took his hat.

"Narcisse."

On the side of the office nearest the corridor a door let into a hall-room that afforded merely good space for the furniture needed by a single accountant. The Doctor had other interests besides those of his profession, and, taking them all together, found it necessary, or at least convenient, to employ continuously the services of a person to keep his accounts and collect his bills. Through the open door the book-keeper could be seen sitting on a high stool at a still higher desk—a young man of handsome profile and well-knit form. At the call of his name, he unwound his legs from the rounds of the stool and leaped into the Doctor's presence with a superlatively high-bred bow.

"I shall be back in fifteen minutes," said the Doctor. "Come, Mr. —," and went out with the stranger.

Narcisse had intended to speak. He stood a moment, then lifted the last half inch of a cigarette to his lips, took a long, meditative inhalation, turned half round on his heel, dashed the remnant with fierce emphasis into a spittoon, ejected two long streams of smoke from his nostrils, and, extending his fist toward the door by which the Doctor had gone out, said:

"All right, ole hoss!" No, not that way. It is hard to give his pronunciation by letter. In the word "right" he substituted an *a* for the *r*, sounding it almost in the same instant with the *i*, yet distinct from it: "All a-ight, ole hoss!"

Then he walked slowly back to his desk, with that feeling of relief which some men find in the renewal of a promissory note, twined his legs again among those of the stool, and, adding not a word, resumed his pen.

The Doctor's carriage was hurrying across Canal street.

"Dr. Sevier," said the physician's companion, "I don't know what your charges are —"

"The highest," said the Doctor, whose dyspepsia was gnawing him just then with fine energy. The curt reply struck fire upon the young man.

"I don't propose to drive a bargain, Dr. Sevier!" He flushed angrily after he had spoken, breathed with compressed lips, and winked savagely, with the sort of indignation that school-boys show to a harsh master.

The physician answered with better self-control.

"What do you propose?"

"I was going to propose—being a stranger to you, sir—to pay in advance." The announcement was made with a tremulous but triumphant *hauteur*, as though it must cover the physician with mortification. The speaker stretched out a rather long leg and, drawing a pocket-book, produced a twenty-dollar piece.

The Doctor looked full in his face with impatient surprise, then turned his eyes away again as if he restrained himself, and said, in a subdued tone:

"I would rather you had haggled about the price."

"I don't hear—" said the other, turning his ear. The Doctor waved his hand:

"Put that up if you please."

The young stranger was disconcerted. He remained silent for a moment, wearing a look of impatient embarrassment. He still extended the piece, turning it over and over with his thumb-nail as it lay on his fingers.

"You don't know me, Doctor," he said. He got another cruel answer:

"We're getting acquainted," replied the physician.

The victim of the sarcasm bit his lip, and

protested, by an unconscious, sidewise jerk of the chin:

"I wish you'd——" and he turned the coin again.

The physician dropped an eagle's stare on the gold.

"I don't practice medicine on those principles."

"But, Doctor," insisted the other, appeasingly, "you can make an exception if you will. Reasons are better than rules, my old professor used to say. I am here without friends, or letters, or credentials of any sort; this is the only recommendation I can offer."

"Don't recommend you at all; anybody can do that."

The stranger breathed a sigh of overtaken patience, smiled with a baffled air, seemed once or twice about to speak but doubtful what to say, and let his hand sink.

"Well, Doctor,"—he rested his elbow on his knee, gave the piece one more turn over, and tried to draw the physician's eye by a look of boyish pleasantness,—"I'll not ask you to take pay in advance, but I will ask you to take care of this money for me. Suppose I should lose it, or have it stolen from me, or—Doctor, it would be a real comfort to me if you would."

"I can't help that. I shall treat your wife and then send in my bill." The Doctor folded arms and appeared to give attention to his driver. But at the same time he asked:

"Not subject to epilepsy, eh?"

"No, sir!" The indignant shortness of the retort drew no sign of attention from the Doctor; he was silently asking himself what this nonsense meant. Was it drink, or gambling, or a confidence game? Or was it only vanity, or a mistake of inexperience? He turned his head unexpectedly and gave the stranger's facial lines a quick, thorough examination. It startled them from a look of troubled meditation. The physician as quickly turned away again.

"Doctor," began the other, but added no more.

The physician was silent. He turned the matter over once more in his mind. The proposal was absurdly unbusinesslike. That his part in it might look ungenerous was nothing; so his actions were right, he rather liked them to bear a hideous aspect; that was his war-paint. There was that in the stranger's attitude that agreed fairly with his own theories of living. A fear of debt, for instance; if that was genuine it was good. And beyond and better than that, a fear of money. He began to be more favorably impressed.

"Give it to me," he said, frowning; "mark you, this is your way,"—he dropped the gold into his vest pocket,—"it isn't mine."

The young man laughed with visible relief, and rubbed his knee with his somewhat too delicate hand. The doctor examined him again with a milder glance.

"I suppose you think you've got the principles of life all right, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," replied the other, taking his turn at folding arms.

"H-m-m, I dare say you do. What you lack is the practice." The Doctor sealed his utterance with a nod.

The young man showed amusement; more, it may be, than he felt, and presently pointed out his lodging place.

"Here, on this side; Number 40," and they alighted.

III.

HIS WIFE.

In former times, the presence in New Orleans, during the cooler half of the year, of large numbers of mercantile men from all parts of the world, who did not accept the fever-plagued city as their permanent residence, made much business for the renters of furnished apartments. At the same time, there was a class of persons whose residence was permanent, and to whom this letting of rooms fell by an easy and natural gravitation; and the most respectable and comfortable rented rooms of which the city could boast were those *chambres garnies* in Custom-house and Bienville streets, kept by worthy free or freed mulatto or quadroon women.

In 1856, the gala days of this half-caste people were quite over. Difference was made between virtue and vice, and the famous quadroon balls were shunned by those who aspired to respectability, whether their whiteness was nature or only toilet powder. Generations of domestic service under ladies of Gallic blood had brought many of them to a supreme pitch of excellence as housekeepers. In many cases, money had been inherited; in other cases, it had been saved up. That Latin feminine ability to hold an awkward position with impregnable serenity, and like the yellow Mississippi to give back no reflection from the overhanging sky, emphasized this superior fitness. That bright, womanly business ability that comes of the same blood added again to their excellence. Not to be home itself, nothing could be more like it than were the apartments let by Madame Cécile, or Madame Sophie, or Madame Athalie, or Madame Polyxène, or whatever the name might be.

It was in one of these houses, that presented its dull brick front directly upon the sidewalk of Custom-house street, with the unfailing little square sign of *Chambres à*

lower (Rooms to let), dangling by a string from the overhanging balcony and twirling in the breeze, that the sick wife lay. A waiting slave-girl opened the door as the two men approached it, and both of them went directly upstairs and into a large, airy room. On a high, finely carved, and heavily hung mahogany bed, to which the remaining furniture corresponded in ancient style and massiveness, was stretched the form of a pale, sweet-faced little woman.

The proprietress of the house was sitting beside the bed, a quadroon of good, kind face, forty-five years old or so, tall and broad. She rose and responded to the Doctor's silent bow with that pretty dignity of greeting which goes with all French blood, and remained standing. The invalid stirred.

The physician came forward to the bedside. The patient could not have been much over nineteen years of age. Her face was very pleasing; a trifle slender in outline; the brows somewhat square, not wide; the mouth small. But it is needless to be minute; she would not have been called beautiful, even in health, by those who lay stress on correctness of outlines. Yet she had one thing that to some is better. Whether it was in the dark blue eyes that were lifted to the Doctor's with a look which changed rapidly from inquiry to confidence, or in the fine, scarcely perceptible strands of pale-brown hair that played about her temples, he did not make out; but for one cause or another her face was of that kind which almost any one has seen once or twice, and no one has seen often,—that seems to give out a soft but veritable light.

She was very weak. Her eyes quickly dropped away from his and turned wearily but peacefully to those of her husband.

The Doctor spoke to her. His greeting and gentle inquiry were full of a soothing quality that was new to the young man. His long fingers moved twice or thrice softly across her brow, pushing back the thin, waving strands, and then he sat down in a chair, continuing his kind, direct questions. The answers were all bad.

He turned his glance to the quadroon; she understood it; the patient was seriously ill. The nurse responded with a quiet look of comprehension. At the same time, the Doctor disguised from the young strangers this interchange of meanings by an audible question to the quadroon.

"Have I ever met you before?"

"No, seh."

"What is your name?"

"Zénobie."

"Madame Zénobia," softly whispered the invalid, turning her eyes, with a glimmer of

feeble pleasantry, first to the quadroon and then to her husband.

The physician smiled at her an instant, and then gave a few concise directions to the quadroon. "Get me"—thus and so.

The woman went and came. She was a superior nurse, like so many of her race. So obvious, indeed, was this, that when she gently pressed the young husband an inch or two aside and murmured that "*de doctah*" wanted him to "go h-out," he left the room, although he knew the physician had not so indicated.

By and by he returned, but only at her beckon, and remained at the bedside while Madame Zénobie led the Doctor into another room to write his prescription.

"Who are these people?" asked the physician, in an undertone, looking up at the quadroon and pausing with the prescription half torn off.

She shrugged her large shoulders and smiled perplexedly.

"Mizzez—Reechin?" The tone was one of query rather than assertion. "Dey ses so," she added.

She might nurse the lady like a mother, but she was not going to be responsible for the genuineness of a stranger's name.

"Where are they from?"

"I dunno?—Some pless?—I nevva yeh dat nem biffa?"

She made a timid attempt at some word ending in "walk," and smiled, ready to accept possible ridicule.

"Milwaukee?" asked the Doctor.

She lifted her palm, smiled brightly, pushed him gently with the tip of one finger, and nodded. He had hit the nail on the head.

"What business is he in?"

The questioner rose.

She cast a sidelong glance at him with a slight enlargement of her eyes, and compressing her lips gave her head a little decided shake. The young man was not employed.

"And has no money either, I suppose," said the physician as they started again toward the sick-room.

She shrugged again and smiled; but it came to her mind that the Doctor might be considering his own interests, and she added in a whisper:

"Dey pay me."

She changed places with the husband, and the physician and he passed down the stairs together in silence.

"Well, Doctor?" said the young man as he stood, prescription in hand, before the carriage-door.

"Well," responded the physician, "you should have called me sooner."

The look of agony that came into the stranger's face caused the Doctor instantly to repeat his hard speech.

"You don't mean——" exclaimed the husband.

"No, no; I don't think it's too late. Get that prescription filled and give it to Mrs.——"

"Richling," said the young man.

"Let her have perfect quiet," continued the Doctor. "I shall be back this evening."

And when he returned she had improved.

She was better again the next day, and the next; but on the fourth she was in a very critical state. She lay quite silent during the Doctor's visit, until he, thinking he read in her eyes a wish to say something to him alone, sent her husband and the quadroom out of the room on separate errands at the same moment. And immediately she exclaimed:

"Doctor, save my life! You mustn't let me die! Save me for my husband's sake! To lose all he's lost for me, and then to lose me too,—save me, Doctor, save me!"

"I'm going to do it!" said he. "You shall get well!"

And what with his skill and her endurance, it turned out so.

IV.

CONVALESCENCE AND ACQUAINTANCE.

A MAN'S clothing is his defense; but with a woman all dress is adornment. Nature decrees it; adornment is her instinctive delight. And above all the adorning of a bride; it brings out so charmingly the meaning of the thing. Therein centers the gay consent of all mankind and womankind to an innocent, sweet apostasy from the ranks of both. The value of living—which is loving; the sacreddest wonders of life; all that is fairest and of best delight in thought, in feeling, yea, in substance,—all are apprehended under the floral crown and hymeneal veil. So, when at length one day Mrs. Richling said, "Madame Zénobie, don't you think I might sit up?" it would have been absurd to doubt the quadroom's willingness to assist her in dressing. True, here was neither wreath nor veil, but here was very young wifehood, and its re-attiring would be like a proclamation of victory over the malady that had striven to put two hearts asunder. Her willingness could hardly be doubted,—though she smiled irresponsibly and said:

"If you thing——?" She spread her eyes and elbows suddenly in the manner of a crab, with palms turned upward and thumbs outstretched—"Well?"—and so dropped them. "You don't want wait till de doctah comin'?" she asked.

"I don't think he's coming; it's after his time."

"Yass?"

The woman was silent a moment, and then threw up one hand again with the forefinger lifted alertly forward.

"I make a lill fi' biffu."

She made a fire. Then she helped the convalescent to put on a few loose drapings. She made no concealment of the enjoyment it gave her, though her words were few and generally were answers to questions; and when at length she brought from the wardrobe, pretending not to notice her mistake, a loose and much too ample robe of woolen and silken stuffs to go over all, she moved as though she trod on holy ground, and distinctly felt, herself, the thrill with which the convalescent, her young eyes beaming their assent, let her arms into the big sleeves, and drew about her small form the soft folds of her husband's morning-gown.

"He goin' to fine that droll," said the quadroom.

The wife's face confessed her pleasure.

"It's as much mine as his," she said.

"Is you mek dat?" asked the nurse as she drew its silken cord about the convalescent's waist.

"Yes. Don't draw it tight; leave it loose; so; but you can tie the knot tight. That will do; there." She smiled broadly. "Don't tie me in as if you were tying me in forever."

Madame Zénobie understood perfectly and, smiling in response, did tie it as if she were tying her in forever.

Half an hour or so later the quadroom, being—it may have been by chance—at the street door, ushered in a person who simply bowed in silence.

But as he put one foot on the stair he paused and, bending a severe gaze upon her, asked:

"Why do you smile?"

She folded her hands limply on her bosom, and drawing a cheek and shoulder toward each other, replied:

"Nuttin'—?"

The questioner's severity darkened.

"Why do you smile at nothing?"

She laid the tips of her fingers upon her lips to compose them.

"You din come in you' carridge. She goin' to thing 'tis Miché Reechin." The smile forced its way through her fingers. The visitor turned in quiet disdain and went upstairs, she following.

At the top he let her pass. She led the way and, softly pushing open the chamber door, entered noiselessly, turned and, as the other stepped across the threshold, nestled

her hands one on the other at her waist, shrank inward with a sweet smile, and waved one palm toward the huge, blue-hung mahogany four-poster,—empty.

The visitor gave a slight double nod and moved on across the carpet. Before a small coal fire, in a grate too wide for it, stood a broad, cushioned rocking-chair with the corner of a pillow showing over its top. The visitor went on around it. The girlish form lay in it, with eyes closed, very still, but his professional glance quickly detected the false pretense of slumber. A slipped foot was still slightly reached out beyond the bright colors of the long gown, and toward the brazen edge of the hearth-pan, as though the owner had been touching her tiptoe against it to keep the chair in gentle motion. One cheek was on the pillow; down the other curled a few light strands of hair that had escaped from her brow.

Thus for an instant. Then a smile began to wreath about the corner of her lips, she faintly stirred, opened her eyes—and lo! Dr. Sevier, motionless, tranquil, and grave.

"Oh, Doctor!" The blood surged into her face and down upon her neck. She put her hands over her eyes and her face into the pillow. "Oh, Doctor!"—rising to a sitting posture—"I thought, of course, it was my husband."

The Doctor replied while she was speaking: "My carriage broke down." He drew a chair toward the fire-place and asked, with his face toward the dying fire:

"How are you feeling to-day, madam,—stronger?"

"Yes, I can almost say I'm well." The blush was still on her face as he turned to receive her answer, but she smiled with a bright courageousness that secretly amused and pleased him. "I thank you, Doctor, for my recovery; I certainly should thank you." Her face lighted up with that soft radiance which was its best quality, and her smile became half introspective as her eyes dropped from his and followed her outstretched hand as it re-arranged the farther edges of the dressing-gown one upon another.

"If you will take better care of yourself hereafter, madam," responded the Doctor, thumping and brushing from his knee some specks of mud that he may have got when his carriage broke, "I will thank you. But—brush—brush—" "I—doubt it."

"Do you think you should?" she asked, leaning forward from the back of the great chair and letting her wrists drop over the front of its broad arms.

"I do," said the Doctor, kindly. "Why shouldn't I? This present attack was by your

own fault." While he spoke, he was looking into her eyes, contracted at their corners by her slight smile. The face was one of those that show not merely that the world is all unknown to them; but that it always will be so. It beamed with inquisitive intelligence, and yet had the innocence almost of infancy. The doctor made a discovery; it was this that made her beautiful. "She *is* beautiful," he insisted to himself when his critical faculty dissented.

"You needn't doubt me, Doctor. I'll try my best to take care. Why of course I will,—for John's sake." She looked up into his face from the tassel she was twisting around her finger, touching the floor with her slippers' toe and faintly rocking.

"Yes, there's a chance there," replied the grave man, seemingly not overmuch pleased; "I dare say everything you do or leave undone is for his sake."

The little wife betrayed for a moment a pained perplexity, and then exclaimed,—

"Well, of course!" and waited his answer with bright eyes.

"I have known women to think of their own sakes," was the response.

She laughed, and with unprecedented sparkle replied,—

"Why,—whatever's his sake is my sake. I don't see the difference. Yes, I see, of course, how there might be a difference; but I don't see how a woman——" She ceased, still smiling, and, dropping her eyes to her hands, slowly stroked one wrist and palm with the tassel of her husband's robe.

The Doctor rose, turned his back to the mantelpiece, and looked down upon her. He thought of the great, wide world: its thorny ways, its deserts, its bitter waters, its unrighteousness, its self-seeking greed, its weaknesses, its under and over reaching, its unfaithfulness; and then again of this—child, thrust all at once a thousand miles into it, with never—so far as he could see—an implement, a weapon, a sense of danger, or a refuge; well pleased with herself as it seemed, lifted up into the bliss of self-obliterating wifehood, and resting in her husband with such an assurance of safety and happiness as a saint might pray for grace to show to Heaven itself. He stood silent, feeling too grim to speak, and presently Mrs. Richling looked up with a sudden liveliness of eye and a smile that was half apology and half persistence.

"Yes, Doctor, I'm going to take care of myself."

"Mrs. Richling, is your father a man of fortune?"

"My father is not living," said she, gravely.

"He died two years ago. He was the pastor of

a small church. No, sir; he had nothing but his small salary—except that for a few years he taught a few scholars. He taught me." She brightened up again. "I never had any other teacher."

The Doctor folded his hands behind him and gazed abstractedly through the upper sash of the large French windows. The street door was heard to open.

"There's John," said the convalescent quickly, and the next moment her husband entered. A tired look vanished from his face as he saw the doctor. He hurried to grasp his hand, then turned and kissed his wife. The physician took up his hat.

"Doctor," said the wife, holding the hand he gave her, and looking up playfully, with her cheek against the chair-back, "you surely didn't suspect me of being a rich girl, did you?"

"Not at all, madam." His emphasis was so pronounced that the husband laughed.

"There's one comfort in the opposite condition, Doctor," said the young man.

"Yes?"

"Why, yes; you see, it requires no explanation."

"Yes, it does," said the physician; "it is just as binding on people to show good cause why they are poor as it is to show good cause why they're rich. Good-day, madam." The two men went out together. His word would have been good-bye, but for the fear of fresh acknowledgments.

V.

HARD QUESTIONS.

DR. SEVIER had a simple abhorrence of the expression of personal sentiment in words. Nothing else seemed to him so utterly hollow as the attempt to indicate by speech a regard or affection which was not already demonstrated in behavior. So far did he keep himself aloof from insincerity that he had barely room enough left to be candid.

"I need not see your wife any more," he said, as he went down the stairs with the young husband at his elbow; and the young man had learned him well enough not to oppress him with formal thanks, whatever might have been said or omitted upstairs.

Madame Zénobie contrived to be near enough, as they reached the lower floor, to come in for a share of the meager adieu. She gave her hand with a dainty grace and a bow that might have been imported from Paris.

Dr. Sevier paused on the front step, half turned toward the open door where the husband still tarried. That was not speech; it was scarcely action; but the young man understood it and was silent. In truth, the Doctor

himself felt a pang in this sort of farewell. A physician's way through the world is paved, I have heard one say, with these broken bits of others' lives, of all colors and all degrees of beauty. In his reminiscences, when he can do no better, he gathers them up, and turning them over and over in the darkened chamber of his retrospection, sees patterns of delight lit up by the softened rays of by-gone time. But even this renews the pain of separation, and Dr. Sevier felt, right here at this door-step, that, if this was to be the last of the Richlings, he would feel the twinge of parting every time they came up again in his memory.

He looked at the house opposite—where there was really nothing to look at—and at a woman who happened to be passing, and who was only like a thousand others with whom he had nothing to do.

"Richling," he said, "what brings you to New Orleans, any way?"

Richling leaned his cheek against the door-post:

"Simply seeking my fortune, Doctor."

"Do you think it is here?"

"I'm pretty sure it is; the world owes me a living."

The Doctor looked up.

"When did you get the world in your debt?"

Richling lifted his head pleasantly, and let one foot down a step.

"It owes me a chance to earn a living, doesn't it?"

"I dare say," replied the other, "that's what it generally owes."

"That's all I ask of it," said Richling; "if it will let us alone, we'll let it alone."

"You've no right to allow either," said the physician. "No sir; no," he insisted, as the young man looked incredulous. There was a pause. "Have you any capital?" asked the Doctor.

"Capital! No,"—with a low laugh.

"But surely you have something to—?"

"Oh, yes,—a little."

The Doctor marked the southern "Oh." There is no "O" in Milwaukee.

"You don't find as many vacancies as you expected to see, I suppose, h-m-m?"

There was an under-glow of feeling in the young man's tone as he replied,—

"I was misinformed."

"Well," said the Doctor, staring down street, "you'll find something. What can you do?"

"Do? Oh, I'm willing to do anything."

Dr. Sevier turned his gaze slowly, with a shade of disappointment in it. Richling rallied to his defenses:

"I think I could make a good book-keeper, or correspondent, or cashier, or any such——"

The Doctor interrupted, with the back of his head toward his listener looking this time up the street, riverward:

"Yes?—or a shoe,—or a barrel,—h-m-m?"

Richling bent forward with the frown of defective hearing, and the physician raised his voice—

"Or a cartwheel—or a coat?"

"I can make a living," rejoined the other, with a needlessly resentful-heroic manner that was lost, or seemed to be, on the physician.

"Richling,"—the Doctor suddenly faced around and fixed a kindly severe glance on him,— "why didn't you bring letters?"

"Why,"—the young man stopped, looked at his feet, and distinctly blushed. "I think," he stammered,— "it seems to me"—he looked up with a faltering eye—"don't you think—I think a man ought to be able to recommend *himself*?"

The Doctor's gaze remained so fixed that the self-recommended man could not endure it silently.

"I think so," he said, looking down again and swinging his foot. Suddenly he brightened. "Doctor, isn't this your carriage coming?"

"Yes; I told the boy to drive by here when it was mended, and he might find me." The vehicle drew up and stopped. "Still, Richling," the physician continued, as he stepped toward it, "you had better get a letter or two, yet; you might need them."

The door of the carriage clapped to. There seemed a touch of vexation in the sound. Richling, too, closed his door, but in the soft way of one in troubled meditation. Was this a proper farewell? The thought came to both men.

"Stop a minute!" said Dr. Sevier to his driver. He leaned out a little at the side of the carriage and looked back. "Never mind; he has gone in."

The young husband went upstairs slowly and heavily;—more slowly and heavily than might be explained by his all-day unsuccessful tramp after employment. His wife still rested in the rocking-chair. He stood against it, and she took his hand and stroked it.

"Tired?" she asked, looking up at him. He gazed into the languishing fire.

"Yes."

"You're not discouraged, are you?"

"Discouraged? N-no. And yet," he said, slowly shaking his head, "I can't see why I don't find something to do."

"It's because you don't hunt for it," said the wife.

He turned upon her with flashing countenance only to meet her laugh and to have his head pulled down to her lips. He dropped into the seat left by the physician, laid his

head back in his knit hands, and crossed his feet under the chair.

"John, I do *like* Dr. Sevier."

"Why?" The questioner looked at the ceiling.

"Why, don't you like him?" asked the wife, and as John smiled she added,— "You know you like him."

The husband grasped the poker in both hands, dropped his elbows upon his knees, and began touching the fire, saying slowly,—"I believe the Doctor thinks I'm a fool."

"That's nothing," said the little wife, "that's only because you married me."

The poker stopped rattling between the grate-bars; the husband looked at the wife. Her eyes, though turned partly away, betrayed their mischief. There was a deadly pause; then a rush to the assault, a shower of Cupid's arrows, a quick surrender—

But we refrain. Since ever the world began it is Love's real, not his sham battles, that are worth the telling.

VI.

NESTING.

A FORTNIGHT passed. What with calls on his private skill, and appeals to his public zeal, Dr. Sevier was always loaded like a dromedary. Just now he was much occupied with the affairs of the great American people. For all, he was the furthest remove from a mere party contestant or spoilsman; neither his righteous pugnacity nor his human sympathy would allow him to "let politics alone." Often across this preoccupation there flitted a thought of the Richlings.

At length one day he saw them. He had been called by a patient, lodging near Madame Zénobie's house. The proximity of the young couple occurred to him at once, but he instantly realized the extreme poverty of the chance that he should see them. To increase the improbability, the short afternoon was near its close, an hour when people generally were sitting at dinner.

But what a coquette is that same Chance! As he was driving up at the sidewalk's edge before his patient's door, the Richlings came out of theirs, the husband talking with animation, and the wife, all sunshine, skipping up to his side and taking his arm with both hands, and attending eagerly to his words.

"Heels!" muttered the Doctor to himself, for the sound of Mrs. Richling's gaiters betrayed that fact. Heels were an innovation still new enough to rouse the resentment of masculine conservatism. But for them, she would have pleased his sight entirely. Bonnets, for years microscopic, had again be-

come visible, and her girlish face was prettily set in one whose flowers and ribbon, just joyous and no more, were reflected again in the double-skirted silk *barège*, while the dark mantilla that drooped away from the broad lace collar, shading, without hiding, her "Parodi" waist, seemed made for that very street of heavy-grated archways, iron-railed balconies, and high lattices. The Doctor even accepted patiently the free northern step, which is commonly so repugnant to the southern eye.

A heightened gladness flashed into the faces of the two young people as they descended the physician.

"Good-afternoon," they said, advancing.

"Good-evening," responded the Doctor, and shook hands with each. The meeting was an emphatic pleasure to him. He quite forgot the young man's lack of credentials.

"Out taking the air?" he asked.

"Looking about," said the husband.

"Looking up new quarters," said the wife, knitting her fingers about her husband's elbow and drawing closer to it.

"Were you not comfortable?"

"Yes; but the rooms are larger than we need."

"Ah!" said the Doctor; and there the conversation sank. There was no topic suited to so fleeting a moment, and when they had smiled all round again, Dr. Sevier lifted his hat. Ah, yes, there was one thing.

"Have you found work?" asked the Doctor of Richling.

The wife glanced up for an instant into her husband's face, and then down again.

"No," said Richling, "not yet. If you should hear of anything, Doctor——" He remembered the Doctor's word about letters, stopped suddenly, and seemed as if he might even withdraw the request; but the Doctor said:

"I will; I will let you know." He gave his hand to Richling. It was on his lips to add—"and should you need," etc.; but there was the wife at the husband's side. So he said no more. The pair bowed their cheerful thanks; but beside the cheer, or behind it, in the husband's face, was there not the look of one who feels the odds against him? And yet, while the two men's hands still held each other, the look vanished, and the young man's light grasp had such firmness in it that, for this cause also, the Doctor withheld his patronizing utterance. He believed he would himself have resented it had he been in Richling's place.

The young pair passed on, and that night as Dr. Sevier sat at his fireside, an unaccompanied widower, he saw again the young wife look quickly up into her husband's face, and across

that face flit and disappear its look of weary dismay, followed by the air of fresh courage with which the young couple had said good-bye.

"I wish I had spoken," he thought to himself; "I wish I had made the offer."

And again:

"I hope he didn't tell her what I said about the letters. Not but I was right, but it'll only wound her."

But Richling had told her; he always "told her everything"; she could not possibly have magnified wifehood more, in her way, than he did in his. May be both ways were faulty; but they were extravagantly, youthfully confident that they were not.

UNKNOWN to Dr. Sevier, the Richlings had returned from their search unsuccessful. Finding prices too much alike in Custom-house street, they turned into Burgundy. From Burgundy they passed into Du Maine. As they went, notwithstanding disappointments, their mood grew gay and gayer. Everything that met the eye was quaint and droll to them: men, women, things, places, all were more or less outlandish. The grotesqueness of the African, and especially the French-tongued African, was to Mrs. Richling particularly irresistible. Multiplying upon each and all of these things was the ludicrousness of the pecuniary strait that brought themselves and these things into contact. Everything turned to fun.

Mrs. Richling's mirthful mood prompted her by and by to begin letting into her inquiries and comments covert double meanings intended for her husband's private understanding. Thus they crossed Bourbon street.

About there, their mirth reached a climax; it was in a small house, a sad, single-story thing cowering between two high buildings, its eaves, four or five feet deep, overshadowing its one street door and window.

"Looks like a shade for weak eyes," said the wife.

They had debated whether they should enter it or not. He thought no, she thought yes; but he would not insist and she would not insist; she wished him to do as he thought best, and he wished her to do as she thought best, and they had made two or three false starts and retreats before they got inside. But they were in there at length and busily engaged inquiring into the availability of a small, lace-curtained, front room, when Richling took his wife so completely off her guard by addressing her as "Madame," in the tone and manner of Dr. Sevier, that she laughed in the face of the householder, who had been trying to talk English with a French accent and a harelip, and they fled with haste to the

sidewalk and around the corner, where they could smile and smile without being villains.

"We must stop this," said the wife, blushing. "We must stop it. We're attracting attention."

And this was true at least as to one ragamuffin who stood on a neighboring corner staring at them. Yet there is no telling to what higher pitch their humor might have carried them if Mrs. Richling had not been weighted down by the constant necessity of correcting her husband's statement of their wants. This she could do, because his exactions were all in the direction of her comfort.

"But, John," she would say each time as they returned to the street and resumed their quest, "those things cost; you can't afford them; can you?"

"Why, you can't be comfortable without them," he would answer.

"But that's not the question, John; we must take cheaper lodgings, mustn't we?"

Then John would be silent, and by little's their gayety would rise again.

One landlady was so good-looking, so manifestly and entirely Caucasian, so melodious of voice, and so modest in her account of the rooms she showed, that Mrs. Richling was captivated. The back room on the second floor, overlooking the inner court and numerous low roofs beyond, was suitable and cheap.

"Yes," said the sweet proprietress, turning to Richling, who hung in doubt whether it was quite good enough, "Yessch, I think you be pretty well in that room yeh." Yessch, I'm shoe you be *very* well; yessch."

"Can we get them at once?"

"Yes? At once? Yes? Oh, yes?"

No downward inflections from her.

"Well,"—the wife looked at the husband—he nodded—"well, we'll take it."

"Yes?" responded the landlady; "well?" leaning against a bedpost and smiling with infantile diffidence, "you dunt want no refence?"

"No," said John, generously, "Oh, no; we can trust each other that far, eh?"

"Oh, yes?" replied the sweet creature. Then suddenly changing countenance as though she remembered something. "But daz de troub'—de room not goin' be vacate for t'ree mont'."

She stretched forth her open palms and smiled, with one arm still around the bedpost.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Richling, the very statue of astonishment, "you said just now we could have it at once!"

"Dis room? Oh, no; nod *dis* room."

"I don't see how I could have misunderstood you."

The landlady lifted her shoulders, smiled, and clasped her hands across each other

"Heah"—*ye*, as in *yearn*.

under her throat. Then throwing them apart she said brightly:

"No, I say at Madame La Rose. Me, my room' is all fill'. At Madame La Rose, I say, I think you be pritty well. I'm shoe you be verrie well at Madame La Rose. I'm sorry. But you kin paz yondeh—'tiz juz ad the cawneh? And I am shoe I think you be pritty well at Madame La Rose."

She kept up the repetition, though Mrs. Richling, incensed, had turned her back, and Richling was saying good-day.

"She did say the room was vacant!" exclaimed the little wife, as they reached the sidewalk. But the next moment there came a quick twinkle from her eye, and waving her husband to go on without her, she said: "You kin paz yondeh; at Madame La Rose I am shoe you be pritty sick." Thereupon she took his arm,—making everybody stare and smile to see a lady and gentleman arm in arm by daylight,—and they went merrily on their way.

The last place they stopped at was in Royal street. The entrance was bad. It was narrow even for those two. The walls were stained by dampness, and the smell of a totally undrained soil came up through the floor. The stairs ascended a few steps, came too near a low ceiling, and shot forward into cavernous gloom to find a second rising place farther on. But the rooms, when reached, were a tolerably pleasant disappointment, and the proprietress a person of reassuring amiability.

She bestirred herself in an obliging way that was the most charming thing yet encountered. She gratified the young people every moment afresh with her readiness to understand or guess their English queries and remarks, hung her head archly when she had to explain away little objections, delivered her no sirs with gravity and her yes sirs with bright eagerness, shook her head slowly with each negative announcement, and accompanied her affirmations with a gracious bow and a smile full of rice powder.

She rendered everything so agreeable, indeed, that it almost seemed impolite to inquire narrowly into matters, and when the question of price had to come up it was really difficult to bring it forward, and Richling quite lost sight of the economic rules to which he had silently acceded in the *Rue Du Maine*.

"And you will carpet the floor?" he asked, hovering off of the main issue.

"Put coppit? Ah! cettainlee!" she replied, with a lovely bow and a wave of the hand toward Mrs. Richling, whom she had already given the same assurance.

"Yes," responded the little wife, with a captivated smile, and nodded to her husband.

"We want to get the decentest thing that

is cheap," he said, as the three stood close together in the middle of the room.

The landlady flushed.

"No, no, John," said the wife, quickly, "don't you know what we said?" Then, turning to the proprietress, she hurried to add, "We want the cheapest thing that is decent."

But the landlady had not waited for the correction.

"Dissent! You want somesin dissent!" She moved a step backward on the floor, scoured and smeared with brick-dust, her ire rising visibly at every heart-throb, and pointing her outward-turned open hand energetically downward, added:

"Tis yeh!" She breathed hard. "*Mais*, no; you don't *want* somesin dissent. No!" She leaned forward interrogatively: "You want somesin tchup?" She threw both elbows to the one side, cast her spread hands off in the same direction, drew the cheek on that side down into the collar-bone, raised her eyebrows, and pushed her upper lip with her lower, scornfully.

At that moment her ear caught the words of the wife's apologetic amendment. They gave her fresh wrath and new opportunity. For her new foe was a woman, and a woman trying to speak in defense of the husband against whose arm she clung.

"Ah-h-h!" Her chin went up; her eyes shot lightning; she folded her arms fiercely, and drew herself to her best height; and, as Richling's eyes shot back in rising indignation, cried:

"Ziss pless? 'Tis not ze pless! Ziss pless — is diss'n't pless! I am diss'n't woman, me! Fo' w'at you come in yeh?"

"My dear madam! My husband —"

"Dass you' uzban?" pointing at him.

"Yes!" cried the two Richlings at once.

The woman folded her arms again, turned half aside, and, lifting her eyes to the ceiling, simply remarked, with an ecstatic smile:

"Humph?" and left the pair, red with exasperation, to find the street again through the darkening cave of the stair-way.

It was still early the next morning, when Richling entered his wife's apartment with an air of brisk occupation. She was pinning her brooch at the bureau glass.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "put something on and come see what I've found! The queerest, most romantic old thing in the city; the most comfortable — and the cheapest! Here, is this the wardrobe key? To save time I'll get your bonnet."

"No, no, no!" cried the laughing wife, confronting him with sparkling eyes, and throwing herself before the wardrobe; "I can't let you touch my bonnet!"

There is a limit, it seems, even to a wife's subserviency.

However, in a very short time afterward, by the feminine measure, they were out in the street, and people were again smiling at the pretty pair to see her arm in his, and she actually *keeping step*. 'Twas very funny.

As they went, John described his discovery: A pair of huge, solid green gates immediately on the sidewalk, in the dull façade of a tall, red brick building with old carved vinework on its window and door frames. Hinges a yard long on the gates; over the gates a semicircular grating of iron bars an inch in diameter; in one of these gates a wicket, and on the wicket a heavy, battered, highly burnished brass knocker. A short-legged, big-bodied, and very black slave to usher one through the wicket into a large, wide, paved corridor, where from the middle joist overhead hung a great iron lantern. Big double doors at the far end, standing open, flanked with diamond-paned side-lights of colored glass, and with an arch of the same, fan-shaped, above. Beyond these doors, showing through them a flagged court, bordered all around by a narrow, raised parterre under pomegranate and fruit-laden orange, and overtopped by vine-covered and latticed walls, from whose ragged eaves vagabond weeds laughed down upon the flowers of the parterre below, robbed of late and early suns. Stairs old-fashioned, broad; rooms their choice of two; one looking down into the court, the other into the street; furniture faded, capacious; ceilings high; windows, each opening upon its own separate small balcony, where, instead of balustrades, was graceful iron scroll-work, centered by some long-dead owner's monogram two feet in length; and on the balcony next the division wall, close to another on the adjoining property, a quarter circle of iron-work set like a blind-bridle, and armed with hideous prongs for house-breakers to get impaled on.

"Why, in there," said Richling, softly, as they hurried in, "we'll be hid from the whole world, and the whole world from us."

The wife's answer was only the upward glance of her blue eyes into his, and a faint smile.

The place was all it had been described to be, and more, — except in one particular.

"And my husband tells me —" The owner of said husband stood beside him, one foot a little in advance of the other, her folded parasol hanging down the front of her skirt from her gloved hands, her eyes just returning to the landlady's from an excursion around the ceiling, and her whole appearance as fresh as the pink flowers that nestled between her

brow and the rim of its precious covering. She smiled as she began her speech, but not enough to spoil what she honestly believed to be a very business-like air and manner. John had quietly dropped out of the negotiations, and she felt herself put upon her metal as his agent. "And my husband tells me the price of this front room is ten dollars a month."

"Munse?"

The respondent was a very white, corpulent woman, who constantly panted for breath, and was everywhere sinking down into chairs, with her limp, unfortified skirt dropping between her knees, and her hands pressed on them exhaustedly.

"Munse?" She turned from husband to wife and back again a glance of alarmed inquiry.

Mary tried her hand at French.

"Yes; *oui, madame*. Ten dollah the month — *le mois*."

Intelligence suddenly returned. Madame made a beautiful, silent O with her mouth and two others with her eyes.

"Ah, *non*! By munse? No, madame. Ah-h! impossybl! By *wick*, yes; ten dollah de wick! Ah!"

She touched her bosom with the wide-spread fingers of one hand and threw them toward her hearers.

The room-hunters got away, yet not so quickly but they heard behind and above them her scornful laugh, addressed to the walls of the empty room.

A day or two later they secured an apartment, cheap, and — morally — decent; but otherwise — ah!

VII.

DISAPPEARANCE.

It was the year of a presidential campaign. The party that afterward rose to overwhelming power was, for the first time, able to put its candidate fairly abreast of his competitors. The South was all afire. Rising up or sitting down, coming or going, week-day or Sabbath-day, eating or drinking, marrying or burying, the talk was all of slavery, abolition, and a disrupted country.

Dr. Sevier became totally absorbed in the issue. He was too unconventional a thinker ever to find himself in harmony with all the declarations of any party, and yet it was a necessity of his nature to be in the *mêlée*. He had his own array of facts, his own peculiar deductions; his own special charges of iniquity against this party and of criminal forbearance against that; his own startling political economy; his own theory of rights; his own interpretations of the Constitution; his own threats and warnings; his own exhortations, and his own prophecies, of which one

cannot say all have come true. But he poured them forth from the mighty heart of one who loved his country, and sat down with a sense of duty fulfilled and wiped his pale forehead while the band played a polka.

It hardly need be added that he proposed to dispense with politicians, or that, when "the boys" presently counted him into their party team for campaign haranguing, he let them clap the harness upon him and splashed along in the mud with an intention as pure as snow.

"Hurrah for —"

Whom, is no matter now. It was not Fremont. Buchanan won the race. Out went the lights, down came the platforms, rockets ceased to burst; it was of no use longer to "Wait for the wagon"; "Old Dan Tucker" got "out of the way," small boys were no longer fellow-citizens, dissolution was postponed, and men began again to have an eye single to the getting of money.

A mercantile friend of Dr. Sevier had a vacant clerkship which it was necessary to fill. A bright recollection flashed across the Doctor's memory.

"Narcisse!"

"Yessch!"

"Go to Number 40 Custom-house street and inquire for Mr. Fledgeling; or, if he isn't in, for Mrs. Fledge — humph! Richling, I mean; I —"

Narcisse laughed aloud.

"Ha-ha-ha! *daz de way*, sometime! My hant she got a honcl! — he says, once 'pon a time —"

"Never mind! Go at once!"

"All a-ight, seh!"

"Give him this card —"

"Yessch!"

"These people —"

"Yessch!"

"Well, wait till you get your errand, can't you? These —"

"Yessch!"

"These people want to see him."

"All a-ight, seh!"

Narcisse threw open and jerked off a worsted jacket, took his coat down from a peg, transferred a snowy handkerchief from the breast pocket of the jacket to that of the coat, felt in his pantaloons to be sure that he had his match-case and cigarettes, changed his shoes, got his hat from a high nail by a little leap, and put it on a head as handsome as Apollo's.

"Doctah Seveeah," he said, "in fact, I fine that a *ve'y* gen'lemanly young man, that Mistoo Itchlin, weely, Doctah."

The Doctor murmured to himself from the letter he was writing.

"Well, *au 'evoi*, Doctah; I'm goin'."

Out in the corridor he turned and jerked

his chin up and curled his lip, brought a match and cigarette together in the lee of his hollowed hand, took one first, fond draw, and went down the stairs as if they were on fire.

At Canal street, he fell in with two noble fellows of his own circle, and the three went around by way of Exchange alley to get a glass of soda at McCloskey's old down-town stand. His two friends were out of employment—at the moment,—making him, consequently, the interesting figure in the trio as he inveighed against his master.

"Ah, phoo! he said, indicating the end of his speech by dropping the stump of his cigarette into the sand on the floor and softly spitting upon it,—"*le Shylock de la rue Carondelet!*"—and then in English, not to lose the admiration of the Irish waiter—

"He don't want to haugment me! I din hass 'im, because the 'lection. But you juz wait till dat firce of Jannawerry!"

The waiter rubbed the zinc counter and inquired why Narcisse did not make his demands at the present moment.

"W'y I don't hass 'im now? Because w'en I hass 'im he know' he's got to do it! You thing I'm goin' to kill myself workin'?"

Nobody said yes, and by and by he found himself alive in the house of Madame Zénobie. The furniture was being sold at auction, and the house was crowded with all sorts and colors of men and women. A huge sideboard was up for sale as he entered, and the crier was crying:

"Faw-ty-fi' dollah! faw-ty-fi' dollah, ladies an' gentymen! On'y faw-ty-fi' dollah fo' thad magniffyzan sidebode! *Quarante-cinq piastres, seulement, messieurs! Les knobs vaut bien cette prix!* Gentymen, de knobs is worse de money! Ladies, if you don't stop dat talkin', I will not sell one thing mo'! *Et quarante-cinq piastres*—faw-ty-fi' dollah——"

"Fifty!" cried Narcisse, who had not owned that much at one time since his father was a constable; realizing which fact, he slipped away upstairs and found Madame Zénobie half crazed at the slaughter of her assets.

She sat in a chair against the wall of the room the Richlings had occupied, a spectacle of agitated dejection. Here and there about the apartment, either motionless in chairs or moving noiselessly about and pulling and pushing softly this piece of furniture and that, were numerous vulture-like persons of either sex, waiting the up-coming of the auctioneer. Narcisse approached her briskly.

"Well, Madame Zénobie!"—he spoke in French—"is it you who lives here? Don't you remember me? What! No? You don't remember how I used to steal figs from you?" The vultures slowly turned their heads. Madame Zénobie looked at him in a dazed way.

No, she did not remember. So many had robbed her—all her life.

"But you don't look at me, Madame Zénobie. Don't you remember, for example, once pulling a little boy—as little as *that*—out of your fig-tree, and taking the half of a shingle, split lengthwise, in your hand, and his head under your arm,—swearing you would do it if you died for it,—and bending him across your knee"—he began a vigorous but graceful movement of the right arm which few members of our fallen race could fail to recognize,—and you don't remember me, my old friend?"

She looked up into the handsome face with a faint smile of affirmation. He laughed with delight.

"The shingle was *that* wide! Ah! Madame Zénobie, you did it well!" He softly smote the memorable spot first with one hand and then with the other, shrinking forward spasmodically with each contact, and throwing utter woe into his countenance. The general company smiled. He suddenly put on great seriousness.

"Madame Zénobie, I hope your furniture is selling well?" He still spoke in French.

She cast her eyes upward pleadingly, caught her breath, threw the back of her hand against her temple, and dashed it again to her lap, shaking her head.

Narcisse was sorry.

"I have been doing what I could for you down-stairs—running up the prices of things. I wish I could stay to do more, for the sake of old times. I came to see Mr. Richling, Madame Zénobie; is he in? Dr. Sevier wants him."

Richling? Why, the Richlings did not live there. The Doctor must know it. Why should she be made responsible for this mistake? It was his oversight. They had moved long ago. Dr. Sevier had seen them looking for apartments. Where did they live now? Ah, me! *she* could not tell. Did Mr. Richling owe the doctor something?

"Owe? Certainly not. The Doctor—on the contrary——"

Ah! well, indeed, she didn't know where they lived, it is true; but the fact was, Mr. Richling happened to be there just then!—*à-c'peure!* He had come to get a few trifles left by his madame.

Narcisse made instant search. Richling was not on the upper floor. He stepped to the landing and looked down. There he went!

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'!"

Richling failed to hear. Sharper ears might have served him better. He passed out by the street door. Narcisse stopped the auction by the noise he made coming down-stairs after

him. He had some trouble with the front door,—lost time there; but got out.

Richling was turning a corner. Narcisse ran there and looked; looked up—looked down—looked into every store and shop on either side of the way clear back to Canal street; crossed it, went back to the Doctor's office, and reported. If he omitted such details as his having seen and then lost sight of the man he sought, it may have been in part from the Doctor's indisposition to give him speaking license. The conclusion was simple; the Richlings could not be found.

The months of winter passed. No sign of them.

"They've gone back home," the Doctor often said to himself. How much better that was than to stay where they had made a mistake in venturing, and become the nurselings of patronizing strangers! He gave his

(To be continued.)

admiration free play, now that they were quite gone. True courage that Richling had—courage to retreat when retreat is best! And his wife—ah! what a reminder of—hush, memory!

"Yes, they must have gone home!" The Doctor spoke very positively, because, after all, he was haunted by doubt.

One spring morning he uttered a soft exclamation as he glanced at his office-slate. The first notice on it read:

*Please call as soon as you can at number
292 St. Mary street: corner of Prytania,
Lower corner—opposite the asylum.*

John Richling.

The place was far up in the newer part of the American quarter. The signature had the appearance as if the writer had begun to write some other name and had changed it to Richling.

QUEEN VICTORIA.*

If there is a difficulty in writing an account of the life of any notable person still living, the difficulty is increased when the subject is a woman, and scarcely diminished by the fact that this woman is a queen,—for though we hold it one of the most absurd of poetical fallacies that "love" in the ordinary sense of the word is "woman's whole existence," yet it is very true that the history of a woman is chiefly the history of her affections and the close relationships in which her dearest interests are always concentrated. It is true also of a man that in these lie the real records of his happiness or misery; but there is more of the external in his life, and we can more easily satisfy the attention of the spectator with his work or his amusements, or even the accidents that happen to him and diversify his existence. A king's life is very much the life of his kingdom, with brief references to the consort and children, about whom the "Almanach de Gotha" is the easy authority.

The life of the Queen of England, for so long a reigning sovereign, and in whose reign so many great things have happened, might be written in the same way; but this would satisfy no one, and it would be all the less satisfactory, because our Queen, we are proud to think, has made herself quite a distinct position in the world,—a phrase which, in her case, does not mean, as in ours, the little society in which we are known, but is really the world, and includes the great Republican continent of the west, besides all the European nations and, transcending even the bounds of Christendom, includes unknown myriads in the East. Her Majesty has been to multitudes the most eminent type of feminine character in this vast world; she has been the wife *par excellence*, an emblem of the simplest and most entire devotion; her fame, in this respect, has penetrated more deeply than the fame of poet or of general; she has helped to give luster to those virtues

*The portrait of Queen Victoria, printed as a frontispiece to this number of *THE CENTURY*, is from the original oil study made from life by the young American artist, Thomas Sully, in the year 1838, now in the possession of Francis T. Sully Darley, Esq., by whose kind permission it is here engraved. This study was preliminary to a full-length and life-size portrait of the Queen in full regalia, painted at Buckingham Palace, for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. In his "Recollections of an Old Painter," in "Hours at Home" for November, 1869, Mr. Sully states that he gave a copy of the large portrait to the Thistle Society of Charleston, in acknowledgment of their kindness to him. The painter says in these recollections that he told the Queen that he would get his daughter to sit with the regalia, if there would be no impropriety—in order to save her majesty the trouble. The latter replied that there would be no impropriety—but that he must not spare her; if she could be of service, she would sit. "After that," he adds, "my daughter sat with the regalia, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. . . . One day the Queen sent word that she would come in if my daughter would remain where she was. But, of course, Blanche stepped down, and the two girls, who were almost the same age, chatted together quite familiarly."—The portrait on p. 73 was engraved by permission, by T. Johnson, from a photograph by Alex. Bassano.—ED.]

on which the happiness of the universe depends, but which wit and fashion have often held lightly. In the days when her young example became first known, and the beauty of the domestic interior in which she presented herself, smiling, before her people, it was thought that fashionable vice was slain, in England at least, by the pure eyes of the wedded Una,—as it was thought, in those halcyon days, that war too was slain, and would never again lift its hydra head against mankind; and if some shadow has fallen upon these hopes, it is because human nature is too strong for any individual, and the purest influence has not yet been able to conquer the lower instincts of the mass. But wherever the Queen has stood, there has been the standard of goodness, the head-quarters of honor and purity. It is this, above all the peculiar attractions of her position, which has given her the hold she has always retained upon the interest—we might almost say the affections—of the world.

That position at its outset, however, was one of especial picturesqueness and attraction. After a distracted period, during which the history of the royal family is not one to cheer the loyal, or recommend the institution to those educated in other theories of national life, the advent of the young Queen, eighteen years old, brought up in a stainless retirement under the close care of a good mother, and unconnected, even in the most distant way, with any of the royal scandals or miseries, was like a sudden breath of fresh air let into the vitiated atmosphere. No one knew anything but good of the young lady destined to such a charge; but there were, no doubt, many alarms among the statesmen to whom it was committed to guide her first steps in life, and who had been accustomed to the obstinacy and caprice of princes, and knew that the house of Guelph had no more natural love for constitutionalism than any other reigning house. There is a picture in the corridor at Windsor Castle (a gallery full of beautiful and costly things, but where the state pictures that clothe the walls *laissent beaucoup à désirer* in the way of art) in which is represented the first council of the young Queen; and it would be a hard heart which could look without some tenderness of sympathy at the young creature, with her fair, braided locks, and the extremely simple dress of the period, a dress which increases her youthful aspect, seated alone among so many remarkable men, no one of them less than double her age, and full of experience of that world which it was impossible she could know anything of. A hundred years hence, in all likelihood, this incident will attract the

imagination of both painter and poet with all the enchantment added that distance lends, and the young Victoria, in her early introduction to life, will refresh the student of those arid fields of diplomacy and politics with the sudden introduction of human interest, tenderness, and hope. How finely she responded to the lessons of her early mentors, and how thoroughly in accordance with all the highest tenets of constitutionalism her life has been, it is not necessary here to tell. Queen Victoria is indeed the ideal of the constitutional monarch. No one before her has fulfilled the duties of this exalted and difficult post with the same devotion, with so much self-denial, and so little self-assertion. She has made the machine of state work easily when it was in her power to create a hundred embarrassments, and has suppressed her own prepossessions and dislikes in a manner which has been little less than heroic. She is the first of English sovereigns who has never been identified with any political party, nor ever hesitated to accept the man whom the popular will or the exigencies of public affairs have brought to the front. It is known that in some cases this has been a real effort; but it has always been done with a dignified abstinence from unnecessary protest or complaint. The very few early mistakes of her girlish career are just enough to prove that it is to no want of spirit or natural will that this fine decorum is to be attributed. A tame character might have obeyed the logic of circumstances, but this has never been the characteristic of the house of Brunswick, which without much demonstration of talent has always had abundant character both in the English and French sense of the word. No one should be able to understand this better than the great American nation, which might have been another vast England, as loyal as Canada, had King George been as wise, as self-restrained, and as constitutional as his granddaughter. Perhaps the world will say that, so far as this goes, it was well that the hot-headed old monarch was not constitutional, but obstinate as any Bourbon.

It is an additional charm to the general heart which in all bosoms beats so much alike, that the Queen acquired this noble self-command, as she has herself most ingenuously told us, by the teaching of love. A girl full of animation, very warm in her friendships, and disposed, perhaps, to take up with equal warmth the prepossessions of those about her, it was her good fortune to find in her husband one of those rare characters which appear, like great genius, only now and then in the world's history. A mind so perfectly balanced,

so temperate, so blameless, so impartial as that of the Prince Consort, is almost as rare as a Shakspeare, and its very perfection gives it an aspect of coldness, which stands between it and the appreciation of the crowd. Thus, it was not till after his death that England was at all duly conscious of the manner of man he had been; but from the date of the marriage, this wonderful, calm, and passionless, but strong and pure personality enfolded and inspired the quicker instincts and less guarded susceptibilities of the Queen. The story of their courtship has been given by herself to the world, and forms a little romance of the most perfect originality, in which something of the Arabian Nights, or the old courtly fairy tale, mingles with the perennial enchantment which is in the eyes of the simplest youth and maiden. The rarity of the circumstances,—the touching and childlike dignity of the young Queen, conscious how much she has to bestow, and how large a circle of spectators are watching, breathless, for her decision, yet, full of a girl's sweet sense of secondariness to the object of her love and proud delight in his superiority,—gives such a reading of the well-known subject as fiction dares not venture upon. There are many who think the position of the young monarch, for whom it was necessary to make her own choice and signify it, a most unnatural one; but we venture to say these critics would change their opinion after reading that pretty chapter of royal wooing. Had either the young Queen or the Prince been of the wayward kind, which choose perversely and will not see what is most befitting for them, the story might have been very different; but happily, this was not so, and it is the Prince Charmant, gallant and modest, approaching his Fairy Queen, whom we see in the handsome young German bowing low before those blue eyes, regal in their full and open regard, which veil themselves only before him. There was a story current at the time, that at a state ball, very near the period of their betrothal, the young lady gave her princely suitor a rose, which he, without a button-hole in his close-fitting uniform, slit the breast of his coat to find a place for, and that this was a token to all the court of the final determination of the great event,—her Majesty, as it is pleasant to hear, having shown herself a little coy and disposed to put off the explanation, as happy girls are wont to do. No more perfect marriage has ever been recorded; the Queen herself attributes the formation of her character to it, and all that is most excellent in her life. The spectator will naturally add that, even were this true to its fullest extent, the mind which took so high an impress, and has

preserved it for so many years after the forming influence was gone, must have been very little inferior to it. As a matter of fact, her Majesty's less perfect balance of mental qualities has always furnished the little variety that ordinary people love, and she was at all times more popular than her husband, better understood and more beloved.

The first time I saw the Queen was on the occasion of some great public ceremonial in Liverpool, when she must have been in the fullness of her early prime, somewhere about thirty. She was then much like the portrait which the readers of this magazine have now presented to them.* Her eyes seemed to me her most remarkable feature: they were blue, of the clearest color, not dark enough ever to be mistaken for black, but with nothing of the washy grayness into which blue eyes occasionally fall on the other side. This beauty was very much enhanced by the straightforward, all-embracing look, which, to my fancy,—that of an admiring girl some ten years younger,—was queenly in the highest degree. It was the look of one who knew, with all modesty and composure, yet with full conviction, that she could encounter no glance so potent, so important, as her own. She met the thousand faces turned toward her with a royal serenity which it is impossible to describe. By nature the Queen is shy, and shrinks from the gaze of the crowd, but her look was sovereign over all such natural tendencies,—the true gaze of a Queen. This is less remarkable now, perhaps, than it was in her younger days; but the reader will see something of this open-eyed serenity in the eyes of the portrait, though they are those of a girl of nineteen.

With this royal look is conjoined the faculty, most important to a royal personage, of never forgetting any one who has been presented to her, a piece of princely courtesy which is most captivating to the unremarkable individuals who know no reason why their homely personality should be remembered by the Queen. Considering the numbers of people who are brought under her notice, this is a very remarkable gift, and it is essentially a royal one. Perhaps it is the kind of endowment which we can most readily imagine to have been transmitted through generations of royal persons, trained to this quickness of discrimination and retentiveness of memory: it is, we believe, a quality of all her family, and it is one of the special politenesses of princes. The Queen's extraordinary memory is evidenced in other ways. It is said there is no such genealogist in her kingdom, no one who remembers so clearly who is who,

* [See frontispiece.]

and by what alliances and descent he came to be what he is. I remember a story told by a court lady of a question which arose at the royal table between herself and Lord Beaconsfield as to some obscure Italian duke who had brought himself into notice on account of a piece of public business. Who was he? "There is one person who could give us the information," said the astute statesman, and when an occasion offered he asked his question. "The Duca di——? Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," the Queen is reported to have said, and forthwith gave a sketch of his family history, whom he had married, and whom his father had married, and how his importance came about. The humblest person who has this gift becomes a most amusing companion, and considering that the Queen has in her life received almost everybody of importance in the civilized world, the extent of her information in this particular only must be prodigious, as well as of the deepest interest. She has acquired many other kinds of knowledge during the long period of her reign, and, it is said, is more deeply learned in the noble craft of statesmanship than any of her councillors. She knows precedents and examples as a lawyer who has pleaded half the cases in the records knows those that belong to his trade. Every public document, and all the correspondences and negotiations going on throughout the world, have to pass through her hands; and if the Blue Books afford occupation for all the spare time of an assiduous member of Parliament, it may be supposed what the Queen has to work through, whose office does not permit her to dwell upon one point that may interest her and slur over the others, but who must give her attention to all. We have it on the authority of a cabinet minister that this work has never been retarded by a post, never failed at the period appointed, throughout years of uninterrupted diligence; for, whatever holidays the rest of us may indulge in, there are no holidays for the Queen. There is always something going on in one part or other of her great dominions, always some foreign event to keep attention vigilant, even when the most profound tranquillity may reign at home. A prime minister even is occasionally out of office, though not perhaps with his own will; but the sovereign is constantly in office and, wherever she goes, has always a messenger in waiting and dispatches and state papers pursuing her. Thus, of all the laborious professions in the world, that of constitutional monarch may be reckoned among the most arduous; nor are the pageants of the court the lighter parts of the work,—the shows and cere-

monies to which the presence of the Queen lends dignity, are not at all matters of play to the principal figures. If ever the Queen risked her popularity for a moment, it was when she intermitted these regal appearances and gave up the shows of state. No one can be more popular than the Princess of Wales, of whose beauty the English people are proud, and whose amiability is one of the dogmas of the national creed: yet when that fair and beloved Princess takes for her Majesty the fatiguing and unmeaning duty of a drawing-room, there is a general sense of disappointment. The English public is without bowels in this respect, and would have the Queen do everything. To stand for hours and see the fair procession file past, and extend a hand to be kissed, or acknowledge a courtesy in monotonous succession,—to form the most important part in a state procession, marshaled and regulated by anxious care as if it were an affair of the most vital national importance,—even to drive at a foot's pace through innumerable streets, and bow to cheering throngs for hours together,—involve a strain of nerves and muscles and an amount of bodily fatigue which would break down many a humbler woman. But all this is in the day's work, in addition to her far more important duties, for the Queen. The most severe critic has never asserted that she neglected the greater affairs of state; but she has shrunk, as we all know, from some of the lighter ones, though never with the consent of her people. There were many younger and more beautiful in the procession which passed up the noble nave of St. George's, ushered by gorgeous mediæval heralds, on the last occasion of a royal marriage, but none that fixed the crowd like the one small figure walking alone, with the miniature crown (not the one worn in the frontispiece, but a model of the *couronne fermée*, the royal crown of a reigning sovereign) in a white blaze of diamonds upon her head, above the wedding veil which she had worn at her own marriage, and which now, folded back from her mature maternal countenance, fell over the black dress of her widowhood, which she never changes for any ceremonial.

"On her each courtier's eye was bent,
To her each lady's look was lent."

Much of the divinity which hedged a king has disappeared in these days; loyalty as a sentiment is rather laughed at than otherwise (though we believe it exists as strong and genuine as ever, at least in England); but yet there is something beyond the mere respect for a good woman which inspires this universal feeling.

When the period which will be known in

history as the reign of Queen Victoria is as the reign of Queen Anne, and the historical critic, looking back, sums up her character with the same impartiality, it will probably be upon the great grief, which has made two distinct chapters of her existence, that the regard of posterity will chiefly fall. Queen Anne was a much less interesting woman in her own personality, although her surroundings and her favorites have afforded large scope for animadversion; but the tragedy of her life, the loss of her children, though a dumb and dull one according to her nature, must always create a certain sympathy for her. The tragedy of Queen Victoria's life is more clearly upon the records. As it recedes into the distance and, apart from all gossip, the spectator of the future looks back upon the story, with what interest will he see the triumphant, prosperous, happy career interrupted in its midst: one of these two royal companions suddenly falling in his prime, and the other unprepared, unwarned, stricken to the heart, lifting up her hands in an appeal to heaven and earth with that astonishment of grief which is one of its bitterest ingredients,—then rising, as every mourner must, going on again with reluctant steps, shrouded and silenced in that calamity which has taken half of herself away, for a long time stumbling along the darkened path, and never, though serenity and calm come with the years, putting aside for a moment the sense of her loss, nor ever feeling that this is more than a part of her which fulfills the duties and shrinks from the pageants of life. When, in the calm of the future, this picture rises against the horizon, it will be the point upon which all attention will concentrate. How we remember, among the confusing records of battles and conquests, the few words in which it is recorded of a great king Henry, that after his son's loss he never smiled again. The Queen has smiled again: she is too natural, too simple-hearted to shroud herself in an artificial solemnity; but the two parts of her life are distinctly marked, and the calamity which separated them cannot, by any who contemplate her history, ever be forgotten.

Her touching and brief contribution to the literature of this history will never cease to interest the historical student. There she tells the story of her love with a simplicity which is above criticism. I am aware that a great many adventitious circumstances must be taken into consideration when we estimate the immediate effect produced by such a work. A Princess publishes a birthday book in which there is nothing of the least importance, and it has a success beyond that of any

work of genius, because the Princess has done it. That is one thing, but the Queen's work is another. It is not a great literary achievement, but it has all the truth and genuine feeling and unadorned sincerity which make any human record valuable. The historian in after days will resort to it with eagerness; he will quote it entire; it will be to him the most wonderful material, the most valuable addition to his work. We will not ask to judge it as we judge George Eliot; but we may be permitted to say of it, in its perfect simplicity, something like what has been said of Rafael's sonnets and Dante's angel by a great poet,—and he never wrote any lines more beautiful and more true:

"This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that 's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that 's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only."

This is what, without any pretensions, or claim to excellence in the "art alien to the artist's," has been done by the Queen.

She has reached the calm of distance, and the soothing influence of age has, perhaps, begun to touch the unbroken vigor of her life. And it is of itself at once amusing and touching to conclude the few pages which are intended to accompany the portrait of a girl of nineteen by repeating, that the position of Queen Victoria is now that of one of the most experienced and instructed statesmen of the age; one of the natural governors and sovereigns—not by absolute power, but by knowledge and the force of judicious counsel, and large acquaintance with the practical working of human affairs for very nearly half a century.*

M. O. W. Oliphant.

* The writer of this short sketch would be glad to be permitted to make a personal explanation. She was persuaded some years ago to write a sort of biography of the Queen, to accompany a number of pictures in a popular newspaper, of which, as it was written only in that view as a newspaper article, she prevented any republication in England. But in America, owing to the state of the law, an English writer is helpless, and accordingly, without her sanction, the newspaper article, intended for the mere use of the moment and to form the accompanying letter-press to a number of engravings, has been republished in America under the formal title of the *Life of the Queen*. It is one of the most unfortunate contingencies of the absence of any copyright law, that a writer is thus prevented from determining which of his productions are to be given in a permanent form to the public.



GLIMPSSES OF PARIS.

Go where you may, I defy you to find any scene more exhilarating than the Paris boulevards. Naples is not to be compared to them, although that Italian capital has advantages in bay, sky, landscape, and in the animation and loquacity of its streets, which Paris does not possess. But then Naples has its Vesuvius, which is continually intruding upon the feast of life with a *memento mori*. Now, the charm of Paris is, that on the boulevards life seems eternal. You remember the story of the brawny young English girl under sentence of death. Baring her arms and breast on the eve of her execution-day, and striking them with conscious health and strength, she exclaimed: "It is not possible I shall be a corpse to-morrow! I don't—I can't believe it!" This is the sort of feeling engendered on the boulevards. You cannot believe there that Death has entered the world. You could as easily expect people to tremble at a ghost story told in summer's noon. Life reigns there. Mammon is its god. In Paris you hear of nothing but earth. At funerals the dirges transport you to the opera-houses. There is nothing in the streets which challenges reflection. Vice floats as the malaria lurks above the Pontine marshes. You see nothing but objects of admiration—the lovely sky, the splendid houses, the broad avenues filled with idle animation.

There is no prettier sight in Paris, unless perhaps the Place de la Concorde should be excepted, than the Avenue de l'Observatoire. Southward lies the massive Observatory, preceded by an avenue of horse-chestnuts, so thickly planted one is chilled under them even in the dog-days. East is the new broad Boulevard du Port-Royal, with all that is left of the famous convent associated with memories of the great family of Arnauld, with Pascal, Racine, Nicole. It is now a lying-in hospital, and has the unenviable reputation of being the hospital of Paris with the greatest mortality. The boulevard is a gentle declivity to the river. West is the Boulevard Denfert Rochereau, ended by the colossal bronze Belfort Lion, and with the Foundling Hospital and Visitation Convent near its commencement at the Avenue de l'Observatoire. North lies Carpeaux's last public monument, at the end of the Luxembourg Garden; back of it are four lines of horse-chestnuts, with grass, flowers, statues, marble vases, marble pillars between them, all the walks animated by people seated,

by people walking, by children at play,—a great public drawing-room in the open air, a garden-party given daily, an ever-changing, revolving kaleidoscope; all these sights, together with Carpeaux's fountain, madly tossing torrents of water in every direction till they break in silver spray, make this scene one of the prettiest in Paris. I have never admired the group which surmounts Carpeaux's fountain. The catalogue of the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1872 describes it as the four parts of earth upholding the sphere; but it is generally called the four seasons bearing the sphere, and is the only piece of sculpture in the world which represents women as beasts of burden.

Who has not seen an engraving of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Market," the great mart at the corner of the Boulevards St. Marcel and de l'Hôpital? It is not as animated as it was when she depicted it. The better horses are taken to the French Tattersalls in the Rue de Ponthieu. Now, a buyer in broad-cloth is rarely seen in the corner market; blue smock-shirts have it all to themselves. The scene, however, is still animated. Long strings of horses come and go, all with a wisp of straw under their tails (a sign they are to be sold),—these with orange, those with red, others with blue blankets, as the owner thinks this or that color best sets off his horse. Mules are rare. Donkeys and ponies are plenty. I have seen Newfoundland dogs larger than some of the ponies. Second-hand harness, saddlery, and vehicles of every description are also on sale. All this trade is in the hands of Normans, who are famed throughout France for sharpness.

Many people find Paris a labyrinth which makes no impression at first; but try to leave it! Wasn't it Madame de Staël who said: "Paris is of all places on earth the place where one can best do without happiness." Of course, Necker's daughter had money in her purse. There is no part of Paris which I pace with more delight than the out-of-the-way quarter east of the Rue Pascal, south of the Boulevard St. Marcel. It was still more picturesque before this boulevard came, sweeping away narrow, tortuous streets and their old houses, all wall on the street, save one or two windows with iron bars, and a thick oaken door with a *judas*, and a knocker which none but men strong enough to bear armor could lift. Is not the "*judas*" well named? It was designed to protect the in-

mates of a house from traitors who came in friendly disguise. A judas is a square iron lattice with such small spaces in the metal that no weapon could be thrust through them while the warder was reconnoitering

thirty inches wide filled with lazy slime, whose surface is all white with foam, save where larger bubbles of noxious gas drowsily float. There is no visible current. If there be no tanners or tawers, with long poles beating



A FOUNTAIN IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

the visitor. Some "judases" have a double lattice; all have an iron flap inside to keep inquisitive eyes from prying into the house and yard. In this part of Paris live all tanners and tawers and their kindred. Here, too, slink all of the shipwrecked who wish to hide from eyes which once saw them, all sails set, sailing on summer seas. Who visits those streets? Nobody who is anybody. There are the haunts of Italian models, itinerant musicians, monkey-masters, organ-grinders, chimney-sweeps. It is a picturesque sight to see them in winter, soon after nightfall, huddled around the fitful fires of some stithy (they are common in this quarter), now all aglow with the fanned coals, presently softened to shadows during the nap of the bellows. It is picturesque by day, looking for all the world like some nook of Venice or some corner of Amsterdam. Just behind the stone wall on the right, near which an Italian model is standing (her costume betrays nativity and calling) basking in the sun, and on which a laundress is resting as she chews the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,—just behind this wall sleeps the Bièvre "river," an open sewer about

measures of St. Vitus's dance and making the skins tied to those *bâtons* keep the frantic time, be sure the "river's" banks are filled with laundresses, sunken to the waist in stone holes or in wooden barrels, that their arms may be nearer the water's level. Presently we get a glimpse of the Panthéon, looming high above houses which rise terrace-like. It seems to fill all the north-western horizon. Here are no sidewalks. Vehicles never enter, except wagons with green hides, or tan-bark, or leather. In the street's middle is the kennel filled with inky water. Stone posts, such as are seen in our picture, keep vehicles at a respectful distance from houses. Though policemen now closely scan well-dressed men seen in this quarter, it had its days of splendor. The palace in which Queen Blanche lived and died is here, and is still standing,—a noble edifice, now divided into lodgings and let to tanners' clerks. It must be cold and damp, for it is sunless, as it faces north, and is at the back of a yard. Here and there are massive carved stone portals mantled with traditions of high-born lords and ladies and their revelries. Now it is the



HORSE-DEALERS.

most savage quarter of Paris. The Faubourg St. Marcel is now what the Faubourg St. Antoine was in the first French Revolution. Nowhere was the fighting more merciless than here in the days of June and during the Commune. Their beau ideal of government is anarchy. Their model society is nihilism. While the Faubourg St. Marcel is full of poor people and of the working classes, it has not many beggars. It holds more men who would knock you down, more women who would throttle you, to strip you of watch and purse, than people who would outstretch a hand for alms. The latter abound in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Few beggars are to be met in Paris, except at church doors when a costly funeral or marriage is to take place within the sacred edifice. Fewer still are ill-dressed: a Frenchman's first thought is for show; substance comes afterward. Beggars of offensive appearance are rare. They are to be seen in the remoter quarters, in neighborhoods where the working classes live, and where charity is not roused unless some gong is sounded. Moans, like "out of work," "no bread at home," "illness in the house," find deaf ears in those neighborhoods, for there such trying times come often, and are not thought to warrant piteous cry and outstretched hand. But rags, hands

which have lost their cunning, legs which refuse their office, melt hearts and loosen purse-strings in labor's haunts, for there all know that when toil ends wretchedness begins. The poor man's mite is rarely denied such woe as is represented in our woodcut, crouching under a door of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, where nine-tenths of the Parisian cabinet-makers and upholsterers live and work, and to whom "Uncle" Lazarus's dumb-show is rarely a vain appeal.

Paris exercises its fascination still more on the French, even of the lower classes, than on the foreigner. The French are fond of company. You see this in a map of their country. It has more villages than any other land. Nobody lives in the champaign. Everybody is huddled in hamlets. The plowman plods miles to his furrow that both elbows may touch elbows when the hours of toil are ended. The stage directions Molière added to one of his plays exhibit his countrymen's opinion of the country: "The stage represents a rural scene, but nevertheless agreeable." This was the scene-painter's business. Paris is fascinating to the French because it offers a ceaseless round of company. Again, in Paris there are none of those social restrictions, vestiges of more aristocratic days, which chained the

working-girl to cap and woolen dress, the workman to smock-shirt and cap. In Paris the former may wear the coveted bonnet and silk dress, the latter may don what clothes his purse can provide, without challenging any emotion but envy. Besides, the see-saw of fortune, is observed by no eye, which is a great relief to vanity. Moreover, hospital and almonry open portal and purse with a facility which the provinces never know.

of dust out of the window upon the luckless servant of the first floor.

There is more unhappiness, less happiness, in Paris than in any other place on earth. There can be no happiness where houses are built as dove-cotes and families are huddled like pigeons. Did you ever read Dickens's description of a London rookery tenanted by Irish? It is a true picture of the incessant warfare waged in Paris houses.



ST. ANTOINE BEGGARS.

This fascination of Paris will be still greater to the French as the revolution of progress goes on. The Parisians themselves are getting tired of their many-storied houses.* The people of the provinces, and especially those of French Flanders and of the counties on the German and Swiss borders, say (it is a proverb with them): "A Paris house is a hell." Life is one long quarrel in most of them. Tenants must put up with a great many annoyances, if they would not be constantly in hot water. A Frenchman once told me that a servant of the story below him complained that his footman threw dust out of the window, and appealed to the hall-porter to stop it. The servants of the higher stories heard the complaint and resented it. All of them threw bushels

Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have a way of insulting people which makes chastisement impossible. One day, a well-dressed woman of eighteen entered the train for Versailles. The coach was two-thirds full of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. I was the only foreigner. As the new-comer entered, a scrawny, brazen-faced, faded, ill-dressed woman, seated in the farthest corner of the coach, looked out of the window next her and said, in a very loud tone: "Another chick-weed seller!" Had she been taken to task for her insolence, she would have sworn by everything held sacred that her ejaculation was called forth by seeing a chick-weed seller walking on the farther side of the station, and that, so far from intending to apply it to the new-comer, she had not so much as seen the latter enter the coach. The Frenchmen and Frenchwomen giggled; it was a cowardly insult, just after their hearts, for it could not be avenged. Parisian streets are filled with decayed women, who, in the heyday of their prosperity, gave no heed to darker days

* "Everybody who has any talent of observation and any knowledge of Parisian manners and customs knows that now house-rent has become the greatest expense of wealthy people, in consequence of the general and *very moral* taste, which is daily become wider spread, for having a house of one's own, and with no tenants but one's own family."—*Journal des Débats*, 8 Dec., 1878.

(their coming undreamt of), and who, at life's twilight, are obliged to sell chick-weed or to become rag-pickers to fill mouth and cover back till borne to the hospital for the last time. The insolent hag's meaning was that the new-

lapin), coming from the Champs Elysées, as she crosses the Place de la Concorde meets a music-teacher on her way to the Faubourg St. Germain to give lessons. As is a red pen-non to a bull, so is a tidy dress to a hag.



IN THE STREET.

comer was doomed to this fate, for she put all her money on her back. The cowardly shaft struck, and the poor young woman turned crimson. I left the train at Asnières. It was her destination, too. I gave her my hand as she alighted. When out of the station and in the street, she showed a green cushion, such as lace-makers use, held up the delicate "woven wind" on it, and said, in a voice still trembling with emotion: "As long as I have these lissome fingers I need fear no chick-weed basket!" Our wood-cut represents just such another scene. The hag on the left, a buyer of rabbit-skins and odds and ends (there is no cry of Paris so unintelligible to foreign ears as her *Peaupain* for *Peaux de*

She vents her spite by whispering an insult. The music-teacher casts an indignant glance at her; nothing more can be done. Who can touch pitch and not be defiled?

The Place de la Concorde is one of the most beautiful squares of Paris. The reader sees in front of him the Rue Royale, with the Madeleine Church in the distance; on the right corner of the Rue Royale is the Navy Department; on the left, its very counterpart, let out as lodgings. On the right is the Tuileries Garden; on the left, the Champs Elysées. The Place de la Concorde itself is beautiful, with its fountains, obelisk, allegorical statues of chief French cities, rostral and other lamp-posts, on which gilding has been lavished, its

throng of promenaders and greater throng of vehicles. At night it fairly glows, so many are its lighted lamps.

Would you know to whom we owe a great part of this beauty? Glance at the engraving on page 80. It represents "a fairy." The lovely arrangement of trees, the incessant round of flowers which delight us from one year's end to another, their skillful grouping, the wonderful or beautiful mosaic of plants with colored leaves, the well-trimmed lawns, broken only by Pampas grass in tufts,—all these pleasures we owe to the gardener. He is seated on a marble bench in what was once the private garden of the Tuileries. He forgets the beds of monthly roses, the violets, rhododendrons, and other floral wealth of this garden. He is gazing on the workmen busy in tearing down the palace of the Tuileries and the vehicles passing along the street, for a broad street has been made through the private garden.

There have always been in Paris many more houses occupied by only one family than foreigners commonly suppose. Again, many other families are housed substantially as if they were the only tenants under the roof which covers them. Shop-keepers, for instance, who live on the ground-floor, with the half-floor above as lodgings and the cellar below for wine-vault and coal-cellar, are as completely independent as if the whole house were tenanted by them alone. They go, they come, they receive whom they please, without attracting anybody's attention. A great many artists enjoy similar independence. Their studio occupies two-thirds of the space rented. Their lodgings are back of it. The studio is so high-pitched it reaches to the ceiling of the half-floor above; back of the studio the artist has kitchen and dining-room on the ground-floor, bed-chambers on the half-floor above. These studios, like shops, are rented on condition that six months' rent be paid in advance, and subsequent quarters' rent on the usual rent days, as collateral security that the tenant will not disappear with all his household goods some dark night. In all the uncommercial streets the ground-floor is let for lodgings. These have no door on the street (as shops and studios have); their windows are grated; so there is no danger of the tenants' disappearance against the landlord's will; hence, their rent is not paid in advance. Their tenants are almost as independent as if they were sole occupants of the house of six stories.

The number of private houses tenanted by one family is also much greater than foreigners imagine. These houses are of all classes, from the mansions of the Faubourg St.



A TYPE.

Germain and avenues near the Triumphal Arch to the cozy Anglo-American houses (planned by Napoleon III.) of the Rue de l'Elysée, down to the petty lodges in the Rue Bézout and its neighborhood. I have been offered a house of the latter class for \$160 a year. The house has a yard, plentiful water, excellent cellars, a ground-floor, a "first" floor, and a garret,—really a very snug abode, within two minutes of Montparnasse station, where pass five lines of tramways and innumerable omnibuses.

Railways and tramways, which now reach almost every suburban village, have led a great many people to move to the country. Here a whole cottage may be had for less than the cost of lodgings in Paris. Families where children are numerous are almost goaded to these suburban villages, for Parisian landlords are most inhospitable to infants. One is constantly told as one negotiates for lodgings: "If you have a dog, or a cat, or a bird, or a piano, or children, or a sewing-machine, we cannot let to you." Grass asks no questions.

Another way to secure almost all the independence enjoyed in our American houses is to take lodgings in a small house. There are thousands of houses which contain only three families; and as these houses are sought by



THE "FAIRY" OF THE TUILERIES GARDEN.

people fond of a quiet and independent life, they are noiseless. Moreover, being small in every way, no large family can live in them. I have for years lived in a house where we were only six persons all told. These small houses are really like clubs. Their tenants rarely change. My lodgings, for instance, have had only two tenants in forty years. My predecessor took them when the house was built, and quitted them solely because the landlord doubled the rent. In these small houses tenants have known each other for years, and show a forbearance toward each other never found in larger houses, where every three months somebody leaves and a new neighbor comes. Again, this union of tenants makes them all-powerful in the house, and keeps the hall-porter their very humble

servant; he holds office at their good-will and pleasure.

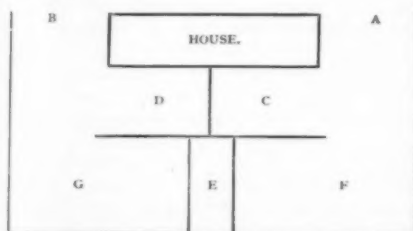
A great many of these small houses are rented by two families. I have time and again been asked to join another tenant as co-tenant of one of these houses. The arrangement would have added only \$60 a year to my house-rent. The hall-porter is discarded. A common letter-box is added to the front door. Each tenant has his own door-bell. One may live very cheaply and comfortably in this way.

One now constantly sees in Paris newspapers this advertisement: "To be let, a large set of rooms on the first floor, forming a private mansion; five large bed-chambers, five dressing-rooms, a smoking-room, a dining-room, two drawing-rooms, ball-room, stable,



STREET IN OLD PARIS.

coach-house, cellars, water, gas, private yard, for \$1200 a year." This privacy is secured by a very simple artifice, which may be indicated roughly as follows, though not in the proper proportions:



- A Carriage-way and street door of first floor.
 B Carriage-way and street door common to all other floors.
 C Staircase to first floor with hall-porter's lodge.
 D Common staircase and common hall-porter's lodge.
 E First floor's stable and coach-house.
 F First floor's private yard. G Common yard.

By this arrangement, all ground-floor, *entresol*, and first-floor lodgings are substantially as private as if they were respectively so many private houses.

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In mansions, each floor is a complete house in itself. Each floor contains two or three drawing-rooms, many bed-chambers (each with its own dressing-room), a billiard-room, a study, a dining-room, a bath-room, a kitchen, a state staircase and a servants' staircase (these are common to the whole house). Breakfast is invariably served in the bed-chamber. All the members of the family meet only at lunch and at dinner.

When I came to observe the conditions of Paris life, I was amazed at the better air and greater privacy the rich enjoy here. The wealthier classes of New York possess no such advantages. I could mention street after street where householders (by which I mean tenants on each floor) may throw front and back windows wide open without fear of peering eyes opposite.

In front of these houses is a large yard with buildings (stables, offices, coach-houses) a story and a half high. The houses on the other side of the street have similar yards and buildings in front of them. The houses on each side of the street are so far removed

from this thoroughfare, that the low buildings in the front yard completely intercept the view. The carriage-way is always closed by massive doors eighteen or twenty feet high. It is impossible to conceive how completely

neath them, rarely grass, still more rarely flowers. You see nothing but sodden earth covered with weeds.

This quiet and privacy are pleasing. You seem to be buried in some rural park. And



PUBLIC BENCHES.

all street noises are shut out by this arrangement. The streets where these mansions are to be found are not noisy; but even in the Bibliothèque Nationale, when the Rue Richelieu was twenty times more noisy than it now is (then the Avenue de l'Opéra was unopened), I have often been astonished at the rural quiet students enjoyed in its reading-room. There was not heard the least rumble of the street's ceaseless traffic. Marshal Von Moltke, in his recently published letters to his wife, makes a similar remark about the quiet of the Tuileries.

Back of all houses in the Faubourg St. Germain, garden abuts on garden on three sides. I ought rather to say grove than garden. There is nothing but trees. They are planted as thickly as they can be. They are put there not for shade or for ornament, but simply as screens. There is rarely a walk be-

yet the operas, theaters, museums, libraries, boulevards, and the Bois de Boulogne, are near by.

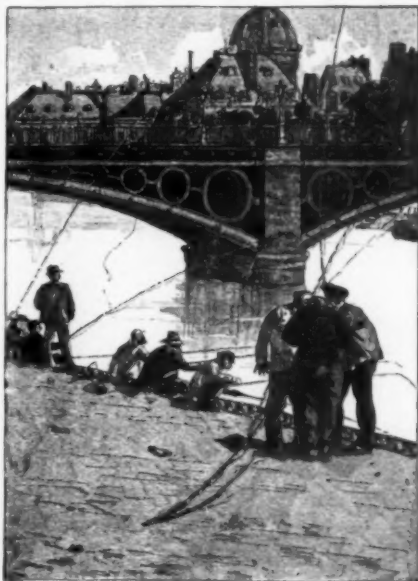
Few people imagine the wealth and splendor of Paris mansions. I should not like to estimate the market value of the two marble palaces owned by the Rothschilds,—these palaces are in the very heart of Paris, in the Rue Laffitte, have large front yards, and still larger gardens,—or of the late Duke de Galliera's mansion in the Rue de Varenne, familiar to Americans as the residence of one of our ministers here, and of Colonel Thorne years afterward. But I do know that the Baroness de Pontalba spent a million of dollars on her mansion forty years ago, and every year added something to its beauty. At her death, which recently occurred, the Baron Gustave de Rothschild gave a million of dollars for it, and has spent \$300,-

ooo more in fitting it for habitation. When the late Mr. Hope bought his mansion, forty-five years ago (now well known as the Princess de Sagan's home), the "Black Band" made sure of getting it, and subscribed \$50,000 among themselves to strip the house of its works of art and keep them in their hands for speculation. The "Black Band" were a set of speculators who clubbed together to buy valuable houses throughout France, strip them of every work of art, then sell the houses and divide the works of art among themselves for resale. Baron Seillière bought this mansion at Mr. Hope's death; it is understood he gave \$800,000 for it, and got it at a bargain at this price; even the floors of that mansion are works of art. Mme. Lehon paid \$27,000 for the paving of the yard of her mansion in the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées (it is now the Italian embassy). Mme. de Paiva spent above a million on her mansion in the same neighborhood. In her house, every door-knob, window-knob, each banister of the staircase, is of bronze, designed especially for her, and the mold broken after the piece was cast. The stairs and mantel-pieces of this house are of malachite.

It is extremely interesting to wander among these splendid mansions, built at different periods of time, and to note the changes which civilization has made in their arrangements. The older houses reveal the insecurity of the age in which they were built. A man's house is now his castle much more truly than when it was defended by battlements and protected by moat and portcullis. Isaac of York now puts his valuables behind plate glass, under a gas-jet.

I saw with pleasure the hospitable stone benches let into the wall on each side of the portal of nearly all of these houses. 'Tis something to give the weary rest. 'Tis a beginning of hospitality—or, may be, the last vestige left of an earlier hospitality when every door was open, a chamber for silk, offices for rags, and a hall with endless, generous board for all.

In the newer and "improved" parts of Paris, iron railings now bar these antique seats from the wayfarer. The Rothschilds' mansions alone give the olden hospitality. Elsewhere, the public provide for the public. Free seats are everywhere to be found. They are always full. Nothing in Paris astonishes a stranger more than the number of idlers, of both sexes, found at every turn. One expects to see soldiers sauntering everywhere; for, despite Prince von Schwartzberg's warning to Louis Napoleon when the latter made his *coup d'état*, "You can



ANGLERS.

do everything with bayonets but sit upon them," no Continental government has yet been able to make for itself any other than this very expensive and extremely uncomfortable seat. But the other idlers must eat, at least sometimes; must lodge, even though in garret; must cover themselves with smock-shirt and trowsers if with nothing else. Garret, food, and clothes cost money; and even nickels cannot be had without labor. How do all these idlers live? Many of them are thieves. Nine-tenths of Parisian workmen ply their trades only four or five of the days of the week, just enough to earn a scanty support. Hence it has been found that the enormous increase of wages of Parisian workmen (it is at least fifty per cent.) has in no manner bettered their condition. On the contrary, they are worse off. The larger their daily pay, the fewer days they work; idleness lessens their skill; toil becomes distasteful; expensive habits are contracted; home, wife, and children are deserted; the hospital is reckoned on in illness, the poor-house in old age. Many a Frenchman's ideal of earthly bliss is to be idle, to stroll the streets. During the siege, in 1871, the Parisians led their ideal life. They had no rent to pay; they had eighteen cents a day and no work to do. When the war was ended, and it became necessary to pay house-rent and to set to work, they flew to arms rather than accept the harsh alternative. Our illustration represents one of these idlers. She is a maid-



LE CONCIERGE.

of-all-work who has retired from service. If she have twenty cents a day to live on, she is more than satisfied. She lives in a garret closet without a chimney, with sky-light for a window, which she gets cheap in some old house in a narrow street of the Latin Quarter. She is her own laundress. She buys her clothes, even her shoes and stockings, second-hand. She breakfasts on bread and cheese, buys a few cents' worth of beef-tea in which she soaks bread for dinner, eats dry bread rubbed with garlic or onion, and followed by two cents' worth of fire-water as corrosive as modern chemistry can make it, and consents to vegetate in this wretched way that she may live in idleness, sitting all day long on a public bench of the Luxembourg Garden if the weather be fair, or in a chair of some church or chapel if the day be inclement. She might still get occupation, have chamber free, a plenty of good food and wine; but she would have to work for them. She prefers to starve in idleness. The river's banks, too, are lined with idlers. They are not on the bank alone. If you think a patient Frenchman is not to be found, go to the river and use your

eyes. You will find there in mid-stream bipeds with long hoes scraping up river sand, to gather from it gleanings of all the objects crime or accident or flood tosses into the stream. There are shops in the Quai de l'Horloge where these objects may be seen and bought. There are some of them in the Hôtel de Cluny; more in the Hôtel Carnavalet. You will find on the river's banks gatherers of corks, which are always found in eddies; these corks are recut and made to do duty again. But of all the patient Frenchmen to be seen, there are none so patient as the fishermen represented in our wood-cut. They are at the foot of the Louvre, half-way between the Pont Neuf and Pont des Arts (the bridge seen in our wood-cut, with the Palais de l'Institut across the river beyond it). There they stand all day, though the only object which sinks their bob be floating weed. Fish they never catch. What fish could live in those polluted waters? Nevertheless they are happy, for they are idle.

Old architects sacrificed everything to security. The value of sun and air was unknown. Science has let light and pure air into all these abodes, where the lattice had

more lead than glass, where not a casement opened save on a court, and no draught changed the air on the court. See the mediæval houses on streets narrower than lanes, with the well in the central court (the sole supply of water), receiving with the aid of wind and rain all the refuse of roof and yard, and with their ground-floor rooms chilling in August, and you will not wonder at the story of the plague; your wonder will be that people could have lived amid all these foes to life.

But even now the full value of sun and air is unknown to Frenchmen. You are made very sensible of this when you go hunting lodgings. The first question asked is invariably, "What is the rent?" And you may ask what question you please, the hall-porter always answers, "The rent is so much a year"; until you let him know that the price suits your purse, it is vain for you to ply him with queries. The reason is plain. In Paris, lodging is a mere episode of life. The epic is dress. The necessities of life are marshaled in this order: Dress, Dress, Dress, Theaters, Cafés, Eating, Lodgings. And do you suppose that "plaster-wipers" appreciate the full value of sun and pure air? "Plaster-wipers" are people who have discovered the art of living in Paris rent-free. The Italians have a saying: "When I build a house, the first year after its completion I give it to my enemy; I rent it to my friend the second year; I myself tenant it the third year." The first year after a house has been built the dampness and drying of the walls make it fatal to the tenant; a twelvemonths' habitation, with fires all winter, open windows all summer, greatly lessens its dangers; in twenty-four months all peril has disappeared. The French hold the same opinion. People who care or who can afford to care for their health shun new houses. So a new house cannot be let except to "plaster-wipers." They flock wherever they see a new house built. They have no furniture, except the objects which the law exonerates from levy of distress warrant. No inquiries are made about them. While a bill for rent is sent to them on quarter-day, it is rather to assert authority than with hope of payment. When the third quarter comes around, notice to quit is served on them, but never enforced until a tenant appears who wants the lodgings they occupy. Then adieu! No rent is expected of them. They have done all that was asked of them: they have wiped the plaster dry; they have given the house an inhabited look; they have decoyed to it respectable tenants. At what cost to themselves! They are lucky if they have only rheumatism, and have lost only

teeth and hair. Diseases of the throat and chest decimate them. But they can pay rent with life easier than with money, for they can lay down life; they cannot lay down coin.

How lenient Paris is to these tall houses built to be rented! Paris refuses to admit that there is a single house within its walls more than five stories high. What knowledge of human nature it reveals in the nomenclature of stories! Here is "the level-with-the-street." No story, mind you! Above it, is "the between-ground" (and first floor understood). Then when you are fairly three stories above ground comes the first floor. Next—second, third, fourth, fifth. Here the stories end. If the landlord's purse is buoyant enough to bear the tenant up still higher, he reaches the *mansarde*, or, higher still, *combles*. If you have a poor acquaintance perched half-way to Uranus, call on him and ask the hall-porter to direct your ascent. The hall-porter will not use even these words, but will say, "Go to the fifth floor, turn to your left, and then *mount*!" If you ask, "Mansard?" "Attic?" he will notice no other reply. They lie beyond Hercules' Pillars.

Our wood-cut shows the hall-porter, his family, and his lodge. He is a tailor. This trade is preferred to the shoemaker's as being less noisy. But the lodge is not quiet. Frenchmen cannot live without noise. Bird in cage, infant in arms, child old enough to play letter-carrier to the household, and especially Madame Cerbère, supply all necessary noise. According to tradition, when Hugh Cape determined to make La Cité his home, somewhere nigh a thousand years ago, he added two immense buildings to the palace. One of these wings was (and is to this day) called *Conciergerie*, and served both for barracks and for jail. The command and management of the *Conciergerie* were confided to a captain of noble birth, who received the title (from which the building took its name) of Comte des Cierges (the Earl of Wax-Tapers), and was invested with many prerogatives and privileges. It continued to be an office of lucre and importance even so late as 1712, when it was shorn of its judicial powers.

It has not been many years since the hall-porters of Paris assumed the venerable title of Comte des Cierges. When Sterne visited Paris they were called *Suisses*. The familiar proverb, "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*," means, "If you be penniless, you can't have a hall-porter"; or, in other words, "If you be penniless, you yourself must answer the door-bell."

The Swiss were for centuries, indeed down to July, 1830, the king's body-guard. The Swiss nearly monopolized the places of hall-

porters, messengers, and bank-collectors. They owed this monopoly to their sterling integrity of character. Down to the revolution of 1848, ninety-seven of every hundred collectors of the Bank of France were Swiss. During those stormy days a mob insisted that the Bank of France should employ none but Frenchmen, and the Bank was obliged to discard its Swiss until quieter times returned. The lesson was not lost on the Bank. As the Swiss collectors died or retired, Frenchmen were appointed to the vacancies. In the English embassy, and in some of the old noble mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain, you may still see the direction over the hall-porter's lodge, "Speak to the Swiss!" The beadle in churches is still called the Swiss. In new houses the old direction has been discarded for "Speak to the *concierge*," and the tendency now is to omit everything except the word *concierge*. After Swiss went out of use, *portier* came into vogue; but its favor was ephemeral, and it is now to be seen only in some of the older houses near the great markets, and even here I have noticed it only on two or three lodges. The more aristocratic term, *Comte des Cierges*, is now generally in currency, having been corrupted into *concierge*, just as *Chère Reine Croix* has become Charing-Cross.

Most travelers tell how, in Paris, one may live for years in a house without knowing anything about neighbors. These travelers could not have spoken French. I am not, I believe, very inquisitive, and find little charm in gossip. Nevertheless, I not only have never lived in a Paris house without knowing the name, history, and occupation of each tenant

and his family, but the same information about everybody in the neighborhood. The more secluded, the more retired a street is, the less seclusion the inhabitants enjoy.

The hall-porter's lodge is the place where the skeletons that haunt the families overhead are kept. He knows all their secrets,—butcher, baker, coal-dealer, tailor, milliner, mantua-maker, servants, all tell their tales to him. A thousand stealthy figures come and go over his threshold, asking a thousand questions, and by these very questions throwing a flood of light on his tenants' history. There, creditors obtain, by palm-crossing, ink-lings of their debtor's true position. There, tenants in debt, by still more generous palm-crossing, throw dust into creditors' eyes. There, the police ascertain the hours when their prey may be caught and carried to jail. Arrests usually take place between 2 and 3 o'clock A. M., the only hour of the four-and-twenty when the tides of Paris life know slack water. You hear the door-bell sharply rung. The portal is no sooner suddenly closed with a slam, which makes the whole house quiver, than the law's intruders strike a light. The short, abrupt questions, the heavy, imperious tread on the staircase, confirm your suspicion that they are the police. The door they seek is reached—its bell is jerked till answered. A woman's shriek is followed by hasty steps on the staircase. A door is slammed—a carriage driven rapidly away. The staircase is filled with the sobs and shrieks of a woman. Another incident is added to the hall-porter's store of gossip.

J. D. Osborne.

THOUGHT-FALL.

WHEN south-winds are richest with wealth of the rose,
And sweetness increases, each breath that blows;
When that human obscure of the sky bends above me
Like a dark eye saying its silent "I love thee!"
When his music sings on tho' the bird be at rest,
And there's light on the lily and none in the west;
When the star and the hill have gone under cover,
To the dwelling of dreams, like loved one and lover;
When passionate earth has her will with the sky,
And the black clouds stop tho' the brooks go by,—
There's a falling of thought like drops from the eaves,
And it rests in my heart like the rain in the leaves.

John Vance Cheney.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.*

XII.

A HOLIDAY NOT IN THE CALENDAR.

THE next morning while Farnham was at breakfast he received a note from Mr. Temple in these words:

"Strikes will begin to-day, but will not be general. There will be no disturbance, I think. They don't seem very gritty."

After breakfast he walked down to the City Hall. On every street corner he saw little groups of men in rather listless conversation. He met an acquaintance crossing the street.

"Have you heard the news?" The man's face was flushed with pleasure at having something to tell. "The firemen and stokers have all struck, and run their engines into the round-house at Riverley, five miles out. There won't be a train leave or come in for the present."

"Is that all?"

"No, that aint a start. The Model Oil men have struck, and are all over the North End, shutting up the other shops. They say there won't be a lick of work done in town the rest of the week."

"Except what Satan finds for idle hands," Farnham suggested, and hastened his steps a little to the municipal buildings.

He found the chief of police in his office, suffering from nervousness and a sense of importance. He began by reminding him of the occurrence of the week before in the wood. The chief waited with an absent expression for the story to end, and then said, "My dear sir, I cannot pay any attention to such little matters with anarchy threatening our city. I must protect life and property, sir—life and property."

"Very well," rejoined Farnham, "I am informed that life and property are threatened in my own neighborhood. Can you detail a few policemen to patrol Algonquin avenue, in case of a serious disturbance?"

"I can't tell you, my dear sir; I will do the best I can by all sections. Why, man," he cried, in a voice which suddenly grew a shrill falsetto in his agitation, "I tell you I haven't a policeman for every ten miles of street in this town. I can't spare but two for my own house!"

Farnham saw the case was hopeless, and

went to the office of the mayor. That official had assumed an attitude expressive of dignified and dauntless energy. He sat in a chair tilted back on its hind feet; the boots of the municipal authority were on a desk covered with official papers; a long cigar adorned his eloquent lips; a beaver hat shaded his eyes.

He did not change his attitude as Farnham entered. He probably thought it could not be changed for the better.

"Good-morning, Mr. Quinlin."

"Good-morning, sorr, to you." This salutation was uttered through teeth shut as tightly as the integrity of the cigar would permit.

"There is a great deal of talk of possible disturbance to-night, in case the strikes extend. My own neighborhood, I am told, has been directly threatened. I called to ask whether, in case of trouble, I could rely on any assistance from the city authorities, or whether we must all look out for ourselves."

The mayor placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and threw his head back so that he could stare at Farnham from below his hat brim. He then said, in a measured voice, as if addressing an assembly: "Sir! I would have you to know that the working-men of Buffland are not thaves and robbers. In this struggle with capital they have my profound sympathy. I expect their conduct to be that of perr-fect gentlemen. I, at least, will give no orders which may tend to array one class of citizens against another. That is my answer, sir; I hope it does not disappoint you."

"Not in the least," said Farnham, putting on his hat. "It is precisely what I should have expected of you."

"Thank you, sir. Call again, sir."

As Farnham disappeared, the chief magistrate of the city tilted his hat to one side, shut an eye with profoundly humorous significance, and said to the two or three loungers who had been enjoying the scene:

"That is the sort of T-rail I am. That young gentleman voted agin me, on the ground I wasn't high-toned enough."

Farnham walked rapidly to the office of the evening newspaper. He found a man in the counting-room, catching flies and trimming their wings with a large pair of office shears. He said, "Can you put an advertisement for me in your afternoon editions?"

The man laid down his shears, but held on to his fly, and looked at his watch.

"Have you got it ready?"

"No, but I will not be a minute about it."

"Be lively! You haven't got but a minute."

He picked up his scissors and resumed his surgery, while Farnham wrote his advertisement. The man took it, and threw it into a tin box, blew a whistle, and the box disappeared through a hole in the ceiling. A few minutes later the boys were crying the paper in the streets. The advertisement was in these words:

"Veterans, Attention! All able-bodied veterans of the Army of the Potomac, and especially of the Third Army Corps, are requested to meet at seven this evening, at No. — Public Square."

From the newspaper office Farnham went to a gunsmith's. The dealer was a German and a good sportsman, whom Farnham knew very well, having often shot with him in the marshes west of the city. His name was Leopold Grosshammer. There were two or three men in the place when Farnham entered. He waited until they were gone, and then said:

"Bolty, have you two dozen repeating rifles?"

"Ja wohl! Aber, Herr Gott, was machen Sie denn damit?"

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. They think there may be a riot in town, and they tell me at the City Hall that everybody must look out for himself. I am going to try to get up a little company of old soldiers for patrol duty."

"All right, mine captain, and I will be the first freiwilliger. But I don't dink you wants rifles. Revolvers and clubs—like the pleece-men—dat's de dicket."

"Have you got them?"

"Oh, yes, and the belts thereto. I got der gondract to furnish 'em to de city."

"Then you will send them, wrapped up in bundles, to my office in the Square, and come yourself there at seven."

"Freilich," said Leopold, his white teeth glistening through his yellow beard at the prospect of service.

Farnham spent an hour or two visiting the proprietors of the large establishments affected by the strikes. He found, as a rule, great annoyance and exasperation, but no panic. Mr. Temple said, "The poor—fools! I felt sorry for them. They came up here to me this morning,—their committee, they called it,—and told me they hated it, but it was orders! 'Orders from where?' I asked. 'From the chiefs of sections,' they said; and

that was all I could get out of them. Some of the best fellows in the works were on the committee. They put 'em there on purpose. The sneaks and lawyers hung back."

"What will they do if the strike should last?" asked Farnham.

"They will be supported for awhile by the other mills. Our men are the only ones that have struck so far. They were told off to make the move, just as they march out a certain regiment to charge a battery. If we give in, then another gang will strike."

"Do you expect to give in?"

"Between us, we want nothing better than ten days' rest. We want to repair our furnaces, and we haven't a—thing to do. What I told you this morning holds good. There wont be any riot. The whole thing is solemn fooling, so far."

The next man Farnham saw was in a far less placid frame of mind. It was Jimmy Nelson, the largest grocer in the city. He had a cargo of perishable groceries at the station, and the freight hands would not let them be delivered. "I talked to the rascals," he said. "I asked them what they had against me; that they was injuring Trade!" a deity of which Mr. Nelson always spoke with profound respect. "They laughed in my face, sir. They said, 'That's just our racket. We want to squeeze you respectable merchants till you get mad and hang a railroad president or two!' Yes, sir; they said that to me, and five thousand dollars of my stuff rotting in the depot."

"Why don't you go to the mayor?" asked Farnham, though he could not suppress a smile as he said it.

"Yes, I like that!" screamed Jimmy. "You are laughing at me. I suppose the whole town has heard of it. Well, it's a fact. I went and asked that infernal scoundrel what he was going to do. He said his function was to keep the peace, and there wasn't a word in the statutes about North Carliny water-melons. If I live till he 'gits out of office, I'll lick him."

"Oh, I think you wont do that, Jimmy."

"You think I wont!" said Nelson, absolutely incandescent with the story of his wrongs. "I'll swear by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, that I will thrash the hide off him next spring—if I don't forget it."

Farnham went home, mounted his horse, and rode about the city to see what progress the strike was making. There was little disorder visible on the surface of things. The "sections" had evidently not ordered a general cessation of labor; and yet there were curious signs of demoralization, as if the spirit of work was partially disintegrating

and giving way to something not precisely lawless, but rather listless. For instance, a crowd of workmen were engaged industriously and, to all appearance, contentedly upon a large school-building in construction. A group of men, not half their number, approached them and ordered them to leave off work. The builders looked at each other and then at their exhorters in a confused fashion for a moment, and ended by obeying the summons in a sullen and indifferent manner. They took off their aprons, went to the hydrant and washed their hands, then put on their coats and went home in silence and shamefacedness, amid the angry remonstrances of the master-builder. A little farther on Farnham saw what seemed like a burlesque of the last performance. Several men were at work in a hole in the street; the tops of their heads were just visible above the surface. A half-grown, ruffianly boy, with a boot-black's box slung over his shoulder, came up and shouted, "You —— rats, come out of that, or we'll knock the scalps off'n you." The men, without even looking to see the source of the summons, threw down their tools and got out of the hole. The boy had run away; they looked about for a moment, as if bewildered, and then one of them, a gray-headed Irishman, said, "Well, we'd better be a lavin' off, if the rest is," and they all went away.

In this fashion it came about that by nightfall all the squares and public places were thronged with an idle and expectant crowd, not actively mischievous or threatening, but affording a vast mass of inflammable material in case the fire should start in any quarter. They gathered everywhere in dense groups, exchanging rumors and surmises, in which fact and fiction were fantastically mingled.

"The rolling-mills all close to-morrow," said a sallow and hollow-eyed tailor. "That'll let loose twenty thousand men on the town, —big, brawny fellows. I'm glad my wife is in Clevalo."

"All you know about it! Clevalo is twice as bad off as here. The machine shops has all struck there, and the men went through the armory this afternoon. They're camped all along Delaware street, every man with a pair of revolvers and a musket."

"You don't say so!" said the schneider, turning a shade more sallow. "I'd better telegraph my wife to come home."

"I wouldn't hurry," was the impassive response. "You don't know where we'll be to-morrow. They have been drilling all day at Riverley, three thousand of 'em. They'll come in to-morrow, mebbe, and hang all the railroad presidents. That may make trouble."

Through these loitering and talking crowds Farnham made his way in the evening to the office which he kept, on the public square of the town, for the transaction of the affairs of his estate. He had given directions to his clerk to be there, and when he arrived found that some half-dozen men had already assembled in answer to his advertisement. Some of them he knew; one, Nathan Kendall, a powerful young man, originally from the north of Maine, now a machinist in Buffland, had been at one time his orderly in the army. Bolty Grosshammer was there, and in a very short time some twenty men were in the room. Farnham briefly explained to them his intention. "I want you," he said, "to enlist for a few days' service under my orders. I cannot tell whether there will be any work to do or not; but it is likely we shall have a few nights of patrol at least. You will get ten dollars apiece anyhow, and ordinary day's wages besides. If any of you get hurt, I will try to have you taken care of."

All but two agreed to the proposition. These two said "they had families and could not risk their skins. When they saw the advertisement they had thought it was something about pensions, or the county treasurer's office. They thought soldiers ought to have the first chance at good offices." They then grumblingly withdrew.

Farnham kept his men for an hour longer, arranging some details of organization, and then dismissed them for twenty-four hours, feeling assured that there would be no disturbance of public tranquillity that night. "I will meet you here to-morrow evening," he said, "and you can get your pistols and sticks and your final orders."

The men went out one by one, Bolty and Kendall waiting for awhile after they had gone and going out on the sidewalk with Farnham. They had instinctively appointed themselves a sort of body-guard to their old commander, and intended to keep him in sight until he got home. As they reached the door, they saw a scuffle going on upon the sidewalk. A well-dressed man was being beaten and kicked by a few rough fellows, and the crowd was looking on with silent interest. Farnham sprang forward and seized one of the assailants by the collar; Bolty pulled away another. The man who had been cuffed turned to Kendall, who was standing by to help where help was needed, and cried, "Take me away somewhere; they will have my life;" an appeal which only excited the jeers of the crowd.

"Kendall, take him into my office," said Farnham, which was done in an instant, Farnham and Bolty following. A rush was

made,—not very vicious, however,—and the three men got safely inside with their prize, and bolted the door. A few kicks and blows shook the door, but there was no movement to break it down; and the rescued man, when he found himself in safety, walked up to a mirror there was in the room and looked earnestly at his face. It was a little bruised and bloody, and dirty with mud, but not seriously injured.

He turned to his rescuers with an air more of condescension than gratitude. "Gentlemen, I owe you my thanks, although I should have got the better of those scoundrels in a moment. Can you assist me in identifying them?"

"Oh! it is Mayor Quinlin, I believe," said Farnham, recognizing that functionary more by his voice than by his rumpled visage. "No, I do not know who they were. What was the occasion of this assault?"

"A most cowardly and infamous outrage, sir," said the Mayor. "I was walking along the sidewalk to me home, and I came upon this gang of ruffians at your door. Impatient at being delayed,—for me time is much occupied,—I rebuked them for being in my way. One of them turned to me and insolently inquired, 'Do you own this street, or have you just got a lien on it?' which unendurable insult was greeted with a loud laugh from the other ruffians. I called them by some properly severe name, and raised me cane to force a passage,—and the rest you know. Now, gentlemen, is there anything I can do?"

Farnham did not scruple to strike while the iron was hot. He said: "Yes, there is one thing your Honor may do, not so much for us as for the cause of order and good government, violated to-night in your own person. Knowing the insufficiency of the means at your disposal, a few of us propose to raise a subsidiary night-patrol for the protection of life and property during the present excitement. We would like you to give it your official sanction."

"Do I understand it will be without expense to my—to the city government?" Mr. Quinlin was anxious to make a show of economy in his annual message.

"Entirely," Farnham assured him.

"It is done, sir. Come to-morrow morning and get what papers you want. The sperrit of disorder must be met and put down with a bold and defiant hand. Now, gentlemen, if there is a back door to this establishment, I will use it to make me way home."

Farnham showed him the rear entrance, and saw him walking homeward up the quiet street; and, coming back, found Bolty and Kendall writhing with merriment.

"Well, that beats all," said Kendall. "I guess I'll write home like the fellow did from Iowa to his daddy, 'Come out here quick. Mighty mean men gits office in this country.'"

"Yes," assented Bolty. "Dot burgermeister ish better as a circus mit a drick mule."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of dignitaries," said Farnham. "It's a bad habit in soldiers."

When they went out on the sidewalk the crowd had dispersed. Farnham bade his recruits good night and went up the avenue. They waited until he was a hundred yards away, and then, without a word to each other, followed him at that distance till they saw him enter his own gate.

XIII.

A BUSY SUNDAY FOR THE MATCHINS.

MATTERS were not going on pleasantly in the Matchin cottage. Maud's success in gaining an eligible position, as it was regarded among her friends, made her at once an object of greater interest than ever; but her temper had not improved with her circumstances, and she showed herself no more accessible than before. Her father, who naturally felt a certain satisfaction at having, as he thought, established her so well, regarded himself as justified in talking to her firmly and seriously respecting her future. He went about it in the only way he knew. "Mattie," he said one evening, when they happened to be alone together, "when are you and Sam going to make a match?"

She lifted her eyes to him, and shot out a look of anger and contempt from under her long lashes that made her father feel very small and old and shabby.

"Never!" she said, quietly.

"Come, come, now," said the old man; "just listen to reason. Sam is a good boy, and with what he makes and what you make——"

"That has nothing to do with it. I wont discuss the matter any further. We have had it all out before. If it is ever mentioned again, Sam or I will leave this house."

"Hoity-toity, Missy! is that the way you take good advice——" but she was gone before he could say another word. Saul walked up and down the room a few moments, taking very short steps, and solacing his mind by muttering to himself: "Well, that's what I get by having a scholar in the family. Learning goes to the head and the heels—makes 'em proud and skittish."

He punctually communicated his failure to Sam, who received the news with a sullen quietness that perplexed still more the puzzled carpenter.

On a Sunday afternoon, a few days later, he received a visit from Mr. Bott, whom he welcomed, with great deference and some awe, as an ambassador from a ghostly world of unknown dignity. They talked in a stiff and embarrassed way for some time about the weather, the prospect of a rise in wages, and other such matters, neither obviously taking any interest in what was being said. Suddenly Bott drew nearer and lowered his voice, though the two were alone in the shop.

"Mr. Matchin," he said, with an uneasy grin, "I have come to see you about your daughter."

Matchin looked at him with a quick suspicion.

"Well, who's got anything to say against my daughter?"

"Oh, nobody that I know of," said Bott, growing suspicious in his turn. "Has anything ever been said against her?"

"Not as I know," said Saul. "Well, what have you got to say?"

"I wanted to ask how you would like me as a son-in-law?" said Bott, wishing to bring matters to a decision.

Saul stood for a moment without words in his astonishment. He had always regarded Bott as "a professional character," even as a "literary man"; he had never hoped for so lofty an alliance. And yet he could not say that he wholly liked it. This was a strange creature—highly gifted, doubtless, but hardly comfortable. He was too "thick" with ghosts. One scarcely knew whether he spent most of his time "on earth or in hell," as Saul crudely phrased it. The faint smell of phosphorus that he carried about with him, which was only due to his imperfect ablutions after his séances, impressed Saul's imagination as going to show that Bott was a little too intimate with the under-ground powers. He stood chewing a shaving and weighing the matter in his mind a moment before he answered. He thought to himself, "After all, he is making a living. I have seen as much as five dollars at one of his seances." But the only reply he was able to make to Bott's point-blank question was:

"Well, I dunno."

The words were hardly encouraging, but the tone was weakly compliant. Bott felt that his cause was gained, and thought he might chaffer a little.

"Of course," he said, "I would like to have a few things understood, to start with. I am very particular in business matters."

"That's right," said Saul, who began to think that this was a very systematic and methodical man.

"I am able to support a wife, or I would not ask for one," said Bott.

"Exactly," said Saul, with effusion; "that's just what I was saying to myself."

"Oh, you was!" said Bott, scowling and hesitating. "You was, was you?" Then, after a moment's pause, in which he eyed Saul attentively, he continued, "Well—that's so. At the same time, I am a business man, and I want to know what you can do for your girl."

"Not much of anything, Mr. Bott, if you must know. Mattie is makin' her own living."

"Yes. That's all right. Does she pay you for her board?"

"Look here, Mr. Bott, that aint none of your business yet, anyhow. She don't pay no board while she stays here; but that aint nobody's business."

"Oh, no offense, sir, none in the world. Only I am a business man, and don't want misunderstandings. So she don't. And I suppose you don't want to part with your last child—now, do you? It's like breaking your heart-strings, now, aint it?" he said, in his most sentimental lecture voice.

"Well, no, I can't say it is. Mattie's welcome in my house while I live, but of course she'll leave me some day, and I'll wish her joy."

"Why should that be? My dear sir, why should that be?" Bott's voice grew greasy with sweetness and persuasion. "Why not all live together? I will be to you as a son. Maud will soothe your declining years. Let it be as it is, Father Saul."

The old carpenter looked up with a keen twinkle of his eye.

"You and your wife would like to board with us when you are married? Well, mebbe we can arrange that."

This was not quite what Bott expected, but he thought best to say no more on that subject for the moment.

Saul then asked the question that had all along been hovering on his lips.

"Have you spoke to Mattie yet?"

The seer blushed and simpered, "I thought it my duty to speak first to you; but I do not doubt her heart."

"Oh! you don't," said Saul, with a world of meaning. "You better find out. You'll find her in the house."

Bott went to the house, leaving Saul pondering. Girls were queer cattle. Had Mattie given her word to this slab-sided, lanky fellow? Had she given Sam Sleeney the mitten for him? Perhaps she wanted the glory of being Mrs. Professor Bott. Well, she could do as she liked; but Saul swore softly to himself, "If Bott comes to live offen me, he's got to pay his board."

Meanwhile, the seer was walking, not without some inward perturbation, to the house, where his fate awaited him. It would have been hard to find a man more confident and more fatuous; but even such fools as he have their moments of doubt and faltering when they approach the not altogether known. He had not entertained the slightest question of Maud's devotion to him, the night she asked from him the counsel of the spirits. But he had seen her several times since that, and she had never renewed the subject. He was in two minds about it. Sometimes he imagined she might have changed her purpose; and then he would comfort himself with the more natural supposition that maiden modesty had been too much for her, and that she was anxiously awaiting his proffer. He had at last girded up his loins like a man and determined to know his doom. He had first ascertained the amount of Maud's salary at the library, and then, as we see, had endeavored to provide for his subsistence at Saul's expense; and now nothing was wanting but the maiden's consent. He trembled a little, but it was more with hope than fear. He could not make himself believe that there was any danger—but he wished it were over and all were well. He paused as he drew near the door. He was conscious that his hands were disagreeably cold and moist. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them, rubbing them briskly together, though the day was clear and warm, and the perspiration stood beaded on his forehead. But there was no escape. He knocked at the door, which was opened by Maud in person, who greeted him with a free and open kindness that restored his confidence. They sat down together, and Maud chatted gayly and pleasantly about the weather and the news. A New York girl, the daughter of a wealthy furrier, was reported in the newspaper as about to marry the third son of an English earl. Maud discussed the advantages of the match on either side as if she had been the friend from childhood of both parties.

Suddenly, while she was talking about the forthcoming wedding, the thought occurred to Bott, "Mebbe this is a hint for me," and he plunged into his avowal. Turning hot and cold at once, and wringing his moist hands as he spoke, he said, taking everything for granted:

"Miss Maud, I have seen your father and he gives his consent, and you have only to say the word to make us both happy."

"What?"

Anger, surprise, and contempt were all in the one word and in the flashing eyes of the young woman, as she leaned back in her rocking-chair and transfixed her unhappy suitor.

"Why, don't you understand me? I mean —"

"Oh, yes, I see what you mean. But I *don't* mean; and if you had come to me, I'd have saved you the trouble of going to my father."

"Now, look here," he pleaded, "you aint a-going to take it that way, are you? Of course, I'd have come to you first if I had 'a' thought you'd preferred it. All I wanted was —"

"Oh," said Maud, with perfect coolness and malice,—for in the last moment she had begun heartily to hate Bott for his presumption,—"*I* understand what *you* want. But the question is what *I* want—and I don't want you."

The words, and still more the cold monotonous tone in which they were uttered, stung the dull blood of the conjurer to anger. His mud-colored face became slowly mottled with red.

"Well, then," he said, "what did you mean by coming and consulting the sperrits, saying you was in love with a gentleman —"

Maud flushed crimson at the memory awakened by these words. Springing from her chair, she opened the door for Bott, and said, "Great heavens! the impudence of some men! You thought I meant *you*?"

Bott went out of the door like a whipped hound, with pale face and hanging head. As he passed by the door of the shop, Saul hailed him and said with a smile, "What luck?"

Bott did not turn his head. He growled out a deep imprecation and walked away. Matchin was hardly surprised. He mused to himself, "I thought it was funny that Mattie should sack Sam Sleeney for that fellow. I guess he didn't ask the sperrits how the land lay," chuckling over the discomfiture of the seer. Spiritualism is the most convenient religion in the world. You may disbelieve two-thirds of it and yet be perfectly orthodox. Matchin, though a pillar of the faith, always keenly enjoyed the defeat and rout of a medium by his tricky and rebellious ghosts.

He was still laughing to himself over the retreat of Bott, thinking with some paternal fatuity of the attractiveness and spirit of his daughter, when a shadow fell across him, and he saw Offitt standing before him.

"Why, Offitt, is that you? I did not hear you. You always come up as soft as a spook!"

"Yes, that's me. Where's Sam?"

"Sam's gone to Shady Creek on an excursion with his lodge. My wife went with him."

"I wanted to see him. I think a heap of Sam."

"So do I. Sam is a good fellow."

"Excuse my making so free, Mr. Matchin,

but I once thought Sam was going to be a son-in-law of yours."

"Well, betwixt us, Mr. Offitt, I hoped so myself. But you know what girls is. She jest wouldn't."

"So it's all done, is it? No chance for Sam?" Offitt asked eagerly.

"Not as much as you could hold sawdust in your eye," the carpenter answered.

"Well, now, Mr. Matchin, I have got something to say." ("Oh, Lordy," groaned Saul to himself, "here's another one.") "I wouldn't take no advantage of a friend; but if Sam's got no chance, as you say, why shouldn't I try? With your permission, sir, I will."

"Now look ye here, Mr. Offitt. I don't know as I have got anything against you, but I don't know nothing *fur* you. If it's a fair question, how do you make your livin'?"

"That's all right. First place, I have got a good trade. I'm a locksmith."

"So I have heard you say. But you don't work at it."

"No," Offitt answered; and then, assuming a confidential air, he continued, "As I am to be one of the family, I'll tell you. I don't work at my trade, because I have got a better thing. I am a Reformer."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Saul. "I never heard o' your lecturin'."

"I don't lecture. I am secretary of a grand section of Labor Reformers, and I git a good salary for it."

"Oh, I see," said Saul, not having the least idea of what it all meant. But, like most fathers of his kind, he made no objection to the man's proposal, and told him his daughter was in the house. As Offitt walked away on the same quest where Bott had so recently come to wreck, Saul sat smiling, and nursing his senile vanity with the thought that there were not many mechanics' daughters in Buffland that could get two offers in one Sunday from "professional men." He sat with the contented inertness of old men on his well-worn bench, waiting to see what would be the result of the interview.

"I don't believe she'll have him," he thought. "He aint half the man that Sam is, nor half the scholar that Bott is."

It was well he was not of an impatient temperament. He sat quietly there for more than an hour, as still as a knot on a branch, wondering why it took Offitt so much longer than Bott to get an answer to a plain question; but it never once occurred to him that he had a right to go into his own house and participate in what conversation was going on. To American fathers of his class, the parlor is sacred when the daughter has company.

There were several reasons why Offitt staid longer than Bott.

The seer had left Maud Matchin in a state of high excitement and anger. The admiration of a man so splay and ungainly was in itself insulting, when it became so enterprising as to propose marriage. She felt as if she had suffered the physical contact of something not clean or wholesome. Besides, she had been greatly stirred by his reference to her request for ghostly counsel, which had resulted in so frightful a failure and mortification. After Bott had gone, she could not dismiss the subject from her mind. She said to herself, "How can I live, hating a man as I hate that Captain Farnham? How can I breathe the same air with him, blushing like a peony whenever I think of him, and turning pale with shame when I hear his name? That ever I should have been refused by a living man! What *does* a man want," she asked, with her head thrown back and her nostrils dilated, "when he don't want me?"

As she was walking to and fro, she glanced out of the window and saw Offitt approaching from the direction of the shop. She knew instantly what his errand would be, though he had never before said a word to her out of the common. "I wonder if father has sent him to me—and how many more has he got in reserve there in the shop? Well, I will make short work of this one."

But when he had come in and taken his seat, she found it was not so easy to make short work of him. Dealing with this one was very different from dealing with the other—about the difference between handling a pig and a panther. Offitt was a human beast of prey—furtive, sly, and elusive, with all his faculties constantly in hand. The sight of Maud excited him like the sight of prey. His small eyes fastened upon her; his sinewy hands tingled to lay hold of her. But he talked, as any casual visitor might, of immaterial things.

Maud, while she chatted with him, was preparing herself for the inevitable question and answer. "What shall I say to him? I do not like him. I never did. I never can. But what shall I do? A woman is of no use in the world by herself. He is not such a dunce as poor Sam, and is not such a gawk as Bott. I wonder whether he would make me mind? I am afraid he would, and I don't know whether I would like it or not. I suppose if I married him I would be as poor as a crow all my days. I couldn't stand that. I wont have him. I wish he would make his little speech and go."

But he seemed in no hurry to go. He was talking volubly about himself, lying with the marvelous fluency which interest and practice

give to such men, and Maud presently found herself listening intently to his stories. He had been in Mexico, it seemed. He owned a silver mine there. He got a million dollars out of it, but took it into his head one day to overturn the Government, and was captured and his money taken; barely escaped the garrote by strangling his jailer; owned the mine still, and should go back and get it some day, when he had accomplished certain purposes in this country. There were plenty of people who wished he was gone now. The President had sent for him to come to Washington; he went, and was asked to breakfast; nobody there but them two; they ate off gold plates like he used to in Mexico; the President then offered him a hundred thousand to leave, was afraid he would make trouble; told the President to make it a million and then he wouldn't. His grandfather was one of the richest men in Europe; his father ran away with his mother out of a palace. "You must have heard of my father, General Offitt, of Georgy? No? He was the biggest slaveholder in the State. I have got a claim against the Government, now, that's good for a million if it's worth a cent; going to Washington next winter to prosecute it."

Maud was now saying to herself, "Why, if half this is true, he is a remarkable man," like many other credulous people, not reflecting that, when half a man says is false, the other half is apt to be also. She began to think it would be worth her while, a red feather in her cap, to refuse such a picturesque person; and then it occurred to her that he had not proposed to marry her, and possibly had no such intention. As his stream of talk, dwelling on his own acts of valor and craft, ran on, she began to feel slightly piqued at its lack of reference to herself. Was this to be a mere afternoon call after all, with no combat and no victory? She felt drawn after awhile to bring her small resources of coquetry into play. She interrupted him with saucy doubts and questions; she cast at him smiles and glances, looking up that he might admire her eyes, and down that her lashes might have their due effect.

He interpreted all these signs in a favorable sense, but still prudently refrained from committing himself, until directly challenged by the blush and simper with which she said:

"I suppose you must have seen a great many pretty ladies in Mexico?"

He waited a moment, looking at her steadily until her eyelids trembled and fell, and then he said, seriously and gravely:

"I used to think so; but I never saw there or anywhere else as pretty a lady as I see at this minute."

This was the first time in her life that Maud had heard such words from a man. Sam Sleeney, with all his dumb worship, had never found words to tell her she was beautiful, and Bott was too grossly selfish and dull to have thought of it. Poor Sleeney, who would have given his life for her, had not wit enough to pay her a compliment. Offitt, whose love was as little generous as the hunger of a tiger, who wished only to get her into his power, who cared not in the least by what means he should accomplish this, who was perfectly willing to have her find out all his falsehoods the day after her wedding, relying upon his brute strength to retain her then,—this conscienceless knave made more progress by these words than Sam by months of the truest devotion. Yet the impression he made was not altogether pleasant. Thirsting for admiration as she did, there was in her mind an indistinct consciousness that the man was taking a liberty; and in the sudden rush of color to her cheek and brow at Offitt's words, there was at first almost as much anger as pleasure. But she had neither the dignity nor the training required for the occasion, and all the reply she found was:

"Oh, Mr. Offitt, how can you say so?"

"I say so," he answered, with the same unsmiling gravity, "because it's the fact. I have been all over the world. I have seen thousands of beautiful ladies, even queens and markisses, and I never yet saw and I never expect to see such beauty as yours, Miss Maud Matchin, of Buffland."

She still found no means to silence him or defend herself. She said, with an uneasy laugh, "I am sure I don't see where the wonderful beauty is."

"That's because your modesty holds over your beauty. But I see where it is. It's in your eyes, that's like two stars of the night; in your forehead, that looks full of intellect and sense; in your rosy cheeks and smiling lips; in your pretty little hands and feet —" Here she suddenly rolled up her hands in her frilled white apron, and, sitting up straight, drew her feet under her gown. At this performance, they both laughed loud and long, and Maud's nerves were relieved.

"What geese we are," she said at last. "You know I don't believe a word you say."

"Oh, yes, you do. You've got eyes and a looking-glass. Come now, be honest. You know you never saw a girl as pretty as yourself, and you never saw a man that didn't love you on sight."

"I don't know about that."

"Don't all the men you know love you?"

"There is one man I know hates me, and I hate him"

"Who is it? This is very interesting."

Maud was suddenly seized with a desire to tell an adventure, something that might match Offitt's tales of wonder.

"You'll never tell?"

"Hope I may die."

"It's Arthur Farnham!" She had succeeded in her purpose, for Offitt stared at her with looks of amazement. "He once wanted to be rather too attentive to me, and I did not like it. So he hates me, and has tried to injure me"

"And you don't like him very well?"

"I don't. I would owe a good deal to the man who would give him a beating."

"All right. You give me—what?—a kiss, or a lock of your hair, and he shall have his thrashing."

"You do it and bring me the proofs, and we will talk about it."

"Well, I must be off," he said, picking up his hat. He saw on her face a slight disappointment. He put out his hand to take leave. She folded her arms.

"You needn't be in such a hurry," she said, poutingly. "Mother won't be back for ever so long, and I was half asleep over my book when you came in."

"Oh, very well," he said. "That suits me."

He walked deliberately across the room, picked up a chair, and seated himself very near to Maud. She felt her heart beat with something like terror, and regretted asking him to stay. He had been very agreeable, but she was sure he was going to be disagreeable now. She was afraid that if he grew disagreeable she could not manage him as she could the others. Her worst fears were realized with his first words.

"Miss Matchin, if you ask me to stay longer, you must take the consequences. I am going to say to you what I never said to mortal woman before: I love you, and I want you for my wife."

She tried to laugh. "Oh, you do?" but her face grew pale, and her hands trembled.

"Yes, I do; and I am going to have you, too."

He tried to speak lightly, but his voice broke in spite of him.

"Oh, indeed!" she replied, recovering herself with an effort. "Perhaps I'll have something to say about that, Mr. Confidence."

"Of course; excuse me for talking like a fool. It shall be as you say. Only have me, and you shall have everything else. All that wealth can buy shall be yours. We'll leave this dull place and go around the world seeking pleasure where it can be found, and everybody will envy me my beautiful bride."

"That's very pretty talk, Mr. Offitt; but where is all this wealth to come from?"

He did not resent the question, but heard

it gladly, as imposing a condition he might meet. "The money is all right. If I lay the money at your feet, will you go with me? Only give me your promise."

"I promise nothing," said Maud; "but when you are ready to travel, perhaps you may find me in a better humor."

The words seemed to fire him. "That's promise enough for me," he cried, and put out his arms toward her. She struck down his hands, and protested with sudden, cattish energy:

"Let me alone. Don't you come so near me. I don't like it."

"Now you can go," she added. "I have got a lot to think about."

He thought he would not spoil his success by staying. "Good-bye, then," he said, kissing his fingers to her. "Good-bye for a little while, my own precious."

He turned at the door. "This is between us, ain't it?"

"Yes, what there is of it," she said, with a smile that took all sting from the words.

He walked to the shop, and wrung the old man's hand. His look of exultation caused Saul to say, "All settled, eh?"

"No," said Offitt; "but I have hopes. And now, Mr. Matchin, you know young ladies and the ways of the world. I ask you, as a gentleman, not to say nothing about this, for the present, to nobody."

Saul, proud of his secret, readily promised.

XIV.

CAPTAIN FARNHAM SEES ACTIVE SERVICE AGAIN.

FARNHAM lost no time in calling upon the Mayor to fulfill his engagement. He found his Honor a little subdued by the news of the morning. None of the strikers of the day before had gone back to work, and considerable accessions were reported from other trades. The worst symptom seemed to be that many shops were striking without orders. The cessation of work was already greater than seemed at first contemplated by the leading agitators themselves. They seemed to be losing their own control of the working-men, and a few tony vagrants and convicts from the city and from neighboring towns, who had come to the surface from nobody knew where, were beginning to exercise a wholly unexpected authority. They were going from place to place, haranguing the workmen, preaching what they called socialism, but what was merely riot and plunder. They were listened to without much response. In some places the men stopped work; in others they drove out the agitators; in others they would listen awhile, and then shout,

"Give us a rest!" or "Hire a hall!" or "Wipe off your chin!" But all the while the crowds gradually increased in the streets and public places; the strike, if it promised nothing worse, was taking the dimensions of a great, sad, anxious holiday. There was not the slightest intention on the part of the authorities to interfere with it, and to do them justice, it is hard to see what they could have done, with the means at their disposal. The Mayor, therefore, welcomed Farnham with great cordiality, made him a captain of police, for special duty, on the spot, and enrolled his list of recruits of the night before as members of the police force of the city, expressly providing that their employment should cost the city nothing, now or hereafter.

Farnham again made his rounds of the city, but found nothing especially noteworthy or threatening. The wide town, in spite of the large crowds in the streets, had a deserted look. A good many places of business were closed. There was little traffic of vehicles. The whistle of the locomotives and the rush of trains—sounds which had grown so familiar in that great railroad center that the ear ceased to be affected by them—being suddenly shut off, the silence which came in their place was startling to the sense. The voices of the striking employees, who retained possession of the Union Passenger Depot, resounded strangely through the vast building, which was usually a babel of shrill and strident sounds.

On the whole, the feature which most struck him in this violent and unnatural state of things was the singular good-nature of almost all classes. The mass of the workingmen made no threats; the greater number of employers made no recriminations. All hoped for an arrangement, though no one could say how it was to come. The day passed away in fruitless parleys, and at night the fever naturally rose, as is the way of fevers.

When nightfall came, the crowd had become so great in the public square that Farnham thought it might be better not to march his improvised policemen in a body up-town. He therefore dispatched orders to Kendall to send them up with their arms, singly or by twos and threes, to his house. By eight o'clock they were all there, and he passed an hour or so in putting them through a rude form of drill and giving them the instructions which he had prepared during the day. His intention was to keep them together on his own place during the early part of the night, and if, toward midnight, all seemed quiet, to scatter them as a patrol about the neighborhood; in case of serious disturbance anywhere else, to be ready to take part in restoring order.

About nine o'clock a man was seen coming rapidly from the house to the rear garden, where Farnham and his company were. The men were dispersed about the place; some on the garden seats, some lying on the grass in the clear moonlight. Farnham was a little apart, talking with Kendall and Grosshammer. He started up to meet the intruder; it was Mr. Temple.

"What's all this?" said Temple.

"The manly art of self-defense," said Farnham, smiling.

"I see, and I am glad to see it, too," answered Temple, warmly. "One of my men told me an hour ago that in the Tramps' Lodging House, last night, it was the common talk that there would be a rush on the houses in this region to-night. I went to the Mayor and tried to see him, but he was hiding, I think. I went to the Chief of Police, and he was in a blue funk. So I thought I would come up myself and see you. I knew you could raise a few men among your servants over here, and I would bring half a dozen, and we could answer for a few tramps, anyhow. But you are all right, and there is nothing to do but wait for them."

"Yes, thank you!" said Farnham, "though I am a thousand times obliged to you for your good-will. I won't forget it in a hurry, old man. Are you going home now? I will walk a block or two with you."

"No, I am not going home—not by"—[we draw the veil over Temple's language at this point]. "I have come to spend the evening. Have you any tools for me?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! there is not the least use of it. There is not one chance in a million that there will be anything to do."

The two men were walking toward the house. Temple said: "Don't be too sure of it. As I passed by the corner of the Square ten minutes ago, there was a fellow in front of Mouchem's gin-mill, a long-haired, sal-low-looking pill, who was making as ugly a speech to a crowd of ruffians as I ever heard. One phrase was something like this: 'Yes, my fellow-toilers'—he looked like he had never worked a muscle in his life except his jaw-tackle,—'the time has come. The hour is at hand. The people rule. Tyranny is down. Enter in and take possession of the spoilers' gains. Algonquin Avenue is heaped with riches wrung from the sweat of the poor. Clean out the abodes of blood guiltiness.' And you ought to have heard the ki-yi's that followed. That encouraged him, and he went on: 'Algonquin Avenue is a robbers' cave. It's very handsome, but it needs one thing more.' 'What's that?' some fellows yelled. 'An aristocrat hung to every lamp-post.'

This was very popular, too, you can bet your boots. On that I toddled off, so as to get you a chance to say your peccavy, anyhow."

Walking and talking together, they had passed the house and come to the gate opening on the avenue.

"You might shut these wide gates," said Temple.

"I do not think they have been shut in ten years," Farnham answered. "Let's try it."

The effort was unsuccessful. The heavy gates would not budge. Suddenly a straggling, irregular cheer was heard from the direction of the Square. "There!" said Temple, "my friend the orator has got off another good thing."

But Farnham, who had stepped outside at the sound and gazed on the moon-lighted avenue, said, "There they come now!"

They both ran back to the house, Farnham blowing his watchman's whistle. "See here," said Temple, "I must have some tools. You have a club and revolver. Give me the club," which he took without more ceremony. The men came up from the garden in an instant, and fell in at Farnham's word of command in a moment. Masked by the shadows of the trees and the shrubbery, they were not discernible from the street.

"Remember," said Farnham. "Use your clubs as much as you see fit, if you come to close quarters; but do not fire without orders, unless to save your own lives. I don't think it is likely that these fellows are armed."

The clattering of feet grew louder on the sidewalk, and in a moment the leaders of the gang—it could hardly be called a mob—stopped by the gates. "Here's the place. Come along, boys!" one of them shouted, but no one stirred until the whole party came up. They formed a dense crowd about the gates and half-filled the wide avenue. There was evidently a moment of hesitation, and then three or four rushed through the gate, followed by a larger number, and at last by the bulk of the crowd. They had come so near the porch that it could now be seen by the light of the moon that few of them carried arms. Some had sticks; one or two men carried heavy stones in their hands; one young man brandished an axe; one had a hammer. There was evidently no attempt at organization whatever.

Farnham waited until they were only a few feet away, and then shouted:

"Forward! Guide right! Double time! March!"

The men darted out from the shadow and began to lay about them with their clubs. A yell of dismay burst from the crowd. Those in front turned and met those behind, and

the whole mass began striking out wildly at each other. Yelling and cursing, they were forced back over the lawn to the gate. Farnham, seeing that no shots had been fired, was confirmed in his belief that the rioters were without organization and, to a great extent, without arms. He therefore ordered his men to the right about and brought them back to the house. This movement evidently encouraged the mob. Loud voices were distinctly heard.

"Who's afraid of half a dozen cops?" said a burly ruffian, who carried a slung-shot. "There's enough of us to eat 'em up."

"That's the talk, Bowersox," said another.

"You go in and get the first bite."

"That's my style," said Bowersox. "Come along, Offitt. Where's Bott? I guess he don't feel very well. Come along, boys! We'll slug 'em this time!" And the crowd, inspired by this exhortation and the apparent weakness of the police force, made a second rush for the house.

Temple was standing next to Farnham. "Arthur," he whispered, "let's change weapons a moment," handing Farnham his club and taking the revolver from his hand. Farnham hardly noticed the exchange, so intently was he watching the advance of the crowd, which he saw, in a moment, was far more serious than the first. They were coming up more solidly, and the advantage of the surprise was now gone. He waited, however, until they were almost as near as they had been before, and then gave the order to charge, in the same words as before, but in a much sharper and louder tone, which rang out like a sudden blast from a trumpet.

The improvised policemen darted forward and attacked as vigorously as ever, but the assailants stood their ground. There were blows given as well as taken this time. There was even a moment's confusion on the extreme right of the line, where the great bulk of Bowersox bore down one of the veterans. Farnham sprang forward and struck the burly ruffian with his club; but his foot slipped on the grass, and he dropped on one knee. Bowersox raised his slung-shot; a single report of a pistol rang out, and he tumbled forward over Farnham, who sprang to his feet and shouted, "Now, men, drive 'em!" Taking the right himself and profiting by the momentary shock of the shot, they got the crowd started again, and by vigorous clubbing drove them once more into the street.

Returning to the shadow by the house, Farnham's first question was, "Is anybody hurt?"

"I've got a little bark knocked off," said one quiet fellow, who came forward showing a ghastly face bathed in blood from a wound

in his forehead. Farnham looked at him a moment, and then, running to his door, opened it and called Budsey, who had been hiding in the cellar, praying to all his saints.

"Here, Budsey, take this man down to the coachman's house, and then go round the corner and bring Dr. Cuits. If he isn't there, get somebody else. It does not amount to much, but there will be less scar if it is attended to at once."

The man was starting away with Budsey, when Temple said, "Look here! You want need that arsenal any more to-night. Pass it over," and took the man's belt, with club and pistol, and buckled them around his own slim waist. Handing Farnham his own pistol, he said: "Thanks, Arthur. I owe you one cartridge."

"And I owe you, God knows how much!"

Farnham then briefly announced to his men that the shot which had just been fired was not by a member of the company, and was, therefore, not a disobedience of orders. Catching sight of Bowersox lying motionless on the grass, he ordered,

"Two file-closers from the right, go and bring in that man!"

But at that moment Bowersox moved, sat up and looked about him, and, suddenly remembering where he was, struggled to his feet and half-ran, half-staggered to his friends in the street. They gathered about him for a moment, and then two of them were seen supporting him on his way into the town.

Farnham was standing behind his men, and a little apart. He was thinking whether it might not be best to take them at once into the street and disperse the crowd, when he felt a touch at his elbow. He turned, and saw his gardener, Ferguson.

"If I might speak a word, sir!"

"Certainly—what is it? But be quick about it."

"I think all is not right at the Widow Belding's. I was over there but now, and a dozen men—I did not count them,—but—"

"Heavens! why did I not think of that? Kendall, you take command of these men for a moment. Bolty, you and the three files on the left come with me. Come, Temple,—the back way." And he started at a pace so rapid that the others could hardly keep him in sight.

After the first repulse of the crowd, Offitt, Bott, and a few more of the Bread-winners, together with some of the tramps and jail-birds who had come for plunder, gathered together across the street and agreed upon a diversion. It was evident, they said, that Farnham had a considerable police force with him to protect his property; it was useless to waste any more time there; let the

rest stay there and occupy the police; they could have more fun and more profit in some of the good houses in the neighborhood. "Yes," one suggested, "Jairus Belding's widdler lives just a step off. Lots o' silver and things. Less go there."

They slipped away in the confusion of the second rush, and made their way through the garden to Mrs. Belding's. They tried the door, and, finding it locked, they tore off the shutters and broke the windows, and made their way into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Belding and Alice were sitting.

They had been alarmed by the noise and tumult in front of Farnham's house, and had locked and bolted their own doors in consequence. Passing through the kitchen in their rounds, they found Ferguson there in conversation with the cook. "Why, Ferguson!" said the widow: "why are you not at home? They are having lively times over there, are they not?"

"Yes," said the gardener; "but they have a plenty of men with arms, and I thought I'd e'en step over here and hearten up Bessie a bit."

"I'm sure she ought to be very much obliged," responded Mrs. Belding, dryly, though, to speak the truth, she was not displeased to have a man in the house, however little she might esteem his valor.

"I have no doubt he sneaked away from the fuss," she said to Alice; "but I would rather have him in the kitchen than nothing."

Alice assented. "That is what they mean by moral support, I suppose."

She spoke with a smile, but her heart was ill at ease. The man she loved was, for all she knew, in deadly danger, and she could not show that she cared at all for him, for fear of showing that she cared too much.

"I am really anxious about Arthur Farnham," continued Mrs. Belding. "I hope he will not get himself into any scrape with those men."

The tumult on the street and on the lawn had as yet presented itself to her in no worse light than as a labor demonstration, involving cheers and rude language. "I am afraid he won't be polite enough to them. He might make them a little speech, complimenting Ireland and the American flag, and then they would go away. That's what your father did, in that strike on the Wabash. It was in the papers at the time. But these soldiers—I'm afraid Arthur mayn't be practical enough."

"Fortunately, we are not responsible for him," said Alice, whose heart was beating violently.

"Why, Alice! what a heartless remark!" At this instant the windows came crashing in, and a half-dozen ruffians burst into the room. Alice sprang, pale and silent, to the

side of her mother, who sat, paralyzed with fright, in her rocking-chair.

A man came forward from the group of assailants. His soft hat was drawn down over his eyes, and a red handkerchief concealed the lower part of his face. His voice was that of Offitt, as he said, "Ladies, we don't want to do no violence; but, in the name of the Revolutionary Committee, we have called to collect an assessment on you." This machinery was an invention of the moment, and was received with great satisfaction by the Bread-winners.

"That's what's the matter," they said, in chorus. "Your assessment, and be lively about it. All you've got handy."

"I have no money in the house," Mrs. Belding cried. "What shall I do?"

"You forget, mamma," said Alice. "There is some upstairs. If these gentlemen will wait here a moment, I will go and get it."

Offitt looked at her sharply. "Well, run and get it. Bott, you go with her."

Bott turned angrily upon his chief. "What's the use of calling names? What if I said your name was —"

"There, there, don't keep the lady waiting."

Alice turned from the room, closely followed by Bott. Reaching the stairs, she swept up the long flight with the swift grace of a swallow. Bott hurried after her as fast as he could; but she gained her bedroom door enough in advance to shut and lock it between them, leaving him kicking and swearing in the hall. She ran to her open window, which looked toward Farnham's, and sent the voice of her love and her trouble together into the clear night in one loud cry, "Arthur!"

She blushed crimson as the word involuntarily broke from her lips, and cried again as loudly as she could, "Help!"

"I hope he did not hear me at first," she said, covering her face with her hands, and again she cried, "Help!"

"Shut up that noise," said Bott, who was kicking violently at the door, but could not break it down. "Shut up, or I'll wring your neck."

She stopped, not on account of his threats, which suddenly ceased, but because she heard the noise of footsteps on the porch, and of a short but violent scuffle, which showed that aid of some sort had arrived. In a few moments she heard Bott run away from her door. He started toward the stairs, but finding his retreat cut off ran to the front window, closely pursued. She heard a scramble. Then a voice which made her heart beat tumultuously said, "Look out below there."

A moment after, the same voice said, "Have

you got him?" and then, "All right! keep him."

A light knock on her door followed, and Farnham said, "Miss Belding."

Alice stood by the door a moment before she could open it. Her heart was still thumping, her voice failed her, she turned white and red in a moment. The strongest emotion of which she was conscious was the hope that Arthur had not heard her call him by his name.

She opened the door with a gravity which was almost ludicrous. Her first words were wholly so.

"Good evening, Captain Farnham," was all she could find to say. Then, striving desperately to add something more gracious, she stammered, "Mamma will be very —"

"Glad to see me in the drawing-room," Farnham laughed. "I have no doubt of it. She is quite safe there, and your visitors have gone. Will you join her now?"

She could not help perceiving the slight touch of sarcasm in his tone. She saw he was hurt by her coldness and shyness, and that made her still more cold and shy. Without another word she walked before him to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Belding still sat in her rocking-chair, moaning and wringing her hands. Mr. Temple was standing beside her, trying to soothe her, telling her it was all over. Boltz was tying the arms of one of the ruffians behind him, who lay on the floor on his face. There was no one else in the room.

Alice knelt on the floor by her mother and took her in her arms. "You are not hurt, are you, mamma dear?" she said, in a soft, tender tone, as if she were caressing a crying child.

"Oh, no! I suppose not," said the widow; "but I am not used to such doings at this time of night, and I don't like them. Captain Farnham, how shall I ever thank you? and you, Mr. Temple? Goodness knows what we should have done without you. Alice, the moment you left the room, some of them ran to the sideboard for the silver, another one proposed to set the house afire, and that vile creature with the red handkerchief asked me for my ear-rings and my brooch. I was trying to be as long as I could about getting them off, when these gentlemen came in. I tell you they looked like angels, and I'll tell your wife so when I see her, Mr. Temple; and as for Arthur —"

At this moment Boltz, having finished the last knot to his satisfaction, rose and touched his prisoner with his foot. "Captain," he said, saluting Farnham, "vot I shall do mit dis schnide?"

"They have got the one I dropped from the window?"

"Jawohl! on de gravel-walk draussen!"

"Very well. Take them both to the stable behind my house for the present, and make them fast together. Then come back here and stand guard awhile with the men on the porch, till I relieve you."

"All right. Git up mid yourself," he said, touching his prostrate foe not so gently, "and vorwaerts."

As they went out, Farnham turned to Mrs. Belding and said, "I think you will have no more trouble. The men I leave as a guard will be quite sufficient, I have no doubt. I must hurry back and dismiss the friends who have been serenading me."

She gazed at him, not quite comprehending, and then said, "Well, if you must go, good-night, and thank you a thousand times. When I have my wits about me I will thank you better."

Arthur answered laughingly as he shook hands, "Oh, that is of no consequence. It was merely neighborly. You would have done as much for me, I am sure." And the gentlemen took their leave.

When the ladies were alone, Mrs. Belding resumed her story of the great transaction. "Why, it will be something to tell about as long as I live," she said. "You had hardly got upstairs when I heard a noise of fighting outside on the walk and the porch. Then Arthur and Mr. Temple came through that window as if they were shot out of a cannon. The thief who stood by me, the red handkerchief one, did not stop, but burst through the hall into the kitchen and escaped the back way. Then Mr. Temple took another one and positively threw him through the win-

dow, while Arthur, with that policeman's club, knocked the one down whom you saw the German tying up. It was all done in an instant, and I just sat and screamed for my share of the work. Then Arthur came and caught me by the shoulder and almost shook me and said, 'Where is Alice?' Upon my word, I had almost forgotten you. I said you were upstairs and one of those wretches was there too. He looked as black as a fury and went up in about three steps. I always thought he had such a sweet temper, but to-night he seemed just to *love* to fight. Now I think of it, Alice, you hardly spoke to him to-night. You must not let him think we are ungrateful. You must write him a nice note to-morrow."

Alice laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, where her wet eyes could not be seen. "Mamma," she asked, "did he say 'Where is Alice?' Did he say nothing but 'Alice'?"

"Now, don't be silly," said Mrs. Belding. "Of course he said 'Alice.' You wouldn't expect a man to be Miss Belding you at such a time. You are quite too particular."

"He called me Miss Belding when he came upstairs," said Alice, still hiding her face.

"And what did you say to him—for saving this house and all our lives?"

The girl's overwrought nerves gave way. She had only breath enough to say, "I said 'Good evening, Captain Farnham!' Wasn't it too perfectly ridiculous?" and then burst into a flood of mingled laughter and tears which nothing could check, until she had cried herself quiet upon her mother's bosom.

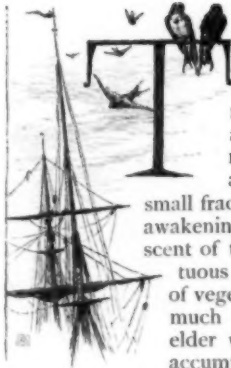
(To be continued.)

THE PINES' THOUGHT.

WITHIN the shadow of ourselves we stand,
 And see a thousand brilliancies unfold
 Where autumn woods, in gorgeous ruin, hold
 One late, last revel. Upon every hand
 Riot of color, death in pomp and state,
 Decay magnificent, inconstant blaze,—
 We have no part or splendor in these days.
 They shall be changed,—we are inviolate;
 Their voices shall be hushed on every hill,
 Their lights be quenched—all color fade and die,
 And when they stand like specters gaunt and still,
 With naked boughs against the far, cold sky,
 Lo! we shall hide the flying moon from sight,
 And lead the wind on many a roaring night.

Juliet C. Marsh.

NATURE IN ENGLAND.



THE first whiff we got of transatlantic nature was the peaty breath of the peasant chimneys of Ireland while we were yet many miles at sea. What a home-like, fireside smell it was; it seemed to make something long forgotten stir within one. One recognizes it as a characteristic Old World odor, it savors so of the soil and of a ripe and mellow antiquity. I know no other fuel that yields so agreeable a perfume. Unless the Irishman in one has dwindled to a very

small fraction, he will be pretty sure to dilate his nostrils and feel some dim awakening of memory on catching the scent of this ancestral fuel. The fat, unctuous peat, the pith and marrow of ages

of vegetable growth, how typical it is of much that lies there before us in the elder world; of the slow ripenings and accumulations, of extinct life and forms, decayed civilizations, of ten thousand

growths and achievements of the hand and soul of man, now reduced to their last modicum of fertilizing mold.

With the breath of the chimney there came presently the chimney-swallow, and dropped much fatigued upon the deck of the steamer. It was a still more welcome and suggestive token: the bird of Virgil and of Tennyson, acquainted with every cottage roof and chimney in Europe, and with the ruined abbeys and castle walls. Except its lighter-colored breast, it seemed identical with our barn-swallow; its little black cap appeared pulled down over its eyes in the same manner, and its glossy steel-blue coat, its forked tail, its infantile feet, and its cheerful twitter were the same. But its habits are different; for in Europe this swallow builds in chimneys, and the bird that answers to our chimney-swallow, or swift, builds in crevices in barns and houses.

We did not suspect we had taken aboard our pilot in the little swallow, yet so it proved; this light navigator always hails from the port of bright, warm skies; and the next morning we found ourselves sailing between shores basking in full summer sunshine. Those who after ten days of sorrowing and fasting in the desert of the ocean have sailed up the frith of Clyde, and thence up the Clyde to Glasgow, on the morning of a perfect mid-May day, the sky all sunshine, the earth all verdure, know what this experience is; and only those can know it. It takes a good many foul days in Scotland to breed one fair one; but when the fair day does come, it is



SOME MEADOW FLOWERS—LADIES' FINGERS, YELLOW RATTLE, MOON DAISIES, AND SOFT GRASS.

worth the price paid for it. The soul and sentiment of all fair weather is in it; it is the flowering of the meteorological influences, the rose on this thorn of rain and mist. These fair days, I was told, may be quite confidently looked for in May; we were so fortunate as to strike a series of them, and the day we entered port was such a one as you would select from a hundred.

The traveler is in a mood to be pleased after clearing that Atlantic gulf, the eye in its exuberance is full of caresses and flattery, and the deck of a steamer is a rare vantage-ground on any occasion of sight-seeing; it affords just the isolation and elevation needed. Yet fully discounting these favorable conditions, the fact remains that Scotch sunshine is bewitching, and that the scenery of the Clyde is unequaled by any other approach to Europe. It is Europe, abridged and assorted and passed before you in the space of a few hours: the highlands and lochs and castle-crowned crags on the one hand; and the lowlands, with their parks and farms, their manor halls and matchless verdure, on the other. The eye is conservative, and loves a look of permanence and order, of peace and contentment; and these Scotch shores, with their stone houses, compact masonry, clean fields, grazing herds, ivied walls, massive foliage, perfect roads, verdant mountains, etc., fill all the conditions. We pause an hour in front of Greenock, and then, on the crest of the tide, make our way slowly upward. The landscape closes around us. We can almost hear the cattle ripping off the lush grass in the fields. One feels as if he could eat grass himself. It is a pastoral paradise. We can see the daisies and buttercups; and from above a meadow on the right, a part of the song of a sky-lark reaches my ear. Indeed, not a little of the charm and novelty of this part of the voyage was the impression it made as of going afield in an ocean steamer. We had suddenly passed from a wilderness of waters into a verdurous, sunlit landscape, where scarcely any water was visible. The Clyde, soon after you leave Greenock, becomes little more than a large, deep canal, inclosed between meadow banks, and from the deck of the great steamer only the most charming rural sights and sounds greet you. You are at sea amid verdant parks and fields of clover and grain. You behold farm occupations—sowing, planting, plowing—as from the middle of the Atlantic. Playful heifers and skipping lambs take the place of the leaping dolphins and the basking sword-fish. The ship steers her way amid turnip-fields and broad acres of newly planted potatoes. You are not surprised that she needs piloting. A little tug with a rope at her

bow pulls her first this way and then that, while one at her stern nudges her right flank and then her left. Presently we come to the ship-building yards of the Clyde, where rural, pastoral scenes are strangely mingled with those of quite another sort. "First a cow and then an iron ship," as one of the voyagers observed. Here a pasture, or a meadow, or a field of wheat or oats, and close beside it, without an inch of waste or neutral ground between, rise the skeletons of innumerable ships, like a forest of slender growths of iron, with the workmen hammering amid it like so many noisy woodpeckers. It is doubtful if such a scene can be witnessed anywhere else in the world—an enormous mechanical, commercial, and architectural interest, alternating with the quiet and simplicity of inland farms and occupations. You could leap from the deck of a half-finished ocean steamer into a field of waving wheat or Winchester beans. These vast ship-yards are set down here upon the banks of the Clyde with as little interference with the scene as possible; one would say the vessels had come up out of the water like seals to sun themselves here on the grassy bank.

Of the factories and founderies that put this iron in shape you get no hint; here the ships rise as if they sprouted from the soil, without waste or litter, but with an incessant din. They stand as thickly as a row of cattle in stanchions, almost touching each other, and in all stages of development. Now and then a stall will be vacant, the ship having just been launched, and others will be standing with flags flying and timbers greased or soaped, ready to take to the water at the word. Two such, both large ocean steamers, waited for us to pass. We looked back, saw the last block or wedge knocked away from one of them, and the monster ship sauntered down to the water and glided out into the current in the most gentle, nonchalant way imaginable. I wondered at her slow pace, and at the grace and composure with which she took to the water; the problem nicely studied and solved—just power enough, and not an ounce to spare. The vessels are launched diagonally up or down stream, on account of the narrowness of the channel. But to see such a brood of ships, the largest in the world, hatched upon the banks of such a placid little river, amid such quiet country scenes, is a novel experience. But this is Britain: a little island, with little lakes, little rivers, quiet, bosky fields, but mighty interests and power that reach round the world. I was conscious that the same scene at home would have been less pleasing. It would not have been so compact and tidy. There



GRASSY MOUNTAINS.

would not have been a garden of ships and a garden of turnips side by side; hay-makers and ship-builders in adjoining fields; milch-cows and iron steamers seeking the water within sight of each other. We leave wide margins and ragged edges in this country, and both man and nature sprawl about at greater lengths than in the Old World.

I was perhaps least prepared for the utter tranquillity, and shall I say domesticity, of the mountains. At a distance they appear to be covered with a tender green mold that one could brush away with his hand. On nearer approach it is seen to be grass. They look nearly as rural and pastoral as the fields. Goat Fell is steep and stony, but even it does not have a wild and barren look. At home, one thinks of a mountain as either a vast pile of barren, frowning rocks and precipices, or else a steep acclivity covered with a tangle of primitive forest timber. But here, the mountains are high, grassy sheep-walks, smooth, treeless, rounded, and as green as if dipped in a fountain of perpetual spring. I did not wish my Catskills any different; but I wondered what would need to be done to them to make them look like these Scotch highlands. Cut away their forests, rub down all inequalities in their surfaces, pulverizing their loose boulders, turf them over, leaving the rock to show through here and there; then, with a few large black patches to represent the heather, and the softening and ameliorating effect of a mild, humid climate, they might in time come to bear some resemblance to these shepherd mountains. Then over all the landscape is that new look—that mellow,

legendary, half-human expression which nature wears in these ancestral lands, an expression familiar in pictures and in literature, but which a native of this side of the Atlantic has never before seen in gross, material objects and open-air spaces,—the added charm of the sentiment of time and human history, the ripening and ameliorating influence of long ages of close and loving occupation of the soil,—naturally a deep, fertile soil under a mild, very humid climate.

There is an unexpected, an unexplained lure and attraction in the landscape, a pensive, reminiscent feeling in the air itself. Nature has grown mellow under these humid skies, as in our fiercer climate she grows harsh and severe. One sees at once why this fragrant Old World has so dominated the affections and the imagination of our artists and poets: it is saturated with human qualities; it is unctuous with the ripeness of ages, the very marrow-fat of time.

II.

I HAD come to Great Britain less to see the noted sights and places, than to observe the general face of nature. I wanted to steep myself long and well in that mellow, benign landscape, and put to further tests the impressions I had got of it during a hasty visit one autumn, eleven years before. Hence I was mainly intent on roaming about the country, it mattered little where. Like an attic stored with relics and heir-looms, there is no place in England where you cannot instantly turn from nature to scenes and

places of deep historical or legendary or artistic interest. With a suitable companion, I should probably have made many long pedestrian tours. As it was, I took many short but delightful walks both in England

ment to the smell. When I plucked the flowers, which seemed precisely like our own, the odor was rank and disagreeable; but at the distance of a few yards it floated upon the moist air, a spicy and pleasing perfume. The



OLD ELDER-TREES.

and Scotland, with a half day's walk in the north of Ireland about Moville. 'Tis an admirable country to walk in,—the roads are so dry and smooth and of such easy grade, the foot-paths so numerous and so bold, and the climate so cool and tonic. One night, with a friend, I walked from Rochester to Maidstone, part of the way in a slow rain and part of the way in the darkness. We had proposed to put up at some one of the little inns on the road, and get a view of the weald of Kent in the morning; but the inns refused us entertainment, and we were compelled to do the eight miles at night, stepping off very lively the last four in order to reach Maidstone before the hotels were shut up, which takes place at eleven o'clock. I learned this night how fragrant the English elder is while in bloom, and that distance lends enchant-

ment to the smell. When I plucked the flowers, which seemed precisely like our own, the odor was rank and disagreeable; but at the distance of a few yards it floated upon the moist air, a spicy and pleasing perfume. The elder here, grows to be a veritable tree: I saw specimens seven or eight inches in diameter and twenty feet high. In the morning we walked back by a different route, taking in Boxley Church, where the pilgrims used to pause on their way to Canterbury, and getting many good views of Kent grain-fields and hop-yards. Sometimes the road wound through the landscape like a foot-path, with nothing between it and the rank growing crops. An occasional newly plowed field presented a curious appearance. The soil is upon the chalk formation, and is full of large fragments of flint. These work out upon the surface, and, being white and full of articulations and processes, give to the ground the appearance of being thickly strewn with bones—with thigh-bones greatly foreshortened. Yet these old bones in skillful hands

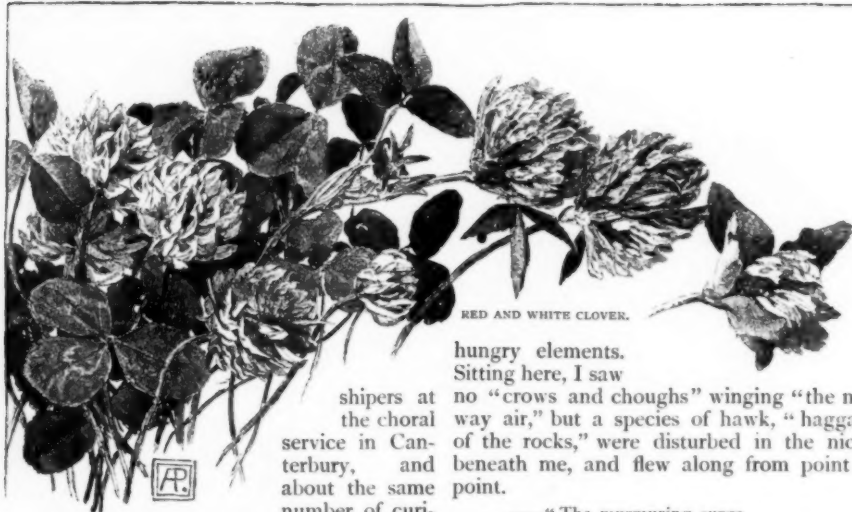


make a most effective building material. They appear in all the old churches and ancient buildings in the south of England. Broken squarely off, the flint shows a fine semi-transparent surface that, in combination with coarser material, has a remarkable crystalline effect. One of the most delicious bits of architectural decoration I saw in England was produced, in the front wall of one of the old buildings attached to the cathedral at Canterbury, by little squares of these flints in brick panel-work. The cool, pellucid, illuminating effect of the flint was just the proper foil to the warm, glowing, livid brick.

From Rochester we walked to Gravesend, over Gad's Hill; the day soft and warm, half sunshine, half shadow; the air full of the songs of sky-larks; a rich, fertile landscape all about us; the waving wheat just in bloom, dashed with scarlet poppies; and presently, on the right, the Thames in view dotted with vessels. Seldom any cattle or grazing herds in Kent; the ground is too valuable; it is all given up to wheat, oats, barley, hops, fruit, and various garden-produce.

A few days later we walked from Faversham to Canterbury, and from the top of Harbledown hill saw the magnificent cathedral suddenly break upon us as it did upon the foot-sore and worshipful pilgrims centuries ago. At this point, it is said, they knelt down, which seems quite probable, the view is so imposing. The cathedral stands out from and

above the city, as if the latter were the foundation upon which it rested. On this walk we passed several of the famous cherry orchards of Kent—the thriftiest trees and the finest fruit I ever saw; not stung by insects, as with us. About the best glimpses I had of the cathedral—after the first view from Harbledown hill—were obtained while lying upon my back on the grass, under the shadow of its walls, and gazing up at the jackdaws flying about the central tower and going out and in weather-worn openings three hundred feet above me. There seemed to be some wild, pinnacled mountain peak or rocky ledge up there toward the sky, where the fowls of the air had made their nests, secure from molestation. The way the birds make themselves at home about these vast architectural piles is very pleasing. Doves, starlings, jackdaws, swallows, sparrows take to them as to a wood or to a cliff. If there were only something to give a corresponding touch of nature or a throb of life inside! But their interiors are only impressive sepulchers—tombs within a tomb. Your own footfalls seem like the echo of past ages. These cathedrals belong to the pleistocene period of man's religious history—the period of gigantic forms. How vast, how monstrous, how terrible in beauty and power! but as empty and dead as the shells upon the shore. The cold, thin ecclesiasticism that now masquerades in them hardly disturbs the dust in their central aisles. I saw five wor-



RED AND WHITE CLOVER.

ous spectators. For my part, I could not take my eyes off the remnants of some of the old stained windows up aloft. If I worshiped at all, it was my devout admiration of those superb relics. There could be no doubt about the faith that inspired those. Below them were some gorgeous modern memorial windows: stained glass, indeed! loud, garish, thin, painty; while these were like a combination of precious stones and gems, full of depth and richness of tone, and, above all, serious, not courting your attention. My eye was not much taken with them at first, and not till after it had recoiled from the hard, thin glare in my immediate front.

From Canterbury I went to Dover, and spent part of a day walking along the cliffs to Folkestone. There is a good foot-path that skirts the edge of the cliffs, and it is much frequented. It is characteristic of the compactness and neatness of this little island that there is not an inch of waste land along this sea margin; the fertile rolling landscape, waving with wheat and barley, and with grass just ready for the scythe, is cut squarely off by the sea; the plow and the reaper come to the very brink of the chalky cliffs. As you sit down on Shakspeare's Cliff, with your feet dangling in the air at a height of three hundred and fifty feet, you can reach back and pluck the grain heads and the scarlet poppies. Never have I seen such quiet pastoral beauty take such a sudden leap into space. Yet the scene is tame, in one sense: there is no hint of the wild and the savage; the rock is soft and friable, a kind of chalky bread, which the sea devours readily; the hills are like freshly cut loaves; slice after slice has been eaten away by the

hungry elements.

Sitting here, I saw

no "crows and coughts" winging "the midway air," but a species of hawk, "haggards of the rocks," were disturbed in the niches beneath me, and flew along from point to point.

—"The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."

I had wondered why Shakspeare had made his sea-shores pebbly instead of sandy, and now I saw why: they are pebbly, with not a grain of sand to be found. This chalk formation, as I have already said, is full of flint nodules; and as the shore is eaten away by the sea, these rounded masses remain. They soon become worn into smooth pebbles, that beneath the pounding of the surf give out a strange rattling, clinking sound. Across the Channel, on the French side, there is more sand, but it is of the hue of mud and not pleasing to look upon.

Of other walks I had in England, I recall with pleasure a Sunday up the Thames toward Windsor: the day perfect, the river alive with row-boats, the shore swarming with pedestrians and picnickers; young athletic London, male and female, rushing forth as hungry for the open air and the water as young mountain herds for salt. One shore of the Thames, sometimes the right, sometimes the left, it seems, belongs to the public. No private grounds, however lordly, are allowed to monopolize both sides.

Another salutary walk was along the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and through Gilbert White's country, in quest of the nightingale. I was everywhere a day or a half day, or else a few hours, too late to hear the famous bird in full song, so sharply and abruptly does their musical period end. Another walk was about Winchester and Salisbury, with more cathedral viewing. One of the most human things to be seen

in the great cathedrals is the carved image of some old knight or warrior prince resting above his tomb, with his feet upon his faithful dog. I was touched by this remembrance of the dog. In all cases he looked alert and watchful, as if guarding his master while he slept. I noticed that Cromwell's soldiers were less apt to batter off the nose and ears of the dog than they were those of the knight.

the yellow-hammer, two or three being within ear-shot. The song is much like certain sparrows, only inferior: *Sip, sip, sip, see-e-e-e*; or, *If, if, if, you pleas-e-e-e*. Honey-bees on the white clover. Turf very thick and springy, supporting two or three kinds of grass resembling redtop and bearded rye-grass. Narrow-leaved plantain, a few buttercups, a small yellow flower unknown to me (probably ladies' fingers), also a species of dan-



IN KENT—NEAR GRAVESEND.

At Stratford I did more walking. After a row on the river, we strolled through the low, grassy field in front of the church, redolent of cattle and clover, and sat for an hour on the margin of the stream and enjoyed the pastoral beauty and the sunshine. In the afternoon (it was Sunday) I walked across the fields to Shottery, and then followed the road as it wound amid the quaint little thatched cottages till it ended at a stile from which a foot-path led across broad, sunny fields to a stately highway. To give a more minute account of English country scenes and sounds in midsummer, I will here copy some jottings in my note-book, made then and there:

"July 16. In the fields beyond Shottery. Bright and breezy, with appearance of slight showers in the distance. Thermometer probably 66 or 68 degrees; a good working temperature. Clover—white, red, and yellow (white predominating)—in the fields all about me. The only noticeable bird voice that of

delion and prunella. The land thrown into marked swells twenty feet broad. Two Sunday-school girls lying on the grass in the other end of the field. A number of young men playing some game, perhaps cards, seated on the ground in an adjoining field. Scarcely any signs of midsummer to me; no ripeness or maturity in Nature yet. The grass very tender and succulent, the streams full and roily. Yarrow and cinque-foil also in the grass where I sit. The plantain in bloom and fragrant. Along the Avon, the meadow-sweet in full bloom, with a fine cinnamon odor. A wild rose here and there in the hedge-rows. The wild clematis nearly ready to bloom. The wheat and oats full-grown, but not yet turning. The clouds soft and fleecy. Prunella dark purple. The red clover very ruddy; the white large. A few paces farther on I enter a highway, one of the broadest I have seen, the road-bed hard and smooth as usual, about sixteen feet wide, with grassy margins

twelve feet wide, redolent with white and red clover. A rich farming landscape spreads around me, with blue hills in the far west. Cool and fresh like June. Bumble-bees here and there, more hairy than at home. A plow

islands of shade in a sea of grass. Drovers of sheep grazing, and herds of cattle reposing in the succulent fields. Now the just felt breeze brings me the rattle of a mowing machine, a rare sound here. The great motion-



COTTAGES AT SHOTTERY.

in a field by the road-side is so heavy I can barely move it—at least three times as heavy as an American plow; beam very long, tails four inches square, the mold-board a thick plank. The soil like putty; where it dries crumbling into small, hard lumps, but sticky and tough when damp,—Shakspeare's soil, the finest and most versatile wit of the world, the product of a sticky, stubborn clay-bank. Here is a field where every alternate swell is small. The large swells heave up in a very molten-like way—real turfy billows, crested with white clover-blossoms."

"July 17. On the road to Warwick, two miles from Stratford. Morning bright, with sky full of white, soft, high-piled thunder-heads. Plenty of pink blackberry blossoms along the road; herb Robert in bloom, and a kind of Solomon's-seal as at home, and what appears to be a species of golden-rod with a midsummery smell. The note of the yellow-hammer and the wren here and there. Beech-trees loaded with mast and humming with bumble-bees, probably gathering honeydew, which seems to be more abundant here than with us. The landscape like a well-kept park dotted with great trees, which make

less arms of a windmill rising here and there above the horizon. A gentleman's turn-out goes by, with glittering wheels and spanking team; the footman in livery behind, the gentleman driving. I hear his brake scrape as he puts it on down the gentle descent. Now a lark goes off. Then the mellow horn of a cow or heifer is heard. Then the bleat of sheep. The crows caw hoarsely. Few houses by the road-side, but here and there behind the trees in the distance. I hear the greenfinch, stronger and sharper than our goldfinch, but less pleasing. The matured look of some fields of grass alone suggests midsummer. Several species of mint by the road-side, also certain white umbelliferous plants. Everywhere that royal weed of Britain, the nettle. Shapely piles of road material and pounded stone at regular distances, every fragment of which will go through a two-inch ring. The roads are mended only in winter, and are kept as smooth and hard as a rock. No swells or 'thank-y'-ma'ms' in them to turn the water; they shed the water like a rounded pavement. On the hill, three miles from Stratford, where a finger-post points you to Hampton Lucy, I turn and see the spire of Shak-



MEADOW BY AVON.

spere's church between the trees. It lies in a broad, gentle valley, and rises above many trees. 'I hope and praise God it will keep foine,' said the old woman at whose little cottage I stopped for ginger-beer, attracted by a sign in the window. 'One penny, sir, if you please. I made it myself, sir. I do not leave the front door unfastened' (undoing it to let me out) 'when I am down in the garden.' A weasel runs across the road in front of me, and is scolded by a little bird. The body of a dead hedgehog festering beside the hedge. A species of *St. Johnswort* in bloom, teasels, and a small *convolvulus*. Also a species of plantain with a head large as my finger, purple tinged with white. Road margins wide, grassy, and fragrant with clover. Privet in bloom in the hedges, panicles of small white flowers faintly sweet-scented. 'As clean and white as privet when it flowers,' says Tennyson in 'Walking to the Mail.' The road an avenue between noble trees, beech, ash, elm, and oak. All the fields are bounded by lines of stately trees; the distance is black with them. A large thistle by the road-side, with homeless bumble-bees on the heads as at home, some of them white-faced and stingless. Thistles rare in this country. Weeds of all kinds rare except the nettle. The place to see the Scotch thistle is not in Scotland or England, but in America."

III

ENGLAND is like the margin of a spring-run, near its source—always green, always cool, always moist, comparatively free from frost in winter and from drought in summer. The spring-run to which it owes this character is the Gulf stream, which brings out of the pit of the southern ocean what the fountain brings out of the bowels of the earth—a uniform temperature, low but constant; a fog in winter, a cloud in summer. The spirit of gentle, fertilizing summer rain perhaps never took such tangible and topographical shape before. Cloud-evolved, cloud-enveloped, cloud-protected, it fills the eye of the American traveler with a vision of greenness such as he has never before dreamed of; a greenness born of perpetual May, tender, untarnished, ever renewed, and as uniform and all-pervading as the rain-drops that fall, covering mountain, cliff, and vale alike. The softened, rounded, full outlines given to our landscape by a deep fall of snow is given to the English by this depth of vegetable mold and this all-prevailing verdure which it supports. Indeed, it is caught upon the shelves and projections of the rocks as if it fell from the clouds,—a kind of green snow,—and it clings to their rough or slanting sides like moist flakes. In the little valleys and chasms it appears to lie deepest. Only the peaks and broken rocky crests of the highest Scotch



SOME HEDGE-ROW FLOWERS—PRIVET, DOGROSE, BRAMBLE,
HONEYSUCKLE.

sides the moist, fresh greenness fairly drips. Grass, grass, grass, and evermore grass. Is there another country under the sun so be-cushioned, becarpeted, and becurtained with grass? Even the woods are full of grass, and I have seen them mowing in a forest. Grass grows upon the rocks, upon the walls, on the tops of the old castles, on the roofs of the houses. Turf used as capping to a stone fence thrives and blooms as if upon the ground. There seems to be a deposit from the atmosphere,—a slow but steady accumulation of a black, peaty mold upon all reposed surfaces,—that by and by supports some of the lower or cryptogamous forms of vegetation. These decay and add to the soil, till thus in time grass and other plants will grow. The walls of the old castles and cathedrals support a variety of plant life. On Rochester Castle I saw two or three species of large wild flowers growing one hundred feet from the ground, and tempting the tourist to perilous reachings and climbings to get them. The very stones seem to sprout. My companion made a sketch of a striking group of red and white flowers blooming far up on one of the buttresses of Rochester Cathedral. The soil will climb to any height. Indeed, there seems to be a kind of finer soil floating in the air. How else can one account for the general smut of the human face and hands in this country, and the impossibility of keeping his own

clean? The unwashed hand here quickly leaves a deposit on whatever it touches. A prolonged neglect of soap and water, and I think one would be presently covered with a fine green mold, like that upon the boles of the trees in the woods. If the rains were not occasionally heavy enough to clean them off, I have no doubt that the roofs of all buildings in England would in a few years be covered with turf, and that daisies and buttercups would bloom upon them. How quickly all new buildings take on the prevailing look of age and mellowness. One needs to have seen the great architectural piles and monuments of Britain to appreciate Shakspeare's line—

"That unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish Time."

He must also have seen those Scotch or Cumberland mountains to appreciate the descriptive force of this other line—

"The turfy mountains where live the nibbling sheep."

The turfy mountains are the unswept stones that have held and utilized their ever increasing capital of dirt. These vast rocky eminences are stuffed and padded with peat; it is the sooty soil of the house-tops and of the grimy human hand, deepened and accumulated till it nourishes the finest, sweetest grass.

It was this turfy and grassy character of these mountains—I am tempted to say their cushiony character—that no reading or picture viewing of mine had prepared me for. In the cut or on canvas they appeared like hard and frowning rocks; and here I beheld them as

green and succulent as any meadow-bank in April or May,—vast, elevated sheep-walks and rabbit-warrens, treeless, shrubless, generally without loose bowlders, shelving rocks, or sheer precipices; often rounded, feminine, dimpled, or impressing one as if the rock had been thrust up beneath an immense stretch of the finest lawn, and had carried the turf with it heavenward, rending it here and there, but preserving acres of it intact.

larklike tail. No sound of wind in the trees; there were no trees, no seared branches and trunks that so enhance and set off the wildness of our mountain-tops. On the summit the wind whistled around the outcropping rocks and hummed among the heather, but the great mountain did not purr or roar like one covered with forests.

I lingered for an hour or more, and gazed upon the stretch of mountain and vale



OLD BRIDGE ON AVON.

In Scotland I ascended Ben Venue, not one of the highest or ruggedest of the Scotch mountains, but a fair sample of them, and my foot was seldom off the grass or bog, often sinking into them as into a saturated sponge. Where I expected a dry course, I found a wet one. The thick, springy turf was oozing with water. Instead of being balked by precipices, I was hindered by swamps. Where a tangle of brush or a chaos of bowlders should have detained me, I was picking my way as through a wet meadow-bottom tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees. My feet became soaked when my shins should have been bruised. Occasionally, a large deposit of peat in some favored place had given way beneath the strain of much water, and left a black chasm a few yards wide and a yard or more deep. Cold spring-runs were abundant, wild flowers few, grass universal. A loping hare started up before me; a pair of ringed ourels took a hasty glance at me from behind a rock; sheep and lambs, gray as the outcropping rock, were scattered here and there; the wheat-ear uncovered its white rump as it flitted from rock to rock, and the mountain pipit displayed its

about me. The summit of Ben Lomond, eight or ten miles to the west, rose a few hundred feet above me. On four peaks I could see snow or miniature glaciers. Only four or five houses, mostly humble shepherd dwellings, were visible in that wide circuit. The sun shone out at intervals; the driving clouds floated low, their keels scraping the rocks of some of the higher summits. The atmosphere was filled with a curious white film, like water tinged with milk, an effect only produced at home by a fine mist. "A certain tameness in the view, after all," I recorded in my note-book on the spot, "perhaps because of the trim and grassy character of the mountain; not solemn and impressive; no sense of age or power. The rock crops out everywhere, but it can hardly look you in the face; it is crumbling and insignificant; shows no frowning walls, no tremendous cleavage; nothing overhanging and precipitous; no wrath and revel of the elder gods."

Even in rugged Scotland, nature is scarcely wilder than a mountain sheep, certainly a good way short of the ferity of the moose and caribou. There is everywhere marked



STRATFORD—FROM BARDON HILL.

repose and moderation in the scenery, a kind of aboriginal Scotch canniness and propriety that gives one a new sensation. On and about Ben Nevis there is barrenness, cragginess, and desolation; but the characteristic feature of wild Scotch scenery is the moor, lifted up into mountains, covering low, broad hills, or stretching away in undulating plains, black, silent, melancholy, it may be, but never savage or especially wild. "The vast and yet not savage solitude," Carlyle says, referring to these moorlands. The soil is black and peaty, often boggy; the heather short and uniform as prairie grass; a shepherd's cottage or a sportsman's "box" stuck here and there amid the hills. The highland cattle are shaggy and picturesque, but the

moors and mountains are close cropped and uniform. The solitude is not that of a forest full of still forms and dim vistas, but of wide, open, somber spaces. Nature did not look alien or unfriendly to me; there must be barrenness or some savage threatening feature in the landscape to produce this impression; but the heather and whin are like a permanent shadow, and one longs to see the trees stand up and wave their branches. The torrents leaping down off the mountains are very welcome to both eye and ear. And the lakes—nothing can be prettier than Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, though one wishes for some of the superfluous rocks of the New World to give their beauty a granite setting.

IV

It is characteristic of nature in England that most of the stone with which the old bridges, churches, and cathedrals are built is so soft that people carve their initials in it with their jackknives, as we do in the bark of a tree or in a piece of pine timber. At Stratford they have posted a card upon the outside of the old church, imploring visitors to refrain from this barbarous practice. One sees names and dates there more than a century old. Often, in leaning over the parapets of the bridges along the highways, I would find them covered with letters and figures. Tourists have made such havoc chipping off fragments from the old Brig o' Doon in Burns's country, that the parapet has had to be repaired. One could cut out the key of the arch with his pocket-knife. And yet these old structures outlast empires. A few miles from Glasgow I saw the remains of an old Roman bridge, the arch apparently as perfect as when the first Roman chariot passed over it, probably fifteen centuries ago. No wheels but those of time pass over it in these later centuries, and these seem to be driven slowly and gently in this land, with but little wear and tear to the ancient highways.

England is not a country of granite and marble, but of chalk, marl, and clay. The old Plutonic gods do not assert themselves; they are buried and turned to dust, and the more modern humanistic divinities bear sway. The land is a green cemetery of extinct rude forces. Where the highway or the railway gashed the hills deeply, I could seldom tell where the soil ended and the rock began, as they gradually assimilated, blended, and became one.

And this is the key to nature in England: 'tis granite grown ripe and mellow and issuing in grass and verdure; 'tis aboriginal force and fecundity become docile and equable and mounting toward higher forms,—the harsh, bitter rind of the earth grown sweet and edible. There is such body and substance in the color and presence of things that one thinks the very roots of the grass must go deeper than usual. The crude, the raw, the discordant, where are they? It seems a comparatively short and easy step from nature to the canvas or to the poem in this cozy land. Nothing need be added; the idealization has already taken place. A much sterner problem confronts the artist in America: a greater gulf has to be bridged, a gulf like that between the animal and the mineral. Life is less picturesque, and nature less moral, less mindful of man. The Old World is deeply covered with a kind of human leaf-mold, while the New is for the most part yet raw, undigested hard-

pan. This is why these scenes haunt one like a memory. One seems to have youthful associations with every field and hill-top he looks upon. The complete humanization of nature has taken place. The soil has been mixed with human thought, and substance. These fields have been alternately Celt, Roman, British, Norman, Saxon; they have moved and walked and talked and loved and suffered; hence one feels kindred to them and at home among them. The mother-land, indeed. Every foot of its soil has given birth to a human being and grown tender and conscious with time.

England is like a seat by the chimney-corner, and is as redolent of human occupancy and domesticity. It satisfies to the full one's utmost craving for the home-like and for the fruits of affectionate occupation of the soil. It does not satisfy one's craving for the wild, the savage, the aboriginal, what our poet describes as his

"Hungering, hungering, hungering, for primal energies and Nature's dauntlessness."

But probably in the matter of natural scenes we hunger most for that which we most do feed upon. At any rate, I can conceive that one might be easily contented with what the English landscape affords him.

Nature, with us, is a harsh, unloving step-mother. She has the continental swing and stride and the continental indifference. Things are on a large scale, and not so readily appropriated and domesticated as in England. Except here and there in New England, we have cropped and shorn the earth without taming her.

In the British island the whole physiognomy of the land bespeaks the action of slow, uniform, conservative agencies. There is an elemental composure and moderation in things that leave their mark everywhere,—a sort of aboriginal sweetness and docility that are a surprise and a charm. One does not forget that the evolution of man probably occurred in this hemisphere, and time would seem to have proved that there is something here more favorable to his perpetuity and longevity.

The dominant impression of the English landscape is repose. Never was such a restful land to the eye, especially to the American eye, sated as it is very apt to be with the mingled squalor and splendor of its own landscape, its violent contrasts, and general spirit of unrest. But the completeness and composure of this outdoor nature is like a dream. It is like the poise of the tide at its full: every hurt of the world is healed, every shore

covered, every unsightly spot is hidden. The circle of the horizon is brimming with the green equable flood. (I did not see the fens of Lincolnshire nor the wolds of York.) This look of repose is partly the result of the maturity and ripeness brought about by time and ages of patient and thorough husbandry, and partly the result of the gentle, continent spirit of Nature herself. She is contented, she is happily wedded, she is well clothed and fed. Her offspring swarm about her, her paths have fallen in pleasant places. The foliage of the trees, how dense and massive! The turf of the fields, how thick and uniform! The streams and rivers, how placid and full, showing no devastated margins, no wide-spread sandy wastes and unsightly heaps of drift boulders! To the returned traveler the foliage of the trees and groves of New England and New York looks thin and disheveled when compared with the foliage he has just left. This effect is probably owing to our cruder soil and sharper climate. In mid-summer the hair of our trees seems to stand on end; the woods have a wild, frightened look, or as if they were just recovering from a debauch. In our intense light and heat, the leaves, instead of spreading themselves full to the sun and crowding out upon the ends of the branches as they do in England, retreat, as it were, hide behind each other, stand edgewise, perpendicular, or at any angle, to avoid the direct rays. In Britain, from the slow, dripping rains and the excessive moisture, the leaves of the trees droop more, and the branches are more pendent. The rays of light are fewer and feebler, and the foliage disposes itself so as to catch them all, and thus presents a fuller and broader surface to the eye of the beholder. The leaves are massed upon the outer ends of the branches, while the interior of the tree is comparatively leafless. The European plane-tree is like a tent. The foliage is all on the outside. The bird voices in it reverberate as in a chamber.

"The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores,"

says Tennyson. At a little distance, it has the mass and solidity of a rock. A number of European maples growing in a park near me still keep up their foreign habit under our fierce skies, and sometimes get their leaves scorched. They spread the greatest possible leaf-surface to the light, and no ray penetrates their interiors. When their foliage begins to turn in the fall, the trees appear as if they had been lightly and hastily brushed with gold. The outer edges of the branches become a light yellow, while, a little deeper,

the body of the foliage is still green. It is this solid and sculpturesque character of the English foliage that so fills the eye of the artist. The feathery, formless, indefinite, not to say thin, aspect of our leafage is much less easy to paint, and much less pleasing when painted.

The same is true of the turf in the fields and upon the hills. The sward with us, even in the oldest meadows, will wear more or less a ragged, uneven aspect. The frost heaves it, the sun parches it; it is thin here and thick there, crabbed in one spot and fine and soft in another. Only by the frequent use of a heavy roller, copious waterings and top-dressings, can we produce sod that approaches in beauty even that of the elevated sheep ranges in England and Scotland.

The greater activity and abundance of the earth-worm, as disclosed by Darwin, probably has much to do with the smoothness and fatness of those fields when contrasted with our own. This little yet mighty engine is much less instrumental in leavening and leveling the soil in New England than in Old. The greater humidity of the mother-country, the deep clayey soil, its fattening for ages by human occupancy, the abundance of food, the milder climate, etc., are all favorable to the life and activity of the earth-worm. Indeed, according to Darwin, the gardener that has made England a garden is none other than this little obscure creature. It plows, drains, airs, pulverizes, fertilizes, and levels. It cannot transport rocks and stone, but it can bury them; it cannot remove the ancient walls and pavements, but it can undermine them and deposit its rich castings above them. On each acre of land, he says, "in many parts of England, a weight of more than ten tons of dry earth annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the surface." "When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse," he further observes, "we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms."

The small part which worms play in this direction in our landscape is, I am convinced, more than neutralized by our violent or disrupting climate; but England looks like the product of some such gentle, tireless, and beneficent agent. I have referred to that effect in the face of the landscape as if the soil had snowed down; it seems the snow came from the other direction, namely, from below, but was deposited with equal gentleness and uniformity.

The repose and equipoise of nature of which I have spoken appears in the fields

of grain no less than in the turf and foliage. One may see vast stretches of wheat, oats, barley, beans, etc., as uniform as the surface of a lake, every stalk of grain or bean the size and height of every other stalk. This, of course, means good husbandry; it means a mild, even-tempered nature back of it, also. Then the repose of the English landscape is enhanced, rather than marred, by the part man has played in it. How those old arched bridges rest above the placid streams; how easily they conduct the trim, perfect highways over them! Where the foot finds an easy way, the eye finds the same; where the body finds harmony, the mind finds harmony. Those ivy-covered walls and ruins, those finished fields, those rounded hedge-rows, those embowered cottages, and that gray, massive architecture, all contribute to the harmony and to the repose of the landscape. Perhaps in no other country are the grazing herds so much at ease. One's first impression, on seeing British fields in spring or summer, is that the cattle and sheep have all broken into the meadow and have not yet been discovered by the farmer; they have taken their fill, and are now reposing upon the grass or dreaming under the trees. But you presently perceive that it is all meadow or meadow-like, that there are no wild, weedy, or barren pastures about which the herds toil, but that they are in grass up to their eyes everywhere. Hence their contentment; hence another element of repose in the landscape.

The softness and humidity of the English

climate act in two ways in promoting that marvelous greenness of the land, namely, by growth and by decay. As the grass springs quickly, so its matured stalk or dry leaf decays quickly. No field growths are desiccated and preserved as with us; there are no dried stubble and seared leaves remaining over the winter to mar and obscure the verdancy of spring. Every dead thing is quickly converted back to vegetable mold. In the woods, in May, it is difficult to find any of the shed leaves of the previous autumn; in the fields and copses and along the highways, no stalk of weed or grass remains; while our wild, uplying pastures and mountain-tops always present a more or less brown and seared appearance from the dried and bleached stalks of the growth of the previous year, through which the fresh springing grass is scarcely visible. Where rain falls on nearly three hundred days in the year, as in the British islands, the conversion and reconversion of the mold into grass, and *vice versa*, take place very rapidly.

I have not been at all afraid of over-praising the beauty and the geniality of the face of the mother-country, and have not consciously exaggerated my impressions of any feature. 'Tis the old homestead; 'tis grandfather's and grandmother's land. Nature has been kind to it; man has been kind to it; 'tis the seat of the dominant race. The American feels at home there; the press of his foot to the soil, in Whitman's phrase, springs a hundred affections—affections and admirations he need not be ashamed to give free rein to.

John Burroughs.

SEMITONES.

Am me, the subtle boundary between
What pleases and what pains! The difference
Between the word that thrills our every sense
With joy, and one which hurts, although it mean
No hurt! It is the things that are unseen,
Invisible, not things of violence,
For which the mightiest are without defense.
On kine most fair to see one may grow lean
With hunger. Many a snowy bread is doled
Which is far harder than the hardest stones.
'Tis but a narrow line divides the zones
Where suns are warm from those where suns are cold.
'Twixt harmonies divine as chords can hold
And torturing discords, lie but semitones!

H. H.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A COUSIN.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Roderick Hudson," "Daisy Miller," etc.

PART I.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1873.—There are moments when I feel that she has asked too much of me—especially since our arrival in this country. These three months have not done much toward making me happy here. I don't know what the difference is—or rather I do; and I say this only because it's less trouble. It is no trouble, however, to say that I like New York less than Rome; that, after all, is the difference. And then there's nothing to sketch! For ten years I have been sketching, and I really believe I do it very well. But how can I sketch Fifty-third street? There are times when I even say to myself, How can I even endure Fifty-third street? When I turn into it from the Fifth Avenue, the vista seems too hideous: the narrow, impersonal houses, with the dry, hard tone of their brown-stone, a surface as uninteresting as that of sand-paper; their steep, stiff stoops, giving you such a climb to the door; their lumpish balustrades, porticoes, and cornices, turned out by the hundred and adorned with heavy excrescences,—such an eruption of ornament and such a poverty of effect! I suppose my superior tone would seem very pretentious if anybody were to read this shameless record of personal emotion; and I should be asked why an expensive up-town residence is not as good as a slimy Italian palazzo. My answer, of course, is that I can sketch the palazzo and can do nothing with the up-town residence. I can live in it, of course, and be very grateful for the shelter; but that doesn't count. Putting aside that odious fashion of popping into the "parlors" as soon as you cross the threshold,—no interval, no approach,—these places are wonderfully comfortable. This one of Eunice's is perfectly arranged; and we have so much space that she has given me a sitting-room of my own—an immense luxury. Her kindness, her affection, are the most charming, delicate, natural thing I ever conceived. I don't know what can have put it into her head to like me so much; I suppose I should say into her heart, only I don't like to write about Eunice's heart—that tender, shrinking, shade-loving, and above all fresh

and youthful organ. There is a certain self-complacency, perhaps, in my assuming that her generosity is mere affection; for her conscience is so inordinately developed that she attaches the idea of duty to everything,—even to her relations to a poor, plain, unloved and unlovable third cousin. Whether she is fond of me or not, she thinks it right to be fond of me; and the effort of her life is to do what is right. In matters of duty, in short, she is a real little artist; and her masterpiece (in that way) is coming back here to live. She can't like it; her tastes are not here. If she did like it, I am sure she would never have invented such a phrase as the one of which she delivered herself the other day,—“I think one's life has more dignity in one's own country.” That's a phrase made up after the fact. No one ever gave up living in Europe because there is a want of dignity in it. Poor Eunice talks of “one's own country” as if she kept the United States in the back-parlor. I have yet to perceive the dignity of living in Fifty-third street. This, I suppose, is very treasonable; but a woman isn't obliged to be patriotic. I believe I should be a good patriot if I could sketch my native town. But I can't make a picture of the brown-stone stoops in the Fifth Avenue, or the platform of the elevated railway in the Sixth. Eunice has suggested to me that I might find some subjects in the Park, and I have been there to look for them. But somehow, the blistered *sentiers* of asphalt, the rock-work caverns, the huge iron bridges spanning little muddy lakes, the whole crowded, cockneyfied place, making up so many faces to look pretty, don't appeal to me—haven't, from beginning to end, a discoverable “bit.” Besides, it's too cold to sit on a camp-stool under this clean-swept sky, whose depths of blue air do very well, doubtless, for the floor of heaven, but are quite too far away for the ceiling of earth. The sky over here seems part of the world at large; in Europe it's part of the particular place. In summer, I dare say, it will be better; and it will go hard with me if I don't find somewhere some leafy lane, some cottage-roof, something in some degree mossy or mellow. Nature here, of course, is

very fine, though I am afraid only in large pieces; and with my little yard-measure (it used to serve for the Roman Campagna!) I don't know what I shall be able to do. I must try to rise to the occasion.

The Hudson is beautiful; I remember that well enough; and Eunice tells me that when we are in *villeggiatura* we shall be close to the loveliest part of it. Her cottage, or villa, or whatever they call it (Mrs. Ermine, by the way, always speaks of it as a "country-seat"), is more or less opposite to West Point, where it makes one of its grandest sweeps. Unfortunately, it has been let these three years that she has been abroad, and will not be vacant till the first of June. Mr. Caliph, her trustee, took upon himself to do that;—very impertinently, I think, for certainly if I had Eunice's fortune I shouldn't let my houses—I mean, of course, those that are so personal. Least of all should I let my "country-seat." It's bad enough for people to appropriate one's sofas and tables, without appropriating one's flowers and trees and even one's views. There is nothing so personal as one's horizon,—the horizon that one commands, whatever it is, from one's window. Nobody else has just that one. Mr. Caliph, by the way, is apparently a person of the incalculable, irresponsible sort. It would have been natural to suppose that, having the greater part of my cousin's property in his care, he would be in New York to receive her at the end of a long absence and a boisterous voyage. Common civility would have suggested that, especially as he was an old friend, or rather a young friend of both her parents. It was an odd thing to make him sole trustee; but that was Cousin Letitia's doing: "she thought it would be so much easier for Eunice to see only one person." I believe she had found that effort the limit of her own energy; but she might have known that Eunice would have given her best attention, every day, to twenty men of business, if such a duty had been presented to her. I don't think poor Cousin Letitia knew very much; Eunice speaks of her much less than she speaks of her father, whose death would have been the greater sorrow if she dared to admit to herself that she preferred one of her parents to the other. The number of things that the poor girl doesn't dare to admit to herself! One of them, I am sure, is that Mr. Caliph is acting improperly in spending three months in Washington, just at the moment when it would be most convenient to her to see him. He has pressing business there, it seems (he is a good deal of a politician—not that I know what people do in Washington), and he writes to Eunice every week or two that he will "finish it up"

in ten days more, and then will be completely at her service; but he never finishes it up,—never arrives. She has not seen him for three years; he certainly, I think, ought to have come out to her in Europe. She doesn't know that, and I haven't cared to suggest it, for she wishes (very naturally) to think that he is a pearl of trustees. Fortunately, he sends her all the money she needs; and the other day he sent her his brother,—a rather agitated (though not in the least agitating) youth, who presented himself about lunch-time, Mr. Caliph having (as he explained) told him that this was the best hour to call. What does Mr. Caliph know about it, by the way? It's little enough he has tried! Mr. Adrian Frank had, of course, nothing to say about business; he only came to be agreeable, and to tell us that he had just seen his brother in Washington—as if that were any comfort! They are brothers only in the sense that they are children of the same mother; Mrs. Caliph having accepted consolations in her widowhood, and produced this blushing boy, who is ten years younger than the accomplished Caliph. (I say accomplished Caliph for the phrase. I haven't the least idea of his accomplishments. Somehow, a man with that name ought to have a good many.) Mr. Frank, the second husband, is dead, as well as herself, and the young man has a very good fortune. He is shy and simple, colors immensely, and becomes alarmed at his own silences; but is tall and straight and clear-eyed, and is, I imagine, a very estimable youth. Eunice says that he is as different as possible from his step-brother; so that, perhaps, though she doesn't mean it in that way his step-brother is not estimable. I shall judge of that for myself, if he ever gives me a chance.

Young Frank, at any rate, is a gentleman, and in spite of his blushes has seen a great deal of the world. Perhaps that is what he is blushing for: there are so many things we have no reason to be proud of. He staid to lunch, and talked a little about the far East,—Babylon, Palmyra, Ispahan, and that sort of thing,—from which he is lately returned. He also is a sketcher, though evidently he doesn't show. He asked to see my things, however; and I produced a few old water-colors, of other days and other climes, which I have luckily brought to America,—produced them with my usual calm assurance. It was clear he thought me very clever; so I suspect that in not showing he himself is rather wise. When I said there was nothing here to sketch, that rectangular towns wont do, etc., he asked me why I didn't try people. What people? the people in the Fifth Avenue? They are even less pictorial than their houses. I don't perceive

that those in the Sixth are any better, or those in the Fourth and Third, or in the Seventh and Eighth. Good heavens! what a nomenclature! The city of New York is like a tall sum in addition, and the streets are like columns of figures. What a place for me to live, who hate arithmetic! I have tried Mrs. Ermine; but that is only because she asked me to: Mrs. Ermine asks for whatever she wants. I don't think she cares for it much, for though it's bad, it's not bad enough to please her. I thought she would be rather easy to do, as her countenance is made up largely of negatives—no color, no form, no intelligence; I should simply have to leave a sort of brilliant blank. I found, however, there was difficulty in representing an expression which consisted so completely of the absence of that article. With her large, fair, featureless face, unilluminated by a ray of meaning, she makes the most incoherent, the most unexpected remarks. She asked Eunice, the other day, whether she should not bring a few gentlemen to see her—she seemed to know so few, to be so lonely. Then when Eunice thanked her, and said she needn't take that trouble: she was not lonely, and in any case did not desire her solitude to be peopled in that manner,—Mrs. Ermine declared blandly that it was all right, but that she supposed this was the great advantage of being an orphan, that you might have gentlemen brought to see you. "I don't like being an orphan, even for that," said Eunice; who, indeed, does not like it at all, though she will be twenty-one next month, and has had several years to get used to it. Mrs. Ermine is very vulgar, yet she thinks she has high distinction. I am very glad our cousinship is not on the same side. Except that she is an idiot and a bore, however, I think there is no harm in her. Her time is spent in contemplating the surface of things,—and for that I don't blame her, for I myself am very fond of the surface. But she doesn't see what she looks at, and, in short, is very tiresome. That is one of the things poor Eunice won't admit to herself,—that Lizzie Ermine will end by boring us to death. Now that both her daughters are married, she has her time quite on her hands; for the sons-in-law, I am sure, can't encourage her visits. She may, however, contrive to be with them as well as here, for, as a poor young husband once said to me, a *belle-mère*, after marriage, is as inevitable as stickiness after eating honey. A fool can do plenty of harm without deep intentions. After all, intentions fail; and what you know an accident by is that it doesn't. Mrs. Ermine doesn't like me;

she thinks she ought to be in my shoes—that when Eunice lost her old governess, who had remained with her as "companion," she ought, instead of picking me up in Rome, to have come home and thrown herself upon some form of kinship more cushiony. She is jealous of me, and vexed that I don't give her more opportunities; for I know she has made up her mind that I ought to be a Bohemian: in that case she could persuade Eunice that I am a very unfit sort of person. I am single, not young, not pretty, not well off, and not very desirous to please; I carry a palette on my thumb, and very often have stains on my apron—though except for those stains I pretend to be immaculately neat. What right have I *not* to be a Bohemian, and not to teach Eunice to make cigarettes? I am convinced Mrs. Ermine is disappointed that I don't smoke. Perhaps, after all, she is right, and that I am too much a creature of habits, of rules. A few people have been good enough to call me an artist; but I am not. I am only, in a small way, a worker. I walk too straight; it's ten years since any one asked me to dance! I wish I could oblige you, Mrs. Ermine, by dipping into Bohemia once in awhile. But one can't have the defects of the qualities one doesn't possess. I am not an artist, I am too much of a critic. I suppose a she-critic is a kind of monster; women should only be criticised. That's why I keep it all to myself—myself being this little book. I grew tired of myself some months ago, and locked myself up in a desk. It was a kind of punishment, but it was also a great rest, to stop judging, to stop caring, for awhile. Now that I have come out, I suppose I ought to take a vow not to be ill-natured.

As I read over what I have written here, I wonder whether it was worth while to have re-opened my journal. Still, why not have the benefit of being thought disagreeable,—the luxury of recorded observation? If one is poor, plain, proud,—and in this very private place I may add, clever,—there are certain necessary revenges!

April 10.—Adrian Frank has been here again, and we rather like him. (That will do for the first note of a more genial tone.) His eyes are very blue, and his teeth very white,—two things that always please me. He became rather more communicative, and almost promised to show me his sketches—in spite of the fact that he is evidently as much as ever struck with my own ability. Perhaps he has discovered that I am trying to be genial! He wishes to take us to drive—that is, to take Eunice; for, of course, I shall go only for propriety. She doesn't go with young men

alone; that element was not included in her education. She said to me yesterday, "The only man I shall drive alone with will be the one I marry." She talks so little about marrying that this made an impression on me. That subject is supposed to be a girl's inevitable topic; but no young women could occupy themselves with it less than she and I do. I think I may say that we never mention it at all. I suppose that if a man were to read this, he would be greatly surprised and not particularly edified. As there is no danger of any man's reading it, I may add that I always take tacitly for granted that Eunice will marry. She doesn't in the least pretend that she wont; and if I am not mistaken, she is capable of conjugal affection. The longer I live with her, the more I see that she is a dear girl. Now that I know her better, I perceive that she is perfectly natural. I used to think that she tried too much—that she watched herself, perhaps, with a little secret admiration. But that was because I couldn't conceive of a girl's motives being so simple. She only wants not to suffer—she is immensely afraid of that. Therefore, she wishes to be universally tender—to mitigate the general sum of suffering, in the hope that she herself may come off easily. Poor thing! she doesn't know that we can diminish the amount of suffering for others only by taking to ourselves a part of their share. The amount of that commodity in the world is always the same; it is only the distribution that varies. We all try to dodge our portion; and some of us succeed. I find the best way is not to think about it, and to make little water-colors. Eunice thinks that the best way is to be very generous, to condemn no one unheard.

A great many things happen that I don't mention here; incidents of social life, I believe they call them. People come to see us, and sometimes they invite us to dinner. We go to certain concerts, many of which are very good. We take a walk every day; and I read to Eunice, and she plays to me. Mrs. Ermine makes her appearance several times a week, and gives us the news of the town—a great deal more of it than we have any use for. She thinks we live in a hole; and she has more than once expressed her conviction that I can do nothing socially for Eunice. As to that, she is perfectly right; I am aware of my social insignificance. But I am equally aware that my cousin has no need of being pushed. I know little of the people and things of this place; but I know enough to see that, whatever they are, the best of them are at her service. Mrs. Ermine thinks it a great pity that Eunice should have come too late in the season to "go out" with her; for after this,

there are few entertainments at which my protecting presence is not sufficient. Besides, Eunice isn't eager; I often wonder at her indifference. She never thinks of the dances she has missed, nor asks about those at which she still may figure. She isn't sad, and it doesn't amount to melancholy; but she certainly is rather detached. She likes to read, to talk with me, to make music, and to dine out when she supposes there will be "real conversation." She is extremely fond of real conversation; and we flatter ourselves that a good deal of it takes place between us. We talk about life and religion and art and George Eliot; all that, I hope, is sufficiently real. Eunice understands everything, and has a great many opinions; she is quite the modern young woman, though she hasn't modern manners. But all this doesn't explain to me why, as Mrs. Ermine says, she should wish to be so dreadfully quiet. That lady's suspicion to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not I who make her so. I would go with her to a party every night if she should wish it, and send out cards to proclaim that we "receive." But her ambitions are not those of the usual girl; or at any rate, if she is waiting for what the usual girl waits for, she is waiting very patiently. As I say, I can't quite make out the secret of her patience. However, it is not necessary I should; it was no part of the bargain on which I came to her that we were to conceal nothing from each other. I conceal a great deal from Eunice; at least I hope I do: for instance, how fearfully I am bored. I think I am as patient as she; but then I have certain things to help me—my age, my resignation, my ability, and, I suppose I may add, my conceit. Mrs. Ermine doesn't bring the young men, but she talks about them, and calls them Harry and Freddy. She wants Eunice to marry, though I don't see what she is to gain by it. It is apparently a disinterested love of matrimony,—or rather, I should say, a love of weddings. She lives in a world of "engagements," and announces a new one every time she comes in. I never heard of so much marrying in all my life before. Mrs. Ermine is dying to be able to tell people that Eunice is engaged: that distinction should not be wanting to a cousin of hers. Whoever marries her, by the way, will come into a very good fortune. Almost for the first time, three days ago, she told me about her affairs.

She knows less about them than she believes,—I could see that; but she knows the great matter, which is, that in the course of her twenty-first year, by the terms of her mother's will, she becomes mistress of her property, of which for the last seven years Mr. Caliph

has been sole trustee. On that day Mr. Caliph is to make over to her three hundred thousand dollars, which he has been nursing and keeping safe. So much on every occasion seems to be expected of this wonderful man! I call him so because I think it was wonderful of him to have been appointed sole depository of the property of an orphan by a very anxious, scrupulous, affectionate mother, whose one desire, when she made her will, was to prepare for her child a fruitful majority, and whose acquaintance with him had not been of many years, though her esteem for him was great. He had been a friend—a very good friend—of her husband, who, as he neared his end, asked him to look after his widow. Eunice's father didn't, however, make him trustee of his little estate; he put that into other hands, and Eunice has a very good account of it. It amounts, unfortunately, but to some fifty thousand dollars. Her mother's proceedings with regard to Mr. Caliph were very feminine—so I may express myself in the privacy of these pages. But I believe all women are very feminine in their relations with Mr. Caliph. "Haroun-al-Raschid" I call him to Eunice; and I suppose he expects to find us in a state of Oriental prostration. She says, however; that he is not the least of a Turk, and that nothing could be kinder or more considerate than he was three years ago, before she went to Europe. He was constantly with her at that time, for many months; and his attentions have evidently made a great impression on her. That sort of thing naturally would on a girl of seventeen; and I have told her she must be prepared to think him much less brilliant a personage to-day. I don't know what he will think of some of her plans of expenditure,—laying out an Italian garden at the house on the river, founding a cot at the children's hospital, erecting a music-room in the rear of this house. Next winter Eunice proposes to receive; but she wishes to have an originality, in the shape of really good music. She will evidently be rather extravagant, at least at first. Mr. Caliph, of course, will have no more authority; still, he may advise her as a friend.

April 23.—This afternoon, while Eunice was out, Mr. Frank made his appearance, having had the civility, as I afterward learned, to ask for me, in spite of the absence of the *padrona*. I told him she was at Mrs. Ermine's, and that Mrs. Ermine was her cousin.

"Then I can say what I should not be able to say if she were here," he said, smiling that singular smile which has the effect of showing his teeth and drawing the lids of his eyes together. If he were a young countryman, one would call it a grin. It is not exactly a grin, but it is very simple.

"And what may that be?" I asked, with encouragement.

He hesitated a little, while I admired his teeth, which I am sure he has no wish to exhibit; and I expected something wonderful. "Considering that she is fair, she is really very pretty," he said at last.

I was rather disappointed, and I went so far as to say to him that he might have made that remark in her presence.

This time his blue eyes remained wide open. "So you really think so?"

"Considering that she's fair," that part of it, perhaps, might have been omitted; but the rest surely would have pleased her."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well, 'really very pretty' is, perhaps, not quite right; it seems to imply a kind of surprise. You might have omitted the 'really.'"

"You want me to omit everything," he said, laughing, as if he thought me wonderfully amusing.

"The gist of the thing would remain, 'You are very pretty'; that would have been unexpected and agreeable."

"I think you are laughing at me!" cried poor Mr. Frank, without bitterness. "I have no right to say that till I know she likes me."

"She does like you; I see no harm in telling you so." He seemed to me so modest, so natural, that I felt as free to say this to him as I would have been to a good child; more, indeed, than to a good child, for a child to whom one would say that would be rather a prig; and Adrian Frank is not a prig. I could see that by the way he answered; it was rather odd.

"It will please my brother to know that!"

"Does he take such an interest in the impressions you make?"

"Oh, yes; he wants me to appear well."

This was said with the most touching innocence; it was a complete confession of inferiority. It was, perhaps, the tone that made it so; at any rate, Adrian Frank has renounced the hope of ever appearing as well as his brother. I wonder if a man must be really inferior, to be in such a state of mind as that. He must at all events be very fond of his brother, and even, I think, have sacrificed himself a good deal. This young man asked me ever so many questions about my cousin; frankly, simply, as if, when one wanted to know, it was perfectly natural to ask. So it is, I suppose; but why should he want to know? Some of his questions were certainly idle. What can it matter to him whether she has one little dog or three, or whether she is an admirer of the music of the future? "Does she go out much, or does she like a quiet evening at home?" "Does she like living in

Europe, and what part of Europe does she prefer?" "Has she many relatives in New York, and does she see a great deal of them?" On all these points I was obliged to give Mr. Frank a certain satisfaction; and after that, I thought I had a right to ask why he wanted to know. He was evidently surprised at being challenged, blushed a good deal, and made me feel for a moment as if I had asked a vulgar question. I saw he had no particular reason; he only wanted to be civil, and that is the way best known to him of expressing an interest. He was confused; but he was not so confused that he took his departure. He sat half an hour longer, and let me make up to him, by talking very agreeably, for the shock I had administered. I may mention here—for I like to see it in black and white—that I *can* talk very agreeably. He listened with the most flattering attention, showing me his blue eyes and his white teeth in alternation, and laughing largely, as if I had a command of the comical,—I am not conscious of that. At last, after I had paused a little, he said to me, apropos of nothing: "Do you think the realistic school are—a—to be admired?" Then I saw that he had already forgotten my earlier check,—such was the effect of my geniality,—and that he would ask me as many questions about myself as I would let him. I answered him freely, but I answered him as I chose. There are certain things about myself I never shall tell, and the simplest way not to tell is to say the contrary. If people are indiscreet, they must take the consequences. I declared that I held the realistic school in horror; that I found New York the most interesting, the most sympathetic of cities; and that I thought the American girl the finest result of civilization. I am sure I convinced him that I am a most remarkable woman. He went away before Eunice returned. He is a charming creature—a kind of Yankee Donatello. If I could only be his Miriam, the situation would be almost complete, for Eunice is an excellent Hilda.

April 26.—Mrs. Ermine was in great force to-day; she described all the fine things Eunice can do when she gets her money into her own hands. A set of Mechlin lace, a *rivière* of diamonds which she saw the other day at Tiffany's, a set of Russian sables that she knows of somewhere else, a little English phaeton with a pair of ponies and a tiger, a family of pugs to waddle about in the drawing-room—all these luxuries Mrs. Ermine declares indispensable. "I should like to know that you have them—it would do me real good," she said to Eunice. "I like to see people with handsome things. It would give me more pleasure to know you have

that set of Mechlin than to have it myself. I can't help that—it's the way I am made. If other people have handsome things I see them more; and then I do want the good of others—I don't care if you think me vain for saying so. I sha'n't be happy till I see you in an English phaeton. The groom oughtn't to be more than three foot six. I think you ought to show for what you are."

"How do you mean, for what I am?" Eunice asked.

"Well, for a charming girl, with a very handsome fortune."

"I shall never show any more than I do now."

"I will tell you what you do—you show Miss Condit." And Mrs. Ermine presented me her large, foolish face. "If you don't look out, she'll do you up in Morris papers, and then all the Mechlin lace in the world wont matter!"

"I don't follow you at all—I never follow you," I said, wishing I could have sketched her just as she sat there. She was quite grotesque.

"I would rather go without you," she repeated.

"I think that after I come into my property I shall do just as I do now," said Eunice. "After all, where will the difference be? I have to-day everything I shall ever have. It's more than enough."

"You wont have to ask Mr. Caliph for everything."

"I ask him for nothing now."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Ermine, "you don't deserve to be rich."

"I am not rich," Eunice remarked.

"Ah, well, if you want a million!"

"I don't want anything," said Eunice.

That's not exactly true. She does want something, but I don't know what it is.

May 2.—Mr. Caliph is really very delightful. He made his appearance to-day, and carried everything before him. When I say he carried everything, I mean he carried me; for Eunice had not my prejudices to get over. When I said to her, after he had gone, "Your trustee is a very clever man," she only smiled a little, and turned away in silence. I suppose she was amused with the air of importance with which I announced this discovery. Eunice had made it several years ago, and could not be excited about it. I had an idea that some allusion would be made to the way he has neglected her—some apology, at least, for his long absence. But he did something better than this. He made no definite apology; he only expressed, in his manner, his look, his voice, a tenderness, a kind of charming benevolence, which included and exceeded all apologies. He

looks rather tired and preoccupied; he evidently has a great many irons of his own in the fire, and has been thinking these last weeks of larger questions than the susceptibilities of a little girl in New York, who happened several years ago to have an exuberant mother. He is thoroughly genial, and is the best talker I have seen since my return. A totally different type from the young Adrian. He is not in the least handsome—is, indeed, rather ugly; but with a fine, expressive, pictorial ugliness. He is forty years old, large and stout, may even be pronounced fat; and there is something about him that I don't know how to describe except by calling it a certain richness. I have seen Italians who have it, but this is the first American. He talks with his eyes as well as with his lips, and his features are wonderfully mobile. His smile is quick and delightful; his hands are well shaped, but distinctly fat; he has a pale complexion and a magnificent brown beard—the beard of Haroun-al-Raschid. I suppose I must write it very small; but I have an intimate conviction that he is a Jew, or of Jewish origin. I see that in his plump, white face, of which the tone would please a painter, and which suggests fatigue, but is nevertheless all alive; in his remarkable eye, which is full of old expressions—expressions which linger there from the past, even when they are not active to-day; in his profile, in his anointed beard, in the very rings on his large pointed fingers. There is not a touch of all this in his step-brother; so I suppose the Jewish blood is inherited from his father. I don't think he looks like a gentleman; he is something apart from all that. If he is not a gentleman, he is not in the least a *bourgeois*,—neither is he of the artist type. In short, as I say, he is a Jew; and Jews of the upper class have a style of their own. He is very clever, and I think genuinely kind. Nothing could be more charming than his way of talking to Eunice—a certain paternal interest mingled with an air of respectful gallantry (he gives her good advice, and at the same time pays her compliments); the whole thing being not in the least overdone. I think he found her changed—"more of a person," as Mrs. Ermine says;—I even think he was a little surprised. She seems slightly afraid of him, which rather surprised me—she was, from her own account, so familiar with him of old. He is decidedly florid, and was very polite to me—that was a part of the floridity. He asked if we had seen his step-brother; begged us to be kind to him, and to let him come and see us often. He doesn't know many people in New York, and at that age it is everything (I quote Mr. Caliph) for a

young fellow to be at his ease with one or two charming women. "Adrian takes a great deal of knowing; is horribly shy; but is most intelligent, and has one of the sweetest natures! I'm very fond of him—he's all I've got. Unfortunately, the poor boy is cursed with a competence. In this country there is nothing for such a young fellow to do; he hates business, and has absolutely no talent for it. I shall send him back here the next time I see him." Eunice made no answer to this, and, in fact, had little answer to make to most of Mr. Caliph's remarks, only sitting looking at the floor, with a smile. I thought it proper, therefore, to reply that we had found Mr. Frank very pleasant, and hoped he would soon come again. Then I mentioned that the other day I had had a long visit from him alone; we had talked for an hour, and become excellent friends. Mr. Caliph, as I said this, was leaning forward with his elbow on his knee and his hand uplifted, grasping his thick beard. The other hand, with the elbow out, rested on the other knee; his head was turned toward me, askance. He looked at me a moment with his deep bright eye—the eye of a much older man than he; he might have been posing for a water-color. If I had painted him, it would have been in a high-peaked cap and an amber-colored robe, with a wide girdle of pink silk wound many times round his waist, stuck full of knives with jeweled handles. Our eyes met, and we sat there exchanging a glance. I don't know whether he's vain, but I think he must see I appreciate him; I am sure he understands everything.

"I like you when you say that," he remarked, at the end of a minute.

"I'm glad to hear you like me!" This sounds horrid and pert as I relate it.

"I don't like every one," said Mr. Caliph.

"Neither do Eunice and I; do we, Eunice?"

"I am afraid we only try to," she answered, smiling her most beautiful smile.

"Try to? Heaven forbid! I protest against that," I cried. I said to Mr. Caliph that Eunice was too good.

"She comes honestly by that. Your mother was an angel, my child," he said to her.

Cousin Letitia was not an angel, but I have mentioned that Mr. Caliph is florid. "You used to be very good to her," Eunice murmured, raising her eyes to him.

He had got up; he was standing there. He bent his head, smiling like an Italian. "You must be the same, my child."

"What can I do?" Eunice asked.

"You can believe in me—you can trust me."

"I do, Mr. Caliph. Try me and see!"

This was unexpectedly gushing, and I instinctively turned away. Behind my back, I don't know what he did to her—I think it possible he did kiss her. When you call a girl "my child," I suppose you may kiss her; but that may be only my bold imagination. When I turned round he had taken up his hat and stick, to say nothing of buttoning a very tightly fitting coat around a very spacious person, and was ready to offer me his hand in farewell.

"I am so glad you are with her. I am so glad she has a companion so accomplished—so capable."

"So capable of what?" I said, laughing; for the speech was absurd, as he knows nothing about my accomplishments.

There is nothing solemn about Mr. Caliph: but he gave me a look which made it appear to me that my levity was in bad taste. Yes, humiliating as it is to write it here, I found myself rebuked by a Jew with fat hands! "Capable of advising her well!" he said, softly.

"Ah, don't talk about advice," Eunice exclaimed. "Advice always gives an idea of trouble, and I am very much afraid of trouble."

"You ought to get married," he said, with his smile coming back to him.

Eunice colored and turned away, and I observed—to say something—that this was just what Mrs. Ermine said.

"Mrs. Ermine? ah, I hear she's a charming woman!" And shortly after that he went away.

That was almost the only weak thing he said—the only thing for mere form, for, of course, no one can really think her charming; least of all a clever man like that. I don't like Americans to resemble Italians, or Italians to resemble Americans; but putting that aside, Mr. Caliph is very prepossessing. He is wonderfully good company; he will spoil us for other people. He made no allusion to business, and no appointment with Eunice for talking over certain matters that are pending; but I thought of this only half an hour after he had gone. I said nothing to Eunice about it, for she would have noticed the omission herself, and that was enough. The only other point in Mr. Caliph that was open to criticism is his asking Eunice to believe in him—to trust him. Why shouldn't she, pray? If that speech was curious,—and, strange to say, it almost appeared so,—it was incredibly naïf. But this quality is insupposable of Mr. Caliph; who ever heard of a naïf Jew? After he had gone I was on the point of saying to Eunice, "By the way, why did you never mention that he is a Hebrew? That's an important detail." But an impulse that I am not able to define stopped me, and now I am glad I didn't speak. I don't believe Eunice ever

made the discovery, and I don't think she would like it if she did make it. That I should have done so on the instant only proves that I am in the habit of studying the human profile!

May 9.—Mrs. Ermine must have discovered that Mr. Caliph has heard she is charming, for she is perpetually coming in here with the hope of meeting him. She appears to think that he comes every day; for when she misses him, which she has done three times (that is, she arrives just after he goes), she says that if she doesn't catch him on the morrow she will go and call upon him. She is capable of that, I think; and it makes no difference that he is the busiest of men and she the idlest of women. He has been here four times since his first call, and has the air of wishing to make up for the neglect that preceded it. His manner to Eunice is perfect; he continues to call her "my child," but in a superficial, impersonal way, as a Catholic priest might do it. He tells us stories of Washington, describes the people there, and makes us wonder whether we should care for K street and 14½ street. As yet, to the best of my knowledge, not a word about Eunice's affairs; he behaves as if he had simply forgotten them. It was, after all, not out of place the other day to ask her to "believe in him"; the faith wouldn't come as a matter of course. On the other hand he is so pleasant that one would believe in him just to oblige him. He has a great deal of trust-business, and a great deal of law-business of every kind. So at least he says; we really know very little about him but what he tells us. When I say "we," of course I speak mainly for myself, as I am perpetually forgetting that he is not so new to Eunice as he is to me. She knows what she knows, but I only know what I see. I have been wondering a good deal what is thought of Mr. Caliph "down-town," as they say here, but without much result, for naturally I can't go down-town and see. The appearance of the thing prevents my asking questions about him; it would be very compromising to Eunice, and make people think that she complains of him—which is so far from being the case. She likes him just as he is, and is apparently quite satisfied. I gather, moreover, that he is thought very brilliant, though a little peculiar, and that he has made a great deal of money. He has a way of his own of doing things, and carries imagination and humor, and a sense of the beautiful, into Wall street and the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Ermine announced the other day that he is "considered the most fascinating man in New York"; but that is the romantic up-town view of him, and not what I want. His brother has gone out of town for a few days,

but he continues to recommend the young Adrian to our hospitality. There is something really touching in his relation to that rather limited young man.

MAY 11.—Mrs. Ermine is in high spirits; she has met Mr. Caliph,—I don't know where,—and she quite confirms the up-town view. She thinks him the most fascinating man she has ever seen, and she wonders that we should have said so little about him. He is so handsome, so high-bred; his manners are so perfect; he's a regular old dear. I think, of course ill-naturedly, several degrees less well of him since I have heard Mrs. Ermine's impressions. He is not handsome, he is not high-bred, and his manners are not perfect. They are original, and they are expressive; and if one likes him, there is an interest in looking for what he will do and say. But if one should happen to dislike him, one would detest his manners and think them familiar and vulgar. As for breeding, he has about him, indeed, the marks of antiquity of race; yet I don't think Mrs. Ermine would have liked me to say, "Oh, yes, all Jews have blood!" Besides, I couldn't before Eunice. Perhaps I consider Eunice too much; perhaps I am betrayed by my old habit of trying to see through millstones; perhaps I interpret things too richly—just as (I know) when I try to paint an old wall I attempt to put in too much "character"; character being in old walls, after all, a finite quantity. At any rate, she seems to me rather nervous about Mr. Caliph: that appeared after a little when Mrs. Ermine came back to the subject. She had a great deal to say about the oddity of her never having seen him before, of old; "for after all," as she remarked, "we move in the same society—he moves in the very best." She used to hear Eunice talk about her trustee, but she supposed a trustee must be some horrid old man with a lot of papers in his hand, sitting all day in an office. She never supposed he was a prince in disguise. "We've got a trustee somewhere, only I never see him; my husband does all the business. No wonder he keeps him out of the way if he resembles Mr. Caliph." And then, suddenly, she said to Eunice, "My dear, why don't you marry him? I should think you would want to." Mrs. Ermine doesn't look through millstones; she contents herself with giving them a poke with her parasol. Eunice colored, and said she hadn't been asked; she was evidently not pleased with Mrs. Ermine's joke, which was, of course, as flat as you like. Then she added in a moment—"I should be very sorry to marry Mr. Caliph, even if he were to ask me. I like him, but I don't like him enough for that."

"I should think he would be quite in your style,—he's so literary. They say he writes," Mrs. Ermine went on.

"Well, I don't write," Eunice answered, laughing.

"You could if you would try. I'm sure you could make a lovely book." Mrs. Ermine's amiability is immense.

"It's safe for you to say that—you never read."

"I have no time," said Mrs. Ermine, "but I like literary conversation. It saves time, when it comes in that way. Mr. Caliph has ever so much."

"He keeps it for you. With us he is very frivolous," I ventured to observe.

"Well, what you call frivolous! I believe you think the prayer-book frivolous."

"Mr. Caliph will never marry any one," Eunice said, after a moment. "That I am very sure of."

Mrs. Ermine stared; there is never so little expression in her face as when she is surprised. But she soon recovered herself. "Don't you believe that! He will take some quiet little woman, after you have all given him up."

Eunice was sitting at the piano, but had wheeled round on the stool when her cousin came in. She turned back to it and struck a few vague chords, as if she were feeling for something. "Please don't speak that way; I don't like it," she said, as she went on playing.

"I will speak any way you like!" Mrs. Ermine cried, with her vacant laugh.

"I think it very low." For Eunice this was severe. "Girls are not always thinking about marriage. They are not always thinking of people like Mr. Caliph—that way."

"They must have changed then, since my time! Wasn't it so in yours, Miss Condit?" She's so stupid that I don't think she meant to make a point.

"I had no 'time,' Mrs. Ermine. I was born an old maid."

"Well, the old maids are the worst. I don't see why it's low to talk about marriage. It's thought very respectable to marry. You have only to look round you."

"I don't want to look round me; it's not always so beautiful, what you see," Eunice said, with a small laugh and a good deal of perversity, for a young woman so reasonable.

"I guess you read too much," said Mrs. Ermine, getting up and setting her bonnet-ribbons at the mirror.

"I should think he would hate them!" Eunice exclaimed, striking her chords.

"Hate who?" her cousin asked.

"Oh, all the silly girls."

"Who is 'he,' pray?" This ingenious inquiry was mine.

"Oh, the Grand Turk!" said Eunice, with her voice covered by the sound of her piano. Her piano is a great resource.

May 12.—This afternoon, while we were having our tea, the Grand Turk was ushered in, carrying the most wonderful bouquet of Boston roses that seraglio ever produced. (That image, by the way, is rather mixed; but as I write for myself alone, it may stand.) At the end of ten minutes he asked Eunice if he might see her alone—"on a little matter of business." I instantly rose to leave them, but Eunice said that she would rather talk with him in the library; so she led him off to that apartment. I remained in the drawing-room, saying to myself that I had at last discovered the *fin mot* of Mr. Caliph's peculiarities, which is so very simple that I am a great goose not to have perceived it before. He is a man with a system; and his system is simply to keep business and entertainment perfectly distinct. There may be pleasure for him in his figures, but there are no figures in his pleasure—which has hitherto been to call upon Eunice as a man of the world. To-day he was to be the trustee; I could see it, in spite of his bouquet, as soon as he came in. The Boston roses didn't contradict that, for the excellent reason that as soon as he had shaken hands with Eunice, who looked at the flowers and not at him, he presented them to Catherine Condit. Eunice then looked at this lady; and as I took the roses I met her eyes, which had a charming light of pleasure. It would be base in me, even in this strictly private record, to suggest that she might possibly have been displeased; but if I cannot say that the expression of her face was lovely without appearing in some degree to point to an ignoble alternative, it is the fault of human nature. Why Mr. Caliph should suddenly think it necessary to offer flowers to Catherine Condit—that is a line of inquiry by itself. As I said some time back, it's a part of his floridity. Besides, any presentation of flowers seems sudden; I don't know why, but it's always rather a *coup de théâtre*. I am writing late at night; they stand on my table, and their fragrance is in the air. I don't say it for the flowers; but no one has ever treated poor Miss Condit with such consistent consideration as Mr. Caliph. Perhaps she is morbid: this is probably the Diary of a Morbid Woman; but in such a matter as that she admires consistency. That little glance of Eunice comes back to me as I write; she is a pure, enchanting soul. Mrs. Ermine came in while she was in the library with Mr. Caliph, and immediately noticed the Boston roses, which effaced all the other flowers in the room.

"Were they sent from her seat?" she

asked. Then, before I could answer, "I am going to have some people to dinner to-day; they would look very well in the middle."

"If you wish me to offer them to you, I really can't; I prize them too much."

"Oh, are they yours? Of course you prize them! I don't suppose you have many."

"These are the first I have ever received—from Mr. Caliph."

"From Mr. Caliph? Did he give them to you?" Mrs. Ermine's intonations are not delicate. That "*you*" should be in enormous capitals.

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"That's why he gives you flowers," she explained. But the explanation made the matter darker still, and Mrs. Ermine went on: "Isn't there some French proverb about paying one's court to the mother in order to gain the daughter? Eunice is the daughter, and you are the mother."

"And you are the grandmother, I suppose! Do you mean that he wishes me to intercede?"

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"At that rate, you, too, will get your bouquet," I said.

"Oh, I have no influence! You ought to do something in return—to offer to paint his portrait."

"I don't offer that, you know; people ask me. Besides, you have spoiled me for common models!"

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"Are you going up or down? I have a carriage at the door," she broke in.

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"Are you going up or down? I have a carriage at the door," she broke in.

"At Fifty-third street one is usually going down"; and he gave his peculiar smile, which always seems so much beyond the scope of the words it accompanies. "If you will give me a lift, I shall be very grateful."

He went off with her, she being much divided between the prospect of driving with him and her loss of the chance to find out what he had been saying to Eunice. She probably believed that he had been proposing to her, and I hope he mystified her well in the carriage.

He had not been proposing to Eunice; he had given her a check, and made her sign some papers. The check was for a thousand dollars, but I have no knowledge of the papers. When I took up my abode with her, I made up my mind that the only way to preserve an appearance of disinterestedness was to know nothing whatever of the details of her pecuniary affairs. She has a very good little head of her own, and if she shouldn't understand them herself, it would be quite out of my power to help her. I don't know why I should care about *appearing* disinterested, when I have in quite sufficient measure the consciousness of being so; but, in point of fact, I do, and I value that purity as much as any other. Besides, Mr. Caliph is her supreme adviser, and of course makes everything clear to her. At least I hope he does. I couldn't help saying as much as this to Eunice.

"My dear child, I suppose you understand what you sign. Mr. Caliph ought to be—what shall I call it?—crystalline."

She looked at me, with the smile that had come into her face when she saw him give me the flowers. "Oh, yes, I think so. If I didn't, it's my own fault. He explains everything so beautifully that it's a pleasure to listen. I always read what I sign."

"*Je l'espère bien!*" I said, laughing.

She looked a little grave. "The closing up a trust is very complicated."

"Yours is not closed yet? It strikes me as very slow."

"Everything can't be done at once. Besides, he has asked for a little delay. Part of my affairs, indeed, are now in my own hands; otherwise I shouldn't have to sign."

"Is that a usual request—for delay?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. Besides, I don't want everything in my own control. That is, I want it some day, because I think I ought to accept the responsibilities, as I accept all the pleasures; but I am not in a hurry. This way is so comfortable, and Mr. Caliph takes so much trouble for me."

"I suppose he has a handsome commission," I said, rather crudely.

"He has no commission at all; he would never take one."

"In your place, I would much rather he should take one."

"I have asked him to, but he won't!" Eunice said, looking now extremely grave.

Her gravity, indeed, was so great that it made me smile. "He is wonderfully generous!"

"He is, indeed."

"And is it to be indefinitely delayed—the termination of his trust?"

"Oh, no; only a few months, 'till he gets things into shape,' as he says."

"He has had several years for that, hasn't he?"

Eunice turned away; evidently our talk was painful to her. But there was something that vaguely alarmed me in her taking or, at least, accepting the sentimental view of Mr. Caliph's services. "I don't think you are kind, Catherine; you seem to suspect him," she remarked, after a little.

"Suspect him of what?"

"Of not wishing to give up the property."

"My dear Eunice, you put things into terrible words! Seriously, I should never think of suspecting him of anything so silly. What could his wishes count for? Is not the thing regulated by law—by the terms of your mother's will? The trust expires of itself at a certain period, doesn't it? Mr. Caliph, surely, has only to act accordingly."

"It is just what he is doing. But there are more papers necessary, and they will not be ready for a few weeks more."

"Don't have too many papers; they are as bad as too few. And take advice of some one else—say of your cousin Ermine, who is so much more sensible than his wife."

"I want no advice," said Eunice, in a tone which showed me that I had said enough. And presently she went on, "I thought you liked Mr. Caliph."

"So I do, immensely. He gives beautiful flowers."

"Ah, you are horrid!" she murmured.

"Of course I am horrid. That's my business—to be horrid." And I took the liberty of being so again, half an hour later, when she remarked that she must take good care of the check Mr. Caliph had brought her, as it would be a good while before she should have another. Why should it be longer than usual? I asked. "Is he going to keep your income for himself?"

"I am not to have any till the end of the year—any from the trust, at least. Mr. Caliph has been converting some old houses into shops, so that they will bring more rent. But the alterations have to be paid for—and he takes part of my income to do it."

"And pray what are you to live on meanwhile?"

"I have enough without that; and I have savings?"

"It strikes me as a cool proceeding, all the same."

"He wrote to me about it before we came home, and I thought that way was best."

"I don't think he ought to have asked you," I said. "As your trustee, he acts in his discretion."

"You are hard to please," Eunice answered.

That is perfectly true; but I rejoined that I couldn't make out whether he consulted her too much or too little. And I don't know that my failure to make it out in the least matters!

May 13.—Mrs. Ermine turned up to-day at an earlier hour than usual, and I saw as soon as she got into the room that she had something to announce. This time it was not an engagement. "He sent me a bouquet—Boston roses—quite as many as yours! They arrived this morning, before I had finished breakfast." This speech was addressed to me, and Mrs. Ermine looked almost brilliant. Eunice scarcely followed her.

"She is talking about Mr. Caliph," I explained.

Eunice stared a moment; then her face melted into a deep little smile. "He seems to give flowers to every one but to me." I could see that this reflection gave her remarkable pleasure.

"Well, when he gives them, he's thinking of you," said Mrs. Ermine. "He wants to get us on his side."

"On his side?"

"Oh, yes; some day he will have need of us!" And Mrs. Ermine tried to look sprightly and insinuating. But she is too utterly *fade*, and I think it is not worth while to talk any more to Eunice just now about her trustee. So, to anticipate Mrs. Ermine, I said to her, quickly, but very quietly—

"He sent you flowers simply because you had taken him into your carriage last night. It was an acknowledgment of your great kindness."

She hesitated a moment. "Possibly. We had a charming drive—ever so far down-town." Then, turning to Eunice, she exclaimed, "My dear, you don't know that man till you have had a drive with him!" When does one know Mrs. Ermine? Every day she is a surprise!

May 19.—Adrian Frank has come back to New York, and has been three times at this house—once to dinner, and twice at tea-time. After his brother's strong expression of the hope that we would take an interest in him, Eunice appears to have thought that the least she could do was to ask him to dine. She appears never to have offered this privilege to Mr. Caliph, by the way; I think her view of his cleverness is such that she imagines she knows no one sufficiently brilliant to be in-

vited to meet him. She thought Mrs. Ermine good enough to meet Mr. Frank, and she had also young Woodley—Willie Woodley, as they call him—and Mr. Latrobe. It was not very amusing. Mrs. Ermine made love to Mr. Woodley, who took it serenely; and the dark Latrobe talked to me about the Seventh Regiment—an impossible subject. Mr. Frank made an occasional remark to Eunice, next whom he was placed; but he seemed constrained and frightened, as if he knew that his step-brother had recommended him highly and felt it was impossible to come up to the mark. He is really very modest; it is impossible not to like him. Every now and then he looked at me, with his clear blue eye conscious and expanded, as if to beg me to help him on with Eunice; and then, when I threw in a word, to give their conversation a push, he looked at her in the same way, as if to express the hope that she would not abandon him. There was no danger of this, she only wished to be agreeable to him; but she was nervous and preoccupied, as she always is when she has people to dinner—she is so afraid they may be bored,—and I think that half the time she didn't understand what he said. She told me afterward that she liked him more even than she liked him at first; that he has, in her opinion, better manners, in spite of his shyness, than any of the young men; and that he must have a nice nature to have such a charming face;—all this she told me, and she added that, notwithstanding all this, there is something in Mr. Adrian Frank that makes her uncomfortable. It is, perhaps, rather heartless; but after this, when he called two days ago, I went out of the room and left them alone together. The truth is, there is something in this tall, fair, vague, inconsequent youth, who would look like a Prussian lieutenant if Prussian lieutenants ever hesitated, and who is such a singular mixture of confusion and candor—there is something about him that is not altogether to my own taste, and that is why I took the liberty of leaving him. Oddly enough, I don't in the least know what it is; I usually know why I dislike people. I don't dislike the blushing Adrian, however,—that is, after all, the oddest part. No, the oddest part of it is that I think I have a feeling of pity for him; that is probably why (if it were not my duty sometimes to remain) I should always depart when he comes. I don't like to see the people I pity; to be pitied by me is too low a depth. Why I should lavish my compassion on Mr. Frank, of course passes my comprehension. He is young, intelligent, in perfect health, master of a handsome fortune, and favorite brother of Haroun-al-Raschid. Such are the consequences of being

a woman of imagination. When, at dinner, I asked Eunice if he had been as interesting as usual, she said she would leave it to me to judge; he had talked altogether about Miss Condit! He thinks her very attractive! Poor fellow; when it is necessary he doesn't hesitate, though I can't imagine why it should be necessary. I think that *au fond* he bores Eunice a little; like many girls of the delicate, sensitive kind, she likes older, more confident men.

May 24.—He has just made me a remarkable communication! This morning I went into the Park in quest of a "bit," with some colors and brushes in a small box, and that wonderfully compressible camp-stool, which I can carry in my pocket. I wandered vaguely enough, for half an hour, through the carefully arranged scenery, the idea of which appears to be to represent the earth's surface *en raccourci*, and at last discovered a small clump of birches which, with their white stems and their little raw green bristles, were not altogether uninspiring. The place was quiet—there were no nurse-maids nor bicycles; so I took up a position and enjoyed an hour's successful work. At last I heard some one say behind me, "I think I ought to tell you I'm looking!" It was Adrian Frank, who had recognized me at a distance, and, without my hearing him, had walked across the grass to where I sat. This time I couldn't leave him, for I hadn't finished my sketch. He sat down near me, on an artistically preserved rock, and we ended by having a good deal of talk—in which, however, I did the listening, for I can't express myself in two ways at once. What I listened to was this—that Mr. Caliph wishes his step-brother to "make up" to Eunice, and that the candid Adrian wishes to know what I think of his chances.

"Are you in love with her?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no! If I were in love with her I should go straight in, without—with-out this sort of thing."

"You mean without asking people's opinion?"

"Well, yes. Without asking even yours."

I told him that he needn't say "even" mine; for mine would not be worth much. His announcement rather startled me at first; but after I had thought of it a little, I found in it a good deal to admire. I have seen so many "arranged" marriages that have been happy, and so many "sympathetic" unions that have been wretched, that the political element doesn't altogether shock me. Of course, I can't imagine Eunice making a political marriage, and I said to Mr. Frank, very promptly, that she might consent if she

could be induced to love him, but would never be governed in her choice by his advantages. I said "advantages" in order to be polite; the singular number would have served all the purpose. His only advantage is his fortune; for he has neither looks, talents, nor position that would dazzle a girl who is herself clever and rich. This, then, is what Mr. Caliph has had in his head all this while—this is what has made him so anxious that we should like his step-brother. I have an idea that I ought to be rather scandalized, but I feel my pulse and find that I am almost pleased. I don't mean at the idea of her marrying poor Mr. Frank; I mean at such an indication that Mr. Caliph takes an interest in her. I don't know whether it is one of the regular duties of a trustee to provide the trustful with a husband; perhaps in that case his merit may be less. I suppose he has said to himself that, if she marries his step-brother, she won't marry a worse man. Of course, it is possible that he may not have thought of Eunice at all, and may simply have wished the guileless Adrian to do a good thing, without regard to Eunice's point of view. I am afraid that even this idea doesn't shock me. Trying to make people marry is, under any circumstances, an unscrupulous game; but the offense is minimized when it is a question of an honest man's marrying an angel. Eunice is the angel, and the young Adrian has all the air of being honest. It would, naturally, not be the union of her secret dreams, for the hero of those pure visions would have to be clever and distinguished. Mr. Frank is neither of these things, but I believe he is perfectly good. Of course, he is weak—to come and take a wife simply because his brother has told him to—or is he doing it simply for form, believing that she will never have him, that he consequently doesn't expose himself, and that he will therefore have on easy terms, since he seems to value it, the credit of having obeyed Mr. Caliph? Why he should value it is a matter between themselves, which I am not obliged to know. I don't think I care at all for the relations of men between themselves. Their relations with women are bad enough; but when there is no woman to save it a little—*merci*! I shouldn't think that the young Adrian would care to subject himself to a simple refusal, for it is not gratifying to receive the cold shoulder, even from a woman you don't want to marry. After all, he may want to marry her; there are all sorts of reasons in things. I told him I wouldn't undertake to do anything, and the more I think of it the less I am willing. It would be a weight off my mind to see her comfortably settled in life, beyond the possibility of marrying some highly varnished

brute—a fate in certain circumstances quite open to her. She is perfectly capable—with her folded angel's wings—of bestowing herself upon the baker, upon the fishmonger, if she was to take a fancy to him. The clever man of her dreams might beat her or get tired of her; but I am sure that Mr. Frank, if he should pronounce his marriage-vows, would keep them to the letter. From that to pushing her into his arms, however, is a long way. I went so far as to tell him that he had my good wishes; but I made him understand that I can give him no help. He sat for some time poking a hole in the earth with his stick and watching the operation. Then he said, with his wide, exaggerated smile—the one thing in his face that recalls his brother, though it is so different,—“I think I should like to try.” I felt rather sorry for him, and made him talk of something else; and we separated without his alluding to Eunice, though at the last he looked at me for a moment intently, with something on his lips which was probably a return to his idea. I stopped him; I told him I always required solitude for my finishing touches. He thinks me *brusque* and queer, but he went away. I don't know what he means to do; I am curious whether he will begin his siege. It can scarcely be said, as yet, to have begun—Eunice, at any rate, is all unconscious.

June 6.—Her unconsciousness is being rapidly dispelled; Mr. Frank has been here every day since I last wrote. He is a singular youth, and I don't make him out; I think there is more in him than I supposed at first. He doesn't bore us, and he has become, to a certain extent, one of the family. I like him very much, and he excites my curiosity. I don't quite see where he expects to come out. I mentioned some time back that Eunice had told me he made her uncomfortable; and now, if that continues, she appears to have resigned herself. He has asked her repeatedly to drive with him, and twice she has consented; he has a very pretty pair of horses, and a vehicle that holds but two persons. I told him I could give him no positive help, but I do leave them together. Of course, Eunice has noticed this—it is the only intimation I have given her that I am aware of his intentions. I have constantly expected her to say something, but she has said nothing, and it is possible that Mr. Frank is making an impression. He makes love very reasonably; evidently his idea is to be intensely gradual. Of course, it isn't gradual to come every day; but he does very little on any one occasion. That, at least, is my impression; for when I talk of his making love

I don't mean that I see it. When the three of us are together he talks to me quite as much as to her, and there is no difference in his manner from one of us to the other. His shyness is wearing off, and he blushes so much less that I have discovered his natural hue. It has several shades less of crimson than I supposed. I have taken care that he should not see me alone, for I don't wish him to talk to me of what he is doing—I wish to have nothing to say about it. He has looked at me several times in the same way in which he looked just before we parted, that day he found me sketching in the Park; that is, as if he wished to have some special understanding with me. But I don't want a special understanding, and I pretend not to see his looks. I don't exactly see why Eunice doesn't speak to me, and why she expresses no surprise at Mr. Frank's sudden devotion. Perhaps Mr. Caliph has notified her, and she is prepared for everything—prepared even to accept the young Adrian. I have an idea he will be rather taken in if she does. Perhaps the day will come soon when I shall think it well to say: “Take care, take care; you *may* succeed!” He improves on acquaintance; he knows a great many things, and he is a gentleman to his finger-tips. We talk very often about Rome; he has made out every inscription for himself, and has got them all written down in a little book. He brought it the other afternoon and read some of them out to us, and it was more amusing than it may sound. I listen to such things because I can listen to anything about Rome; and Eunice listens, possibly because Mr. Caliph had told her to. She appears ready to do anything he tells her; he has been sending her some more papers to sign. He has not been here since the day he gave me the flowers; he went back to Washington shortly after that. She has received several letters from him, accompanying documents that look very legal. She has said nothing to me about them; and since I uttered those words of warning, which I noted here at the time, I have asked no questions and offered no criticism. Sometimes I wonder whether I myself had not better speak to Mrs. Ermine; it is only the fear of being idiotic and meddlesome that restrains me. It seems to me so odd there should be no one else; Mr. Caliph appears to have everything in his own hands. We are to go down to our “seat,” as Mrs. Ermine says, next week. That brilliant woman has left town herself, like many other people, and is staying with one of her daughters. Then she is going to the other, and then she is coming to Eunice, at Cornerville.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

AN EXTRACT FROM A NARRATIVE, WRITTEN NOT FOR PUBLICATION, BUT FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF MY CHILDREN ONLY.

* * * * *

In anticipation of the capture of Richmond, the President had decided to remove his family to a place of probable security. He desired, however, to keep them as near as might be to the position General Lee intended to occupy when obliged to withdraw from the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. Charlotte, North Carolina, was selected for the purpose; and I was requested to accompany Mrs. Davis and the children on their journey.

We started from Richmond in the evening of the Friday before the city was evacuated. The President accompanied us to the cars; and after the ladies had taken their seats, but while we were still at the station of the Danville railroad, awaiting the signal for the train to move, he walked a short distance aside with me, and gave his final instructions in nearly or quite these words:

"My latest information from General Lee is, that Sheridan has been ordered to move with his cavalry to our right flank and to tear up the railroad; he is to remain there, destroying as much of the railroad as he can, until driven off by Hampton or by the lack of supplies; he is then to rejoin Grant in front of Petersburg if possible; otherwise, to go to Sherman in North Carolina. After establishing Mrs. Davis at Charlotte, you will return to Richmond as soon as you can."

I may here remark that, when a prisoner in Washington, in the following July, I one day got possession of a piece of a newspaper containing a part of the report, made by General Sheridan, of the operations under his command known as the "Battle of Five Forks." I remember the impression it gave me of the accuracy and freshness of General Lee's intelligence from General Grant's headquarters, when I read, that day in prison, Sheridan's own statement showing that his orders were to move with cavalry only, to make a raid on the railroad on General Lee's right flank, and, when driven off, to return to Petersburg if he could, otherwise to join Sherman; and that it was during the night, when he was about to move with the cavalry only, that General Grant notified him of a change of plan, afterward giving him the corps of infantry with which the battle was actually fought.

Bidding good-bye to the President, we got away from Richmond about ten o'clock. It was a special train. Our party consisted of Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell (her sister), the four children, Ellen (the mulatto maid-servant), and James Jones (the mulatto coachman). With us were also the daughters of Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, on their way to South Carolina, under the escort of midshipman James M. Morgan. That young gentleman was then engaged to Miss Trenholm, and afterward married her. There were no other passengers, and the train consisted of only two or three cars. In one of them, the coachman had the two carriage horses recently presented to Mrs. Davis by several gentlemen of Richmond. She had owned and used them for several years; but during the preceding winter the President's household had felt the pressure of the "hard times" even more than before; he had sold all his own horses except the one he usually rode; and, being in need of the money these would fetch, Mrs. Davis had, some time afterward, sold them also through a dealer. The afternoon of the sale, however, they were returned to the stable with a kind letter to her from Mr. James Lyons and a number of other prominent gentlemen, the purchasers, begging her to accept the horses as a gift in token of their regard. The price they had paid for the pair was, I think, twelve thousand dollars—a sum which dwindles somewhat when stated to have been in Confederate currency (worth, at that time, only some fifty for one in gold), and representing about two hundred and forty dollars in good money.

It illustrates the then condition of the railways and means of transportation in the Confederate States, that, after proceeding twelve or fifteen miles, our locomotive proved unable to take us over a slight up-grade. We came to a dead halt, and remained there all night. The next day was well advanced when Burksville Junction was reached; and I there telegraphed to the President the accounts received from the battle between Sheridan and Pickett.

It was Sunday morning before we arrived at Danville. While preparations were making there to send on our train toward Charlotte, Morgan and I took a walk through the town and made a visit to the residence of Major

Sutherland, the most conspicuous house in Danville. The train got off again by midday, but did not reach Charlotte until Tuesday. At Charlotte, we were courteously entertained for a day or two by Mr. Weil, an Israelite, a merchant of the town.

Communication had been so interrupted that we did not hear of the evacuation of Richmond until Mrs. Davis received a telegram, on Wednesday, from the President at Danville, merely announcing that he was there.

As soon as I could do so, and when we had comfortably established Mrs. Davis and her family in the house provided for them, I returned to Danville and joined the President. With several members of his cabinet, he was a guest at Major Sutherland's house, where I arrived late in the evening, and spent the night.

A report coming in that the enemy's cavalry was approaching from the westward, the hills around Danville, where earth-works had already been thrown up, were manned by the officers and men that had constituted the Confederate navy in and near Richmond; and command of the force was given to Admiral Semmes (of the *Alabama*), who was made a brigadier-general for the nonce.

The several bureaus of the War Department, and perhaps several of the other departments, had arranged quarters for themselves in the town, and were organizing for regular work. A separate and commodious house had been provided (I think by the town authorities) as a head-quarters for the President and his personal staff; and Mr. M. H. Clark, our chief clerk, had already established himself there and was getting things in order. It was only the next afternoon, however, after my return to Danville, that the President received a communication informing him of the surrender by General Lee of the army of Northern Virginia, and gave orders for an immediate withdrawal into North Carolina. Under his directions, we set to work at once to arrange for a railway train to convey the more important officers of the Government and such others as could be got aboard, with our luggage and as much material as it was desired to carry along, including the boxes of papers that had belonged to the executive office in Richmond. With the coöperation of the officers of the Quartermaster's Department, the train was, with difficulty, got ready; and the guards I placed upon it excluded all persons and material not specially authorized by me to go aboard. Of course, a multitude was anxious to embark, and the guards were kept busy in repelling them.

As I stood in front of our head-quarters,

superintending the removal of luggage and boxes to the train, two officers rode up, their horses spattered with mud, and asked for the news. I told them of the surrender of General Lee's army, and inquired who they were and whence they had come. They had ridden from Richmond, and were just arrived, having made a wide detour from the direct road, to avoid capture by the enemy. One of them was a colonel from Tennessee. He expressed great eagerness to get on as rapidly as possible toward home. I remarked upon the freshness and spirit of his horse, and asked where he had got so good a steed. He said the horse belonged to a gentleman in Richmond, whose name he did not recollect, but who had asked him, in the confusion of the evacuation, to take the horse out to his son—then serving on General Ewell's staff. He added that, as General Ewell and staff had all been captured, he did not know what to do with the horse, and should be glad to turn him over to some responsible person—exactng an obligation to account to the owner. I said I should be glad to have the horse, and would cheerfully assume all responsibilities. The colonel rode off, but returned in a short time. He had tried to get on the railway train, but found he couldn't do it without an order from me; whereby he remarked that, if I would furnish such an order, he would accept my proposition about the horse. The arrangement was made immediately, and the colonel became a passenger on the train, which also conveyed my horse, with others belonging to the President and his staff.

That horse did me noble service, and I became very much attached to him. Further on, I shall tell the sad fate that befell him. Long afterward, I ascertained the owner was Mr. Edmond, of Richmond, with whom I had a conversation on the subject, when I was there attending upon the proceedings in the United States Court for the release of Mr. Davis from prison upon bail. I related the adventures of his steed, and offered to pay for him; but Mr. Edmond promptly and very generously said he could not think of taking pay for the horse; that the loss was but an incident of the loss of everything else we had all suffered in the result of the war, and that his inquiries had been made only because the animal was a great pet with the children, and they were all anxious to know his fate.

Among the people who besieged me for permits to enter the train was General R—, with several daughters and one or more of his staff officers. He had been on duty

in the "torpedo bureau," and had with him what he considered a valuable collection of fuses and other explosives. I distrusted such luggage as that, though the General confidently asserted it was quite harmless. I told him he couldn't go with us—there was no room for him. He succeeded at last, however, in getting access to the President, who had served with him, long years before, in the army; in kindness to an old friend, Mr. Davis finally said I had better make room for the General, and he himself took one of the daughters to share his own seat. That young lady was of a loquacity irrepressible; she plied her neighbor diligently—about the weather, and upon every other topic of common interest—asking him, too, a thousand trivial questions. The train could not yet be got to move; the fires in the locomotive wouldn't burn well, or some other difficulty delayed us; and there we all were, in our seats, crowded together, waiting to be off, full of gloom at the situation, wondering what would happen next, and all as silent as mourners at a funeral; all except, indeed, the General's daughter, who prattled on in a voice everybody heard. She seemed quite unconscious of the impatience Mr. Davis evidently to everybody else, felt for her and her conversation. In the midst of it all, a sharp explosion occurred very near the President, and a young man was seen to bounce into the air, clapping both hands to the seat of his trousers. We all sprang to our feet in alarm, but presently found that it was only an officer of General R——'s staff, who had sat down rather abruptly upon the flat top of a stove (still standing in the car, but without a fire), and that the explosion was made by one of the torpedo appliances he was carrying in his coat-tail pocket.

Among the servants at the President's house in Richmond had been one called Spencer. He was the slave of somebody in the town, but made himself a member of our household, and couldn't be got rid of. Spencer was inefficient, unsightly, and unclean,—a black Caliban,—and had the manners of a corn-field dorky. He always called Mr. Davis "Marse Jeff," and was the only one of the domestics who used that style of address. I fancy the amusement Mr. Davis felt at that was the real explanation of the continued sufferance extended to the fellow by the family for a year or more. Spencer would often go to the door to answer the bell, and almost invariably denied that Mr. Davis was at home. The visitor sometimes entered the hall, notwithstanding, and asked to have his name sent up; whereupon Spencer generally lost his temper and remarked, "I tell you,

sir, Marse Jeff 'clines to see you"; and unless somebody came to the rescue, the intruder rarely got any further. This Spencer had accompanied the party from Richmond to Danville, but had made the journey in a box-car with a drunken officer, who beat him. The African was overwhelmed with disgust at such treatment, and announced in Danville that he should go no further if ——— was to be of the party. When he had learned, however, that his enemy (being in a delirium and unable to be moved) was to be left behind at Danville, Spencer cheerfully reported at the train, and asked for transportation. I assigned him to a box-car with the parcels of fuses, etc., put aboard by General R——; and he had not yet made himself comfortable there, when somebody mischievously told him those things would certainly explode and blow him to "kingdom come." The dorky fled immediately, and demanded of me other quarters. I told him he couldn't travel in any other car; and that, happily, relieved us of his company. Mournfully remarking, "Den Marse Jeff 'll have to take keer of hisself," Spencer, the valiant and faithful, bade me good-bye, and said he should return to Richmond!

We halted for several days at Greensboro' for consultation with General Joseph E. Johnston, whose army was then confronting Sherman. The people in that part of North Carolina had not been zealous supporters of the Confederate Government; and, so long as we remained in the State, we observed their indifference to what should become of us. It was rarely that anybody asked one of us to his house; and but few of them had the grace even to explain their fear that, if they entertained us, their houses would be burned by the enemy, when his cavalry should get there.

During the halt at Greensboro' most of us lodged day and night in the very uncomfortable railway cars we had arrived in. The possessor of a large house in the town, and perhaps the richest and most conspicuous of the residents, came indeed effusively to the train, but carried off only Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury. This hospitality was explained by the information that the host was the alarmed owner of many of the bonds, and of much of the currency, of the Confederate States, and that he hoped to cajole the Secretary into exchanging a part of the "Treasury gold" for some of those securities. It appeared that we were reputed to have many millions of gold with us. Mr. Trenholm was ill during most or all of the time at the house of his

warm-hearted host, and the symptoms were said to be greatly aggravated, if not caused, by importunities with regard to that gold.

Colonel John Taylor Wood, of our staff, had, some time before, removed his family to Greensboro' from Richmond, and took the President (who would otherwise have probably been left with us in the cars) to share his quarters near by. The Woods were boarding, and their rooms were few and small. The entertainment they were able to offer their guest was meager, and was distinguished by very little comfort either to him or to them, the people of the house continually and vigorously insisting to the colonel and his wife, the while, that Mr. Davis must go away, saying they were unwilling to have the vengeance of Stoneman's cavalry brought upon them by his presence in their house.

The alarm of these good people was not allayed when they ascertained, one day, that General Joseph E. Johnston, with General Breckinridge (Secretary of War), General Beauregard, Mr. Benjamin (Secretary of State), Mr. Mallory (Secretary of the Navy), Mr. Reagan (Postmaster-General), and perhaps one or two other members of the cabinet and officers of the army, were with the President, in Colonel Wood's rooms, holding a council of war.

That route through North Carolina had been for some time the only line of communication between Virginia and Georgia and the Gulf States. The roads and towns were full of officers and privates from those Southern States, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia. Many of them had been home on furlough, and were returning to the army when met by the news of General Lee's surrender; others were stragglers from their commands. All were now going home, and, as some of the bridges south of Greensboro' had been burned by the enemy's cavalry, and the railways throughout the southern country generally were interrupted, of course everybody wanted the assistance of a horse or mule on his journey. Few had any scruples as to how to get one.

I remember that a band of eight or ten young Mississippians, at least one of them an officer (now a prominent lawyer in New Orleans), and several of them personally known to me, offered themselves at Greensboro' as an escort for the President. Until something definite should be known, however, as to our future movements, I was unable to say whether they could be of service in that capacity. After several days of waiting, they decided for themselves. Arousing me in the small hours of the night, their self-constituted commander said

if I had any orders or suggestions to give they should be glad to have them on the spot, as, otherwise, it had become expedient to move on immediately. I asked what had happened. He showed me the horses they had that night secured by "pressing" them from neighboring farmers, and particularly his own mount, a large and handsome dapple-gray stallion, in excellent condition. I congratulated him on his thrift, and in an instant they were off in a gallop through the mud. The President's horses, my own, and those belonging to the other gentlemen of our immediate party, were tied within a secure inclosure while we remained at Greensboro', and were guarded by the men (about a dozen) who, having received wounds disabling them for further service in the field, had acted as sentinels during the last year at the President's house in Richmond, under the command of a gallant young officer who had lost an arm.

The utmost vigilance was necessary, from this time on, in keeping possession of a good horse. I remember that at Charlotte, some days later, Colonel Burnett, senator from Kentucky, told me he had just come very near losing his mare. He had left her for a little while at a large stable where there were many other horses. Going back after a short absence, Burnett noticed a rakish-looking fellow walking along the stalls, and carefully observing the various horses until he came to the mare, when, after a moment's consideration, he called out to a negro rubbing down a neighboring horse: "Boy, saddle my mare here; and be quick about it." The negro answered, "Aye, aye, sir," and was about to obey, when the senator stepped up, saying: "My friend, you are evidently a judge of horseflesh; and I feel rather complimented that, after looking through the whole lot, you have selected my mare!" The chap coolly replied, "Oh! is that your mare, Colonel?" and walked off. When we had laughed over the story, I asked Burnett, "Well, and where is she now?" "Oh," said he, "I sha'n't trust her out of my sight again; and Gus Henry is holding her for me down at the corner until I can get back there." The person thus familiarly spoken of as "Gus" Henry, then acting as a hostler for his friend, was the venerable and distinguished senator from Tennessee, with all of the stateliness and much of the eloquence of his kinsman, Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia.

At Greensboro' were large stores of supplies belonging to the quartermaster and commissary departments. These were to be kept together until it could be ascertained whether General Johnston's army would need them. I recollect, as one of the incidents of

our sojourn there, that, after many threats during several days to do so, a formidable attack was made by men belonging to a cavalry regiment upon one of the depots where woolen cloths (I think) were stored. They charged down the road in considerable force, with yells and an occasional shot; but the "Home Guards," stationed at the store-house, stood firm, and received the attack with a well directed volley. I saw a number of saddles emptied, and the cavalry retreat in confusion. Notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the officers, however, pilfering from the stores went on briskly all the time; and I fancy that, immediately after we left, there was a general scramble for what remained of the supplies.

From Greensboro', at this time, a railway train was dispatched toward Raleigh with a number of prisoners, to be exchanged, if possible, for some of our own men then in General Sherman's hands. They were in charge of Major William H. Norris, of Baltimore (Chief of the Signal Corps), and Major W. D. Hennen. The latter had, before the war, been a distinguished member of the New Orleans bar, and has since been at the bar in New York. Those two officers were at Yale College together in their youth, and had shared in many a frolic in Paris and other gay places. They evidently regarded this expedition with the prisoners as a huge "lark." The train moved off with a flag of truce flying from the locomotive. When, a day or two afterward, they approached the enemy's lines, the prisoners all got out of the cars and ran off to their friends, and Norris and Hennen were themselves made prisoners! Indignant at such treatment, they addressed a communication to the commanding officer (Schofield, I think), demanding to know why they were treated as prisoners, and why their flag had not been respected. Schofield considered the Confederate Government was now no more, and asked what flag they referred to. This gave Hennen a great opportunity, and he overpowered the enemy with a reply full of his most fervid eloquence: "What flag? The flag before which the 'star-spangled banner' has been ignominiously trailed in the dust of a thousand battle-fields! The flag that has driven from the ocean the commerce of the United States! The flag which will live in history as long as the heroic achievements of patriotic men are spoken of among the nations! The glorious, victorious, and immortal flag of the Confederate States of America!"

We moved southward on, I think, the day following the council of war held with General Johnston, starting from Greensboro' in

the afternoon. The President, those of us who constituted his immediate staff, and some members of the cabinet, were mounted. Others rode in ambulances, army wagons, or such conveyances as could be got. Almost at the last minute I was told I must provide an ambulance for Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. His figure was not well adapted for protracted riding, and he had firmly announced that he should not mount a horse until obliged to.*

By good fortune, I was able to secure an ambulance; but the horses were old and broken down, of a dirty gray color, and with spots like fly-bites all over them,—and the harness was not good. There was no choice, however, and into that ambulance got Mr. Benjamin, General Samuel Cooper (Adjutant General, and ranking officer of the whole army), Mr. George Davis (of North Carolina, Attorney-General), and Mr. Jules St. Martin, Benjamin's brother-in-law.

By the time they got off, the front of our column had been some time in motion, and the President had ridden down the road. Heavy rains had recently fallen, the earth was saturated with water, the soil was a sticky red clay, the mud was awful, and the road, in places, almost impracticable. The wheeled vehicles could move but slowly; and it was only by sometimes turning into the fields and having St. Martin and the Attorney-General get out to help the horses with an occasional fence-rail under the axles, that their party got along at all—so difficult was the road because of the mud, and so formidable were the holes made during the winter, and deepened by the artillery and heavy wagons that day. I was near them from time to time, and rendered what assistance I could. Darkness came on after awhile, and nearly or quite everybody in the column passed ahead of that ambulance. Having been kept latterly in the rear by something detaining me, I observed, as I rode

* That he could handle a steed in an emergency was very well known, and was afterward shown when he dexterously got himself into the saddle upon a tall horse, and, with short legs hanging but an inconsiderable distance toward the ground, rode gayly off with the others of the President's following until, after their night march from Abbeville, South Carolina, across the Savannah River, sniffing the danger of longer continuance with so large a party, he set out alone for the sea-coast, whence he escaped (to Bermuda and Havana, I think, and finally) to England. I am told that in his pocket, when he started, was a document from one of the assistants to the adjutant-general of the army, certifying the bearer to be a French citizen, entitled to travel without hinderance, and ordering all Confederate officers and pickets to let him pass freely; and that it was understood that if he should encounter inquisitive detachments of the United States forces, he was to be unable to talk any other language than French, which he speaks like a native. So long as he remained with us his cheery good humor, and readiness to adapt

forward, the tilted hind-part of an ambulance stuck in the mud in the middle of the road, and recognized the voices inside, as I drew rein for a moment to chuckle at their misfortunes. The horses were blowing like two rusty fog-horns; Benjamin was scolding the driver for not going on; that functionary was stoically insisting they could proceed no whit further, because the horses were broken down; and General Cooper (faithful old gentleman, he had been in Richmond throughout our war, and had not known since the Seminole war what it is to "rough it") was grumbling about the impudence of a subordinate officer ("only a brigadier-general, sir"). It seems the offender had thrust himself into the seat in another ambulance drawn by good horses, that was intended for the Adjutant-General. Getting alongside, I could see the front wheels were over the hubs in a hole; the hind legs of the horses were in the same hole, up to the hocks; and the feet of the driver hung down almost into the mud. Mud and water were deep all around them, and their plight was pitiful indeed! They plucked up their spirits only when I offered to get somebody to pull them out. Riding forward, I found an artillery camp, where some of the men volunteered to go back with horses and haul the ambulance up the hill; and, returning to them again, I could see from afar the occasional bright glow of Benjamin's cheerful cigar. While the others of the party were perfectly silent, Benjamin's silvery voice was presently heard as he rhythmically intoned, for their comfort, verse after verse of Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington! The laureate would have enjoyed the situation could he have heard the appreciative rendering of his noble poem—under the circumstances of that moment!

Reaching the house at the top of the hill, we halted on hearing that the President

himself to the requirements of all emergencies, made him a most agreeable comrade. He is now a Queen's Counsel in London, and has just retired from the active work of a great and lucrative practice in all the courts there, after a career of singular interest. He was born, in 1812, in one of the British West India possessions, the ship, conveying his parents to this country from England, having put in there on learning at sea of the declaration of war by the United States. At Yale College when a boy; at the bar in New Orleans; in the Senate of the United States, from Louisiana; at first attorney-general, next secretary of war, and finally secretary of state of the Confederate States, at Richmond. When he was recently entertained at dinner, in the beautiful Inner Temple Hall (surrounded by the portraits of the most illustrious of those who have given dignity to the profession in the past), the bench and bar of the United Kingdom were assembled to do him special honor; about two hundred sat at the table; the Attorney-General presided, as leader of the bar of England; the Lord Chancellor and the Lord

and his party, including General Breckinridge, were the guests of the hospitable owner, and that we were expected to join them. There we had the first good meal encountered since leaving Virginia, and when bed-time came a great bustling was made to enable us all to sleep within doors, though the house was too small to afford many beds. A big negro man, with a candle in hand, then came into the room where we were gathered about a huge fire. Looking us over, he solemnly selected General Cooper, and, with much deference, escorted him into the "guest-chamber" through a door opening from the room we occupied. We could see the great soft bed and snowy white linen the old gentleman was to enjoy, and all rejoiced in the comfort they promised to aged bones, that for a week had been racked in the cars. The negro gravely shut the door upon his guest, and, walking through our company, disappeared. He came back after awhile with wood for our fire; and one of us asked him, "Aren't you going to give the President a room?" "Yes, sir, I done put him in thar," pointing to the "guest-chamber," where General Cooper was luxuriating in delights procured for him by the mistaken notion of the darky that he was Mr. Davis! The President and one or two others were presently provided for elsewhere, and the rest of us bestowed ourselves to slumber on the floor, before the roaring fire.

A better team for Benjamin's party was furnished next morning; and, just as we were about to start, our host generously insisted upon presenting to Mr. Davis a filly, already broken to saddle. She was a beauty, and the owner had kept her locked for several days in the cellar, the only place he considered safe against horse-thieves.

The next night we bivouacked in a pine grove near Lexington, and were overtaken there by dispatches from General Joseph E. Johnston, with information of his arrange-

Chief Justice were among those who spoke to toasts, and if there was any speech more graceful and striking than those made by them, it was the reply of Mr. Benjamin himself, with singular modesty and felicity, to the words of praise he had just heard from the eloquent Attorney-General. Lord Chancellor Selborne then said of him: "If I had to speak of Mr. Benjamin only as an English barrister, as I have known him from the bench, I should say that no man, within my recollection, has possessed greater learning, or displayed greater shrewdness or ability, or greater zeal for the interests entrusted to him, than he has exhibited. (Cheers.) To these high qualities he has united one still higher—the highest sense of honor, united with the greatest kindness and generosity (cheers), and the greatest geniality in his intercourse with all the branches of the profession. (Loud cheers.) That we should no longer have the benefit of his assistance and the light of his example, is a loss to us all. (Cheers.)"

ment for negotiations with General Sherman. General Breckinridge and Mr. Reagan (the Postmaster-General) were thereupon directed by the President to proceed immediately to General Johnston's head-quarters for consultation with that officer, and with large discretion as to what should be agreed to. They set off instantly.

In Lexington and in Salisbury we experienced the same cold indifference on the part of the people, first encountered at Greensboro', except that at Salisbury Mr. Davis was invited to the house of a clergyman, where he slept. Salisbury had been entered a few days before by a column of the enemy's cavalry (said to be Stoneman's), and the streets showed many evidences of the havoc they had wrought. With one or two others, I passed the night on the clergyman's front piazza as a guard for the President.

During all this march Mr. Davis was singularly equable and cheerful; he seemed to have had a great load taken from his mind, to feel relieved of responsibilities, and his conversation was bright and agreeable. He talked of men and of books, particularly of Walter Scott and Byron; of horses and dogs and sports; of the woods and the fields; of trees and many plants; of roads, and how to make them; of the habits of birds, and of a variety of other topics. His familiarity with, and correct taste in, the English literature of the last generation, his varied experiences in life, his habits of close observation, and his extraordinary memory, made him a charming companion when disposed to talk.

Indeed, like Mark Tapley, we were all in good spirits under adverse circumstances; and I particularly remember the entertaining conversation of Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy.

Not far from Charlotte, I sent forward a courier with a letter to Major Echols, the quartermaster of that post, asking him to inform Mrs. Davis of our approach, and to provide quarters for as many of us as possible. The major rode out to the outskirts of the town, and there met us with the information that Mrs. Davis and her family had hastily proceeded toward South Carolina several days before. He didn't know where she was to be found; but said she had fled when the railway south of Greensboro' had been cut by the enemy's cavalry. The major then took me aside and explained that, though quarters could be furnished for the rest of us, he had as yet been able to find only one person willing to receive Mr. Davis, saying the people generally were afraid that whoever entertained him would have his house burned by the enemy; that, indeed, it was understood threats to that effect

had been made everywhere by Stoneman's cavalry.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to go to the one domicile offered. It was on the main street of the town, and was occupied by Mr. Bates, a man said to be of northern birth, a bachelor of convivial habits, the local agent of the Southern Express Company, apparently living alone with his negro servants, and keeping a sort of "open house," where a broad, well equipped sideboard was the most conspicuous feature of the situation—not at all a seemly place for Mr. Davis.

Just as we had entered the house, Mr. Davis received by courier from General Breckinridge, at General Sherman's headquarters, the intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated; and, when he communicated it to us, everybody's remark was that, in Lincoln, the Southern States had lost their only refuge in their then emergency. There was no expression other than of surprise and regret. As yet, we knew none of the particulars of the crime.

Presently, the street was filled by a column of cavalry (the command, I think, of General Basil Duke, of Kentucky) just entering the town. As they rode past the house, the men waved their flags and hurraed for "Jefferson Davis." Many of them halted before the door, and, in dust and uproar, called loudly for a speech from him. I was in the crowd, gathered thick about the steps, and not more than ten feet from the door. Mr. Davis stood on the threshold and made a very brief reply to their calls for a speech. I distinctly heard every word he said. He merely thanked the soldiers for their cordial greetings; paid a high compliment to the gallantry and efficiency of the cavalry from the State in which the regiment before him had been recruited; expressed his own determination not to despair of the Confederacy, but to remain with the last organized band upholding the flag; and then excused himself from further remarks, pleading the fatigue of travel. He said nothing more. Somebody else (Mr. Johnson, I think, a prominent resident there) read aloud the dispatch from General Breckinridge about the assassination of President Lincoln, but no reference was made to it in Mr. Davis's speech. There was no other speech, and the crowd soon dispersed.*

Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel Will-

* In pursuance of the scheme of Stanton and Holt to fasten upon Mr. Davis charges of a guilty foreknowledge of, if not participation in, the murder of Mr. Lincoln, Bates was afterward carried to Washington and made to testify (before the military tribunal, I believe, where the murderers were on trial) to something about that speech.

As I recollect the reports of the testimony, published

iam Preston Johnston, and Colonel Frank R. Lubbock, staff officers, remained in Bates's house with the President. There was no room for more. I was carried off by my Hebrew friend Weil and most kindly entertained, with Mr. Benjamin and St. Martin, at his residence.

On Sunday (the next day, I think), a number of us attended service at the Episcopal Church, and heard the rector preach vigorously about the sad condition of the country, and in reprobation of the folly and wickedness of the assassination of President Lincoln. As Mr. Davis walked away, after the sermon, with Colonel Johnston and me, he said, with a smile, "I think the preacher directed his remarks at me; and he really seems to fancy I had something to do with the assassination." The suggestion was absurd. No man ever participated in a great war of revolution with less of disturbance of the nicest sense of perfect rectitude in conduct or opinion; his every utterance, act, and sentiment was with the strictest regard for all the moralities, throughout that troubled time when the passions of many people made them reckless or defiant of the opinions of mankind.

His cheerfulness continued in Charlotte, and I remember his there saying to me, "I cannot feel like a beaten man!" The halt at Charlotte was to await information from the army of General Johnston. After a few days, the President became nervously anxious about his wife and family. He had as yet heard nothing of their whereabouts, but asked me to proceed into South Carolina in search of them, suggesting that I should probably find them at Abbeville. He told me I must rely on my own judgment as to what course to pursue from there; that, for himself, he should make his way as rapidly as possible to the Trans-Mississippi Department, to join the army under Kirby Smith.

I started at once, taking my horse on the railway train to Chester. On the train chanced to be Captain Lingan, an officer from New Orleans, recently serving at Richmond as an assistant to the commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. He had his horse with him, and from Chester we rode together

across the country to Newberry, there to take the train again for Abbeville. In Chester the night was spent in the car that brought us there. On the march to Newberry we bivouacked. The weather was fine, and the houses surrounded by jessamines and other flowers. The people were very hospitable, and we fain to rely upon them. Nothing could be bought, because we had no money. Our Confederate currency was of no value now, and there was no other. Riding through a street of Newberry in search of the quartermaster's stable, Lingan and I were saluted by a lady, inquiring eagerly whence we had come, what the news was, and whether we knew anything of Mr. Trenholm, adding she had heard he was ill. The town was lovely, and this the most attractive house we had seen there. It had a broad piazza, with posts beautifully overgrown by vines and rose-bushes, and the grounds around were full of flowers. I replied I had just left Mr. Trenholm in Charlotte; that he had somewhat recovered; and that, if she would allow us to do so, we should be happy to return, after providing for our horses, and tell her the latest news. As we rode off, Lingan laughingly said, "Well, that secures us 'hospitable entertainment.'" And, sure enough, when we went back and introduced ourselves, we were cordially received by the mistress of the house, who invited us to dine. The lady we had seen on the piazza was only a visitor there for the moment. It was the residence of Mr. Boyd, the president of a bank, and when that gentleman presently came in he courteously insisted upon our making his house our home. An excellent dinner was served, and I was given what seemed to me the most delightful bed ever slept in. After a delicious breakfast next morning, Mrs. Boyd dispatched us to the train with a haversack full of bounties for the rest of the journey.

At Abbeville, Mrs. Davis and her family were the guests of the President's esteemed friends, Colonel and Mrs. Burt; and there, too, were the daughters of Mr. Trenholm, at the house of their brother. Abbeville was a beautiful place, on high ground; and the

at the time, they made the witness say that Mr. Davis had approved of the assassination, either explicitly or by necessary implication; and that he had added, "If it was to be done, it is well it was done quickly," or words to that effect. If any such testimony was given, it is false and without foundation; no comment upon or reference to the assassination was made in that speech. I have been told the witness has always stoutly insisted he never testified to anything of the kind, but that what he said was altogether perverted in the publication made by rascals in Washington. Colonel William Preston Johnston tells me he has seen another version of the story, and thinks Bates is understood to have fathered it in a publication

made in some newspaper after his visit to Washington; it represents Bates as saying that the words above mentioned as imputed to Mr. Davis were used by him, not, indeed, in the speech I have described, but in a conversation with Johnston at Bates's house. Johnston assures me that, in that shape, too, the story is false—that Mr. Davis never used such words in his presence, or any words at all like them. He adds that Mr. Davis remarked to him, at Bates's house, with reference to the assassination, that Mr. Lincoln would have been much more useful to the Southern States than Andrew Johnson, the successor, was likely to be; and I myself heard Mr. Davis express the same opinion at that period.

people lived in great comfort, their houses embowered in vines and roses, with many other flowers everywhere. We had now entered the "sunny South."

Mrs. Davis insisted upon starting without delay for the sea-coast, to get out of the reach of capture. She and her sister had heard dreadful stories of the treatment ladies had been subjected to in Georgia and the Carolinas by men in Sherman's army, and thought with terror of the possibility of falling into the hands of the enemy; indeed, she understood it to be the President's wish that she should hasten to seek safety in a foreign country. I explained to her the difficulties and hardships of the journey to the sea-coast, and suggested that we might be captured on the road, urging her to remain where she was until the place should be quietly occupied by United States troops, assuring her that some officer would take care that no harm should befall her, and adding that she would then be able to rejoin her friends. Colonel and Mrs. Burt (a niece of John C. Calhoun) added their entreaties to mine; and to her expression of unwillingness to subject them to the danger of having their house burned for sheltering her, Colonel Burt magnanimously replied that there was no better use to which his house could be put than to have it burned for giving shelter to the wife and family of his friend. But she persisted in her purpose, and begged me to be off immediately. It was finally decided to make our way to the neighborhood of Madison, Florida, as fast as possible, there to determine how best to get to sea.

We had no conveyance for the ladies, however, and were at a loss how to get one, until somebody told me that General John S. Williams, of Kentucky (now United States Senator from that State) was but a few miles from the town recruiting his health, and that he had a large and strong vehicle well adapted to the purpose. I rode out in the direction indicated, and discovered that officer at the house of a man called, queerly enough, "Jeff" Davis. General Williams evidently perceived that, if he allowed his wagon and horses (a fortune in those times) to go beyond his own reach, he would never see them again, such was the disorder throughout the country. But he gallantly devoted them to Mrs. Davis, putting his property at her service as far as Washington, Georgia, and designating the man to bring the wagon and horses back from there, if possible, to him at Abbeville. Whether he ever recovered them I have not learned; but they started back promptly after we had reached Washington.

Among the "refugees" in Abbeville was

the family of Judge Monroe, of Kentucky. At their house were Lieutenant Hathaway, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Messick,—Kentuckians all, and then absent from their command in the cavalry, on sick leave, I think. These three young gentlemen were well mounted, and volunteered to serve as an escort for Mrs. Davis.

We started the morning of the second day after I arrived at Abbeville, and had not reached the Savannah River when it was reported that small-pox prevailed in the country. All the party had been vaccinated except one of the President's children. Halting at a house near the road, Mrs. Davis had the operation performed by the planter, who got a fresh scab from the arm of a little negro called up for the purpose.

At Washington, we halted for two nights and the intervening day. Mrs. Davis and her family were comfortably lodged in the town. I was the guest of Dr. Robertson, the cashier of a bank, and living under the same roof with the offices of that institution. Here, too, was my friend Major Thomas W. Hall (now a busy and eminent member of the Baltimore bar), talking rather despondingly of the future, and saying he did not know what he should do with himself. After we had discussed the situation, however, he brightened up, with the remark that he thought he should write a book about the war. I comforted him with the observation that that would be just the thing; and that, as we ought all to have a steady occupation in life, if he would write a book, I should try to read it!

Near the town was a quartermaster's camp, where I selected three or four army wagons, each with a team of four good mules, and the best harness to be got. A driver for each team, and several supernumeraries, friends of theirs, were recruited there, with the promise, on my part, that the wagons and mules should be divided between them when at our journey's end. These men were all, I believe, from southern Mississippi, and, by volunteering with us, were not going far out of their own way home.

It was night-fall when these arrangements were completed, and I immediately moved my teams and wagons to a separate bivouac in the woods, apart; a wise precaution, for, during the night, some men, on the way to their homes in the far South-west, "raided" the quartermaster's camp and carried off all the best mules found there. Senator Wigfall, of Texas, had allowed to remain in the camp some mules he intended for his own use; the next day they were all missing.*

* A story told afterward well illustrates Wigfall's audacity, resources, and wit. It seems that he made

Into the wagons, next morning, we put Mrs. Davis's luggage, a few muskets with ammunition, two light tents for the ladies and children, and utensils for cooking, with supplies for ourselves and feed for the animals supposed to be sufficient to take us to Madison. As most of the country we were to pass through had been recently devastated by Sherman's army, or was pine woods, sparsely inhabited, these things were necessary.

We had expected to leave Washington with only the party we arrived with, consisting of Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, the four children, Ellen, James Jones with the two carriage horses, the three Kentuckians, and myself,—adding only the teamsters. But, at Washington we were acceptably reinforced by Captain Moody, of Port Gibson, Mississippi, and Major Victor Maurin, of Louisiana. Both had served with the artillery in Virginia, had been home on leave, and had reached Augusta, Georgia, on their return to duty. Hearing there of the surrender of the army, they set out for home together, and met us at Washington, where Captain Moody kindly placed his light, covered wagon at the service of Mrs. Davis; and he and Major Maurin joined our party as an additional escort for her. Captain Moody had with him, I think, a negro servant.

In Washington, at that time, were Judge Crump, of Richmond (Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), and several of his clerks. They had been sent by Mr. Trenholm in advance, with some of the (not very large amount of) gold brought out of Richmond. The specie was in the vaults of the bank at Washington, and I did not hear of it until late at night. We were to start in the morning; and, as nobody in our party had a penny of the money needed to prosecute the intended exit from the country, I was determined to get some of that gold.

One of the Treasury clerks went with me to the house where Judge Crump was; we got him out of bed; and, after a long argument and much entreaty, the Assistant Secretary gave me an order for a few hundred

dollars in gold for Mrs. Davis, and one hundred and ten dollars for myself. The amounts were to be charged to the President and me, as upon account of our official salaries. Armed with the order, my friend the clerk got the money for us that night.

The last two people I talked to in Washington were General Robert Toombs, who resides there, and General Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky.

The latter was enormously fat. He had been in public life for many years, and was one of the notables of his State. As I waited while my horse was shod, he sat down beside me in a door-way on the Square, and, though I was but a slender youth, almost squeezed the breath out of my body in doing so. He discussed the situation, and ended with, "Well, Harrison, in all my days I never knew a government to go to pieces in *this* way," emphasizing the words as though his pathway through life had been strewn with the wrecks of empires, comminuted indeed, but nothing like this! The next time I saw him, we were in New Orleans, in March, 1866. He told me of his adventures in escaping from Georgia across the Mississippi River. The waters were in overflow, and made the distance to be rowed, where he crossed, a number of miles. He said he was in a "dug-out" (a boat made of a single large log, with a cylindrical bottom and easily upset), and that the boatman made him lie down, for fear they might be seen by the enemy and he recognized by his great size, and so captured. All went well until the mosquitoes swarmed on him, and nearly devoured him in his fear of capsizing if he ventured to adopt effective measures to beat them off! In this connection, I remember that, when Marshall commanded a brigade in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky, he was warned that the mountaineers, Union men, all knew him because of his size, and that some sharp-shooter would be sure to single him out and pick him off. He replied: "Ah! but I have taken precautions against that. I have a fat staff! There be six Richmonds in the field!"

As I rode out of Washington to overtake my wagons, then already started, I saw General Toombs, and sung out "Good-bye" to him. He was dressed in an ill-cut black Websterian coat, the worse for wear, and had on a broad-brimmed shabby hat. Standing beside an old buggy, drawn by two ancient gray horses, he told me he was going to Crawfordsville to have a talk with "Aleck" Stephens (the Vice-President); and, as I left, the atmosphere was murky with blasphemies and with denunciations of the Yankees! He

his way as best he could to Vicksburg, and there, mingling with a large number of paroled soldiers returning to the Trans-Mississippi, and having in his pocket a borrowed "parole paper," certifying the bearer to be "Private Smith," availed himself of the transportation furnished by the United States quartermaster to such prisoners, by steam-boat, I think, to Shreveport. On the voyage he had a discussion with some of the guard as to what should be done by the Government with the secession leaders. "And as to Wigfall," said one of the men, in excitement, "if we catch him, we shall hang him immediately." "There I agree with you," remarked Private Smith, "'twould serve him right; and, if I were there, I should be pulling at the end of *that* rope myself!"

had been informed of a detachment of the enemy's cavalry said to be already on the way to capture him, and was about to start for the sea-coast. The next time I saw him, he was at the "Théâtre du Châtelet," in Paris, in August or September, 1866. The spectacle was one of the most splendid ever put upon the stage there, and the French people were in raptures over the dazzling beauty of the scene. Toombs, fashionably dressed, sat in an orchestra chair, regarding it all with the stolid composure of an Indian, and with an expression of countenance suggesting that he had a thousand times seen spectacles more brilliant in Washington, Georgia.

From Washington we went along the road running due south. We had told nobody our plans; though, starting as we did, in the broad light of the forenoon, everybody saw, of course, the direction taken. Our teamsters were instructed not to say anything, to anybody whatever, as to who we were or whence we came or whither we were going. They were all old soldiers and obeyed orders. It frequently amused me to hear their replies to the country people, during the next few days, when questioned on these matters.

"Who is that lady?"

"Mrs. Jones."

"Where did you come from?"

"Up the road."

"Where are you going to?"

"Down the road a bit," etc., etc.

We had not proceeded far when a gentleman of the town, riding rapidly, overtook us with a letter from the President to his wife. It had been written at York, South Carolina, I think; was forwarded by courier to overtake us at Abbeville, and had reached Washington just after we started. It merely informed us that he and his immediate party were well, and that he should probably ride south from Washington to cross the Mississippi, if possible. I think no reply was made by Mrs. Davis to the letter; and, if my memory serves me, we left behind us nothing to advise the President as to where we were going.

That afternoon I was overcome with dysentery and a low fever, and dropped behind for a time, to lie down. When I overtook the party, they had already gone into camp; and, after giving my horse to one of the men, I had hardly strength enough to climb into a wagon, there to pass the night.

The next day we made a long march, and had halted for the night in a pine grove, just after crossing a railway track, when several visitors sauntered into our camp. Presently, one of the teamsters informed me that, while watering his mules near by, he had been told an attempt would be made during the night to

carry off our mules and wagons, and that the visitors were of the party to make the attack. A council of war was held immediately, and we were discussing measures of resistance, when Captain Moody went off for a personal parley with the enemy. He returned to me with the news that the leader of the party was a fellow-Freemason, a Mississippian, and apparently not a bad sort of person. We agreed he had better be informed who we were, relying upon him not to allow an attack upon us after learning that Mrs. Davis and her children were of the party. Captain Moody made that communication in the confidence of Freemasonry, and the gallant Robin Hood immediately approached Mrs. Davis in all courtesy, apologized for having caused her any alarm, assured her she should not be disturbed, and said the raid had been arranged only because it had been supposed we were the party of some quartermasters from Milledgeville, making off with wagons and mules to which he and his men considered their own title as good as that of anybody else. He then left our camp, remarking, however, that, to intercept any attempt at escape during the night, he had already dispatched some of his men to the cross-roads, some distance below, and that we might be halted by them there in the morning; but, to provide for that emergency, he wrote and delivered to Captain Moody a formal "order," entitling us to "pass" his outposts at the cross-roads! The next morning, when we reached the cross-roads, some men were there, evidently intending to intercept us; but—as all the gentlemen of our party were in the saddle, and we appeared to be ready for them—there was no challenge, and we got by without recourse to Robin Hood's "pass."

About the second or third day after that, we were pursued by another party; and one of our teamsters, riding a short distance in the rear of the wagons on the horse of one of the Kentuckians,—the owner having exchanged temporarily for one of the carriage horses, I think,—was attacked, made to dismount, and robbed of his horse, with the information that all the other horses and the mules would be taken during the night. By running a mile or two, the teamster overtook us. It was decided, of course, to prepare for an effective defense. As night came on, we turned off into a side road, and reaching a piece of high ground in the open pine woods, well adapted for our needs, halted—corralling the animals within a space inclosed by the wagons (arranged with the tongue of one wagon fastened by chains or ropes to the tail of another) and placing pickets. About the middle of the night, I, with two

teamsters, constituted the picket on the road running north. After awhile we heard the soft tread of horses in the darkness approaching over the light, sandy soil of the road. The teamsters immediately ran off to arouse the camp, having no doubt the attack was about to begin. I placed myself in the road to detain the enemy as long as possible, and, when the advancing horsemen came near enough to hear me, called "Halt." They drew rein instantly. I demanded "Who comes there?" The foremost of the horsemen replied "Friends," in a voice I was astonished to recognize as that of President Davis, not suspecting he was anywhere near us.

His party then consisted of Colonel William Preston Johnston, Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel Frank R. Lubbock, Mr. Reagan, Colonel Charles E. Thorburn (the latter, with a negro servant, had joined them at Greensboro', North Carolina), and Robert (Mr. Davis's own servant). Some scouts were scattered through the country, and were reporting to the President from time to time; but I don't recollect that either of them was with him on the occasion now referred to.

He had happened to join us at all only because some of his staff had heard in the afternoon, from a man on the road-side, that an attempt was to be made in the night to capture the wagons, horses, and mules of a party said to be going south on a road to the eastward. The man spoke of the party to be attacked in terms that seemed to identify us, as we had been described in Washington. The President immediately resolved to find us, and, turning to the east from his own route, rode until after midnight before he overtook us. He explained to us, at the time, how he had tried several roads in the search, and had ridden an estimated distance of sixty miles since mounting in the morning; and said he came to assist in beating off the persons threatening the attack. As we had camped some distance from the main road, he would have passed to the westward of our position, and would probably have had no communication with us and no tidings whatever of us, but for the chance remark about the threatened raid upon our animals. The expected attack was not made.

The President remained with us the rest of that night, rode with us the next day, camped with us the following night, and, after breakfast the day after that, bade us good-bye and rode forward with his own party, leaving us, in deference to our earnest solicitations, to pursue our journey as best we might with our wagons and incumbrances.

He camped that night with his own party at Abbeville, Georgia, personally occupying a deserted house in the outskirts of the village.

As they had reached that place after dark, and a furious rain was falling, but few of the people were aware of his presence, and nobody in the village had had opportunity to identify him.

I halted my party on the western bank of the Ocmulgee River as the darkness came on, immediately after getting the wagons through the difficult bottom-lands on the eastern side, and after crossing the ferry. About the middle of the night I was aroused by a courier sent back by the President with the report that the enemy was at or near Hawkinsville (about twenty-five miles to the north of us), and the advice that I had better move on at once to the southward, though, it was added, the enemy at Hawkinsville seemed to be only intent upon appropriating the quartermaster's supplies supposed to be there. I started my party promptly, in the midst of a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. As we passed through the village of Abbeville, I dismounted and had a conversation with the President in the old house, where he was lying on the floor wrapped in a blanket. He urged me to move on, and said he should overtake us during the night, after his horses had had more rest. We kept to the southward all night, the rain pouring in torrents most of the time, and the darkness such that, as we went through the woods where the road was not well marked, in a light, sandy soil, but wound about to accommodate the great pines left standing, the wagons were frequently stopped by fallen trees and other obstructions. In such a situation, we were obliged to wait until a flash of lightning enabled the drivers to see the way.

In the midst of that storm and darkness the President overtook us. He was still with us when, about five o'clock in the afternoon (not having stopped since leaving Abbeville, except for the short time, about sunrise, required to cook breakfast), I halted my party for the night, immediately after crossing the little creek just north of Irwinville, and went into camp. My teams were sadly in need of rest, and having now about fifty miles between us and Hawkinsville, where the enemy had been reported to be, and our information being, as stated, that they did not seem to be on the march or likely to move after us, we apprehended no immediate danger. That country is sparsely inhabited, and I do not recollect that we had seen a human being after leaving Abbeville. Colonel Johnston says that he rode on in advance as far as Irwinville, and there found somebody from whom he bought some eggs.

Colonel Thorburn had been, before the war, in the United States navy, and was, I think, a classmate of Colonel Wood in the Naval

Academy at Annapolis. During the first year or two of the war he had served in the army; he afterward became engaged in running the blockade, bringing supplies into the Confederate States. He says he had a small but seaworthy vessel then lying in Indian River, Florida; that his object in joining the party had been to take the President aboard that vessel and convey him thence around to Texas, in case the attempt to get across the Mississippi should for any reason fail or seem unadvisable; and that Colonel Wood and he had arranged that he should, at the proper time, ride on in advance, make all the necessary arrangements for the voyage, and return to Madison, Florida, to await the President there and conduct him aboard the vessel, if necessary. We had all now agreed that, if the President was to attempt to reach the Trans-Mississippi at all, by whatever route, he should move on at once, independent of the ladies and wagons. And when we halted he positively promised me (and Wood and Thorburn tell me he made the same promise to them) that, as soon as something to eat could be cooked, he would say farewell, for the last time, and ride on with his own party, at least ten miles farther before stopping for the night, consenting to leave me and my party to go on our own way as fast as was possible with the now weary mules.

After getting that promise from the President, and arranging the tents and wagons for the night, and without waiting for anything to eat (being still the worse for my dysentery and fever), I lay down upon the ground and fell into a profound sleep. Captain Moody afterward kindly stretched a canvas as a roof over my head, and laid down beside me, though I knew nothing of that until the next day. I was awakened by the coachman, James Jones, running to me about day-break with the announcement that the enemy was at hand! I sprang to my feet, and in an instant a rattling fire of musketry commenced on the north side of the creek. Almost at the same moment Colonel Pritchard and his regiment charged up the road from the south upon us. As soon as one of them came within range, I covered him with my revolver and was about to fire, but lowered the weapon when I perceived the attacking column was so strong as to make resistance useless, and reflected that, by killing the man, I should certainly not be helping ourselves, and might only provoke a general firing upon the members of our party in sight. We were taken by surprise, and not one of us exchanged a shot with the enemy. Colonel Johnston tells me he was the first prisoner taken. In a moment, Colonel Pritchard rode directly to me and,

pointing across the creek, said, "What does that mean? Have you any men with you?" Supposing the firing was done by our teamsters, I replied, "Of course we have—don't you hear the firing?" He seemed to be nettled at the reply, gave the order, "Charge," and boldly led the way himself across the creek, nearly every man in his command following. Our camp was thus left deserted for a few minutes, except by one mounted soldier near Mrs. Davis's tent (who was afterward said to have been stationed there by Colonel Pritchard in passing) and by the few troopers who stopped to plunder our wagons. I had been sleeping upon the same side of the road with the tent occupied by Mrs. Davis, and was then standing very near it. Looking there, I saw her come out and heard her say something to the soldier mentioned; perceiving she wanted him to move off, I approached and actually persuaded the fellow to ride away. As the soldier moved into the road, and I walked beside his horse, the President emerged for the first time from the tent, at the side farther from us, and walked away into the woods to the eastward, and at right angles to the road.

Presently, looking around and observing somebody had come out of the tent, the soldier turned his horse's head and, reaching the spot he had first occupied, was again approached by Mrs. Davis, who engaged him in conversation. In a minute, this trooper was joined by one or perhaps two of his comrades, who either had lagged behind the column and were just coming up the road, or had at that moment crossed over from the other (the west) side, where a few of them had fallen to plundering, as I have stated, instead of charging over the creek. They remained on horseback and soon became violent in their language with Mrs. Davis. The order to "halt" was called out by one of them to the President. It was not obeyed, and was quickly repeated in a loud voice several times. At least one of the men then threatened to fire, and pointed a carbine at the President. Thereupon, Mrs. Davis, overcome with terror, cried out in apprehension, and the President (who had now walked sixty or eighty paces away into the unobstructed woods) turned around and came back rapidly to his wife near the tent. At least one of the soldiers continued his violent language to Mrs. Davis, and the President reproached him for such conduct to her, when one of them, seeing the face of the President, as he stood near and was talking, said, "Mr. Davis, surrender! I recognize you, sir." Pictures of the President were so common that nearly or quite every man in both armies knew his face.

It was, as yet, scarcely daylight.

The President had on a water-proof cloak. He had used it, when riding, as a protection against the rain during the night and morning preceding that last halt; and he had probably been sleeping in that cloak, at the moment when the camp was attacked.

While all these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the other tent. The gentlemen of our party had, with the single exception of Captain Moody, all slept on the west side of the road and in or near the wagons. They were, so far as I know, paying no attention to what was going on at the tents. I have since talked with Johnston, Wood, and Lubbock, and with others, about these matters; and I have not found there was any one except Mrs. Davis, the single trooper at her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his own imagination for his story.

In a short time after the soldier had recognized the President, Colonel Pritchard and his men returned from across the creek—the battle there ending with the capture by one party of a man belonging to the other, and by the recognition which followed.

They told us that the column, consisting of a detachment of Wisconsin cavalry and another of Michigan cavalry, had been dispatched from Macon in pursuit of us, under the command of Colonel Harnden, of Wisconsin; that when they reached Abbeville, they heard a party of mounted men, with wagons, had crossed the river near there, the night before; that they immediately suspected the identity of the party, and decided to follow it; but that, to make sure of catching us if we had not already crossed the river, Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard had been posted at the ferry with orders to remain there and capture anybody attempting to pass; that Colonel Harnden, with his Wisconsin men, marched down the direct road we had ourselves taken, and, coming upon us in the night, had halted on the north side of the creek to wait for daylight before making the attack, lest some might escape in the darkness; that Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard had satisfied himself, by further conversation with the ferry-man, that it was indeed Mr. Davis who had crossed there, and, deciding to be in, if possible, at the capture, had marched as rapidly as he could along the road nearer the river, to the east of and for most of the distance nearly parallel with the route taken by Colonel Harnden; that he reached the cross-roads (Irwinville) in the night, ascertained nobody had passed there for several days, turned north, and found us only a mile and a half up

the road; that, to intercept any attempt at escape, he had dismounted some of his men, and sent them to cross the creek to the westward of us and to post themselves in the road north of our camp; that, as these dismounted men crossed the creek and approached the road, they came upon the Wisconsin troopers, and not being able, in the insufficient light, to distinguish their uniforms, and supposing them to be our escort, opened a brisk fire which was immediately returned; and that, on that signal, Colonel Pritchard and his column charged up the road into our camp, and thence into the thick of the fight. They said that, in the rencontre, a man and, I think, a horse or two were killed, and that an officer and perhaps one or two men were wounded.

During the confusion of the next few minutes, Colonel John Taylor Wood escaped, first inducing the soldier who halted him to go aside into the bushes on the bank of the creek, and there bribing the fellow with some gold to let him get away altogether. As Wood was an officer of the navy, as well as an officer of the army, had commanded cruisers along the Atlantic coast, had captured and sunk a number of New York and New England vessels, and was generally spoken of in the Northern newspapers as a "pirate," he not unnaturally apprehended that, if he remained in the enemy's hands, he would be treated with special severity.

He made his way to Florida, and there met General Breckinridge, with whom (and perhaps one or two others) he sailed down the east coast of the State in a small open boat, and escaped to Cuba. When in London, in September, 1866, I dined with Breckinridge, and had from him the story of their adventures. He said they kept close alongshore, and, frequently landing, subsisted on turtles' eggs found in the sand. When nearing the southerly end of the coast, they one day perceived a boat coming to meet them and were at first afraid of capture; but presently, observing that the other boat was so changing its course as to avoid them, they shrewdly suspected it to contain deserters or escaped convicts from the Dry Tortugas, or some such people, who were probably themselves apprehensive of trouble if caught. Wood therefore gave chase immediately, and, having the swifter boat, soon overhauled the other one. The unsatisfactory account the men aboard gave of themselves seemed to confirm the suspicion with regard to their character. The new boat was a better sea-craft than the one our voyagers had, though not so fast a sailer. They were afraid theirs would not take them across the Gulf to Cuba, and so determined to appropriate the other. Turning pirates for the

occasion, they showed their side-arms, put on a bold air, and threatened the rascals with all manner of dreadful things; but finally relented so far as to offer to let them off with an exchange of boats! The victims were delighted with this clemency, and gladly went through what President Lincoln called the dangerous process of "swapping horses while crossing a stream." Each party went on its way rejoicing, and our friends finally, as I have said, reached the coast of Cuba, though almost famished. Indeed, Breckinridge said they were kept alive at all only by a loaf or two of bread kindly given them by a Yankee skipper as they sailed under the stern of his vessel at day-break of the last day of their voyage.

All of the other members of the President's party, except Colonel Thorburn, and all those of my own party, remained as prisoners—unless, indeed, one or two of the teamsters escaped, as to which I do not recollect.

I had been astonished to discover the President still in camp when the attack was made. What I learned afterward explained the mystery. Wood and Thorburn tell me that, after the President had eaten supper with his wife, he told them he should ride on when Mrs. Davis was ready to go to sleep; but that, when bed-time came, he finally said he would ride on in the morning—and so spent the night in the tent. He seemed to be entirely unable to apprehend the danger of capture. Everybody was disturbed at this change of his plan to ride ten miles farther, but he could not be got to move.

Colonel Thorburn decided to start during the night, to accomplish as soon as possible his share of the arrangement for the escape of the party from the sea-coast; and, with his negro boy, he set out alone before day-break. He tells me that, at Irwinville, they ran into the enemy in the darkness, and were fired upon; and that the negro leveled himself on his horse's back, and galloped away like a good fellow into the woods to the east. Thorburn says he turned in the saddle for a moment, shot the foremost of the pursuers, saw him tumble from his horse, and then kept on after the negro. They were chased into the woods, but their horses were fresher than those of the enemy and easily distanced pursuit. Thorburn says he went on to Florida, found his friend Captain Coxsetter at Lake City, ascertained that the vessel was, as expected, in the Indian River and in good condition for the voyage to Texas, arranged with the captain to get her ready for sailing, and then returned to Madison for the rendezvous. There, he says, he learned of Mr. Davis's capture, and, having no further use for the vessel, sent back orders to destroy her.

The business of plundering commenced immediately after the capture; and we were soon left with only what we had on and what we had in our pockets. Several of us rejoiced in some gold; mine was only the one hundred and ten dollars I have mentioned, but Colonel Lubbock and Colonel Johnston had about fifteen hundred dollars each. Lubbock held on to nearly or quite all of his. But Johnston had found the coins an uncomfortable burden when carried otherwise, and had been riding with them in his holsters. There his precious gold was found, and thence it was eagerly taken, by one or more of our captors. His horse and his saddle, with the trappings and pistols, were those his father, General Albert Sydney Johnston, had used at the battle of Shiloh, and were greatly prized. They and all our horses were promptly appropriated by the officers of Col. Pritchard's command; the colonel himself claimed and took the lion's share, including the two carriage-horses, which, as he was told at the time, were the property of Mrs. Davis, having been bought and presented to her by the gentlemen in Richmond upon the occasion already mentioned. Colonel Pritchard also asserted a claim to the horse I had myself ridden, which had stood the march admirably and was fresher and in better condition than the other animals. The colonel's claim to him, however, was disputed by the adjutant, who insisted on the right of first appropriation, and there was a quarrel between those officers on the spot.

While it was going on, I emptied the contents of my haversack into a fire where some of the enemy were cooking breakfast, and there saw the papers burn. They were chiefly love-letters, with a photograph of my sweetheart,—though with them chanced to be a few telegrams and perhaps some letters relating to public affairs, of no special interest.

After we had had breakfast, it was arranged that each of the prisoners should ride his own horse to Macon, the captors kindly consenting to waive right of possession meantime; and that arrangement was carried out, except that Mr. Davis traveled in one of the ambulances.

We marched in a column of twos, and Major Maurin and I rode together. He was very taciturn; but when, on the second or third day, we came upon a cavalry camp where a brass-band, in a large wagon drawn by handsome horses, was stationed by the road-side, and suddenly struck up "Yankee Doodle" as the ambulance containing Mr. Davis came abreast of it, the silent old Creole was moved to speech. The startling burst of music set our horses to prancing. When Major Maurin

had composed his steed, he turned to me with a broad smile and revenged himself with: "I remember the last time I heard *that* tune; it was at the battle of Fredericksburg, when a brass-band came across the pontoon bridge with the column and occupied a house within range of my guns, where they began 'Yankee Doodle.' I myself sighted a field-piece at the house, missed it with the first shot, but next time hit it straight. In all your life you never heard 'Yankee Doodle' stop so short as it did then!"

It was at that cavalry camp we first heard of the proclamation offering a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Mr. Davis, upon the charge, invented by Stanton and Holt, of participation in the plot to murder Mr. Lincoln. Colonel Pritchard had himself just received it, and considerably handed a printed copy of the proclamation to Mr. Davis, who read it with a composure unruffled by any feeling other than scorn. The money was, several years later, paid to the captors. Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted upon an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so.

The march to Macon took four days. As we rode up to the head-quarters of General Wilson there, an orderly (acting, as he said, under directions of the adjutant) seized my rein before I had dismounted, and led off my horse the moment I was out of the saddle. When, that afternoon, we were sent to the station to take the railway train arranged to convey the prisoners to Augusta, on our way to Fortress Monroe, the horses of all or most of the officers of our party were standing in front of the hotel, and the several ex-owners rode them to the station. My horse was not there, and I had to go to the station afoot.

Several years afterward, on the grand stand at the Jerome Park race-course, in New York, I met Colonel —, from whom, in Danville, Virginia, I had got the horse under the circumstances narrated. He told me he was in that part of Georgia shortly after our capture, and said the quarrel between Colonel Pritchard and his adjutant, as to

who should have my horse, waxed so hot at Macon that the adjutant, fearing he would not be able to keep the horse himself, and determined Colonel Pritchard should not have him, ended the dispute by drawing his revolver and shooting the gallant steed dead.

At General Wilson's head-quarters in Macon, I met General Croxton, of Kentucky, one of Wilson's brigadiers, who had been two classes ahead of me at Yale College. He received me with expressions of great friendship; said he should have a special outlook for my comfort while a prisoner; and told me that it was at his suggestion that Harnden and Pritchard had been dispatched to intercept Mr. Davis at the crossing of the Ocmulgee River at Abbeville—having heard from some of the Confederate cavalry who had been disbanded at Washington, Georgia, each with a few dollars in silver in his pocket, that the President had ridden south from that place.

HAD Mr. Davis continued his journey, without reference to us, after crossing the Ocmulgee River, or had he ridden on after getting supper with our party the night we halted for the last time; had he gone but five miles beyond Irwinville, passing through that village at night, and so avoiding observation, there is every reason to suppose that he and his party would have escaped either across the Mississippi or through Florida to the sea-coast, as Mr. Benjamin escaped, as General Breckinridge escaped, and as others did. It was the apprehension he felt for the safety of his wife and children which brought about his capture. And, looking back now, it must be thought by everybody to have been best that he did not then escape from the country.

To have been a prisoner in the hands of the Government of the United States, and not to have been brought to trial upon any of the charges against him, is sufficient refutation of them all. It indicates that the people in Washington knew the accusations could not be sustained. * * * * *

Burton N. Harrison.

FRIENDSHIP.

I WERE not worth you, could I long for you:
But should you come, you would find me ready.
The lamp is lighted, the flame is steady—
Over the strait I toss this song for you.

Helen Gray Cone.

TERRA INCOGNITA.

AH me! that it has nearly passed away,
The grateful mystery, the vague delight,
Of those dim ancient days when yet there might
Be undreamed things where somber Thule lay
In clamorous seas; or where, 'neath passing day,
Hung blessed isles sometimes almost in sight;
Or, later, where fair Avalon was bright,
Or shone the golden cities of Cathay.

Old ocean holds no terrors any more;
We touch the limits of the farthest zone,
And would all Nature's fastnesses explore:
Oh, leave some spot that Fancy calls its own—
Some far and solitary wave-worn shore,
Where all were possible and all unknown!

George A. Hibbard.

MRS. KNOLLYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUERNDALÉ."

THE great Pasterzen glacier rises in Western Austria, and flows into Carinthia, and is fourteen or seventeen miles long, as you measure it from its birth in the snow-field, or from where it begins to move from the higher snows and its active course is marked by the first wrinkle. It flows in a straight, steady sweep, a grand avenue, guarded by giant mountains, steep and wide; a prototype, huge and undesigned, of the giants' stairway in the Venice palace. No known force can block its path; it would need a cataclysm to reverse its progress. What falls upon it moves with it, what lies beneath it moves with it—down to the polished surface of the earth's frame, laid bare; no blade of grass grows so slowly as it moves, no meteor of the air is so irresistible. Its substant ice curls freely, molds, and breaks itself like water,—breaks in waves, plastic like honey, crested lightly with a frozen spray; it winds tenderly about the rocky shore, and the granite, disintegrated into crumbs, flows on with it. All this so quietly that busy, officious little Man lived a score of thousand years before he noticed even that the glacier moved.

Now, however, men have learned to congregate upon its shores, and admire. Scientists stick staves in the ground (not too near, lest the earth should move with it), and appraise the majesty of its motion; ladies, politely mystified, give little screams of pleased surprise; young men, secretly exultant, pace the yard or two between the sticks, a distance that takes the frozen stream a year to compass, and look out upon it half contemptu-

ously. Then they cross it—carefully, they have enough respect left for that—with their cunningly nailed shoes and a rope; an hour or two they dally with it, till at last, being hungry and cold, they walk to the inn for supper. At supper they tell stories of their prowess, pay money to the guides who have protected them, and fall asleep after tea with weariness. Meantime, the darkness falls outside; but the white presence of the glacier breaks the night, and strange shapes unseen of men dance in its ashen hollows. It is so old that the realms of death and life conflict: change is on the surface, but immortality broods in the deeper places. The moon rises and sinks; the glacier moves silently, like a time-piece marking the centuries, grooving the record of its being on the world itself,—a feature to be read and studied by far-off generations of some other world. The glacier has a light of its own, and gleams to stars above, and the Great Glockner mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face.

Mrs. Knollys was a young English bride, sunny-haired, hopeful-eyed, with lips that parted to make you love them,—parted before they smiled, and all the soft regions of her face broke into attendant dimples. And then, lest you should think it meant for you, she looked quickly up to "Charles," as she would then call him even to strangers, and Charles looked down to her. Charles was a short foot taller, with much the same hair and eyes, thick flossy whiskers, broad shoulders, and a bass voice. This was in the days before political economy cut Hymen's wings.

Charles, like Mary, had little money but great hopes; and he was clerk in a government office, with a friendly impression of everybody and much trust in himself. And old Harry Colquhoun, his chief, had given them six weeks to go to Switzerland and be happy in, all in celebration of Charles Knollys's majority and marriage to his young wife. So they had both forgotten heaven for the nonce, having a passable substitute; but the powers divine overlooked them pleasantly and forgave it. And even the phlegmatic driver of their *Einspänner* looked back from the corner of his eye at the *schöne Engländerin*, and compared her mentally with the far-famed beauty of the Königssee. So they rattled on in their curious conveyance, with the pole in the middle and the one horse out on one side, and still found more beauty in each other's eyes than in the world about them. Although Charles was only one and twenty, Mary Knollys was barely eighteen, and to her he seemed godlike in his age, as in all other things. Her life had been as simple as it had been short. She remembered being a little girl, and then the next thing that occurred was Charles Knollys, and positively the next thing she remembered of importance was being Mrs. Charles Knollys; so that old Mrs. Knollys, her guardian aunt and his, had first called her a love of a baby, and then but a baby in love. All this, of course, was five and forty years ago, for you know how old she was when she went again to Switzerland last summer—three and sixty.

They first saw the great mountains from the summit of the Schafberg. This is a little height, three cornered, between three lakes; a natural Belvedere for Central Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Knollys were seated on a couch of Alpine roses behind a rhododendron bush watching the sunset; but as Charles was desirous of kissing Mrs. Knollys, and the rhododendron bush was not thick enough, they were waiting for the sun to go down. He was very slow in doing this, and by way of consolation Knollys was keeping his wife's hand hidden in the folds of her dress. Undoubtedly a modern lady would have been talking of the scenery, giving word-color pictures of the view; but I am afraid Mrs. Knollys had been looking at her husband, and talking with him of the cottage they had bought in a Surrey village, not far from Box Hill, and thinking how the little carvings and embroideries would look there which they had bought abroad. And, indeed, Mrs. Charles secretly thought Box Hill an eminence far preferable to the Venediger, and Charles's face an infinitely more interesting sight than any lake, however expressive.

But the sun, looking askance at them through the lower mist, was not jealous; all the same he spread his glory lavishly for them, and the bright little mirror of a lake twinkled cannily upward from below. Finally, it grew dark; then there was less talking. It was full night when they went in, she leaning on his arm and looking up; and the moonbeam on the snowy shoulder of the Glockner, twenty leagues away, came over, straightway, from the mountain to her face. Three days later, Charles Knollys, crossing with her the lower portion of the Pasterzen glacier, slipped into a crevasse, and vanished utterly from the earth.

II.

ALL this you know. And I was also told more of the young girl, bride and widow at eighteen; how she sought to throw herself into the clear blue gulf; how she refused to leave Heiligenblut; how she would sit, tearless, by the rim of the crevasse, day after day, and gaze into its profundity. A guide or man was always with her at these times, for it was still feared she would follow her young husband to the depths of that still sea. Her aunt went over from England to her; the summer waxed; autumn storms set in; but no power could win her from the place whence Charles had gone.

If there was a time worse for her than that first moment, it was when they told her that his body never could be found. They did not dare to tell her this for many days, but busied themselves with idle cranes and ladders, and made futile pretenses with ropes. Some of the big, simple-hearted guides even descended into the chasm, absenting themselves for an hour or so, to give her an idea that something was being done. Poor Mrs. Knollys would have followed them had she been allowed, to wander through the purple galleries, calling Charles. It was well she could not; for all Kaspar could do was to lower himself a hundred yards or so, chisel out a niche, and stand in it, smoking his honest pipe to pass the time, and trying to fancy he could hear the murmur of the waters down below. Meantime Mrs. Knollys strained her eyes, peering downward from above, leaning on the rope about her waist, looking over the clear brink of the bergschrund.

It was the Herr Doctor Zimmermann who first told her the truth. Not that the good Doctor meant to do so. The Herr Doctor had had his attention turned to glaciers by some rounded stones in his garden by the Traunsee, and more particularly by the Herr Privatdocent Splüthner. Splüthner, like

Uncle Toby, had his hobby-horse, his pet conjuring words, his gods *ex machinâ*, which he brought upon the field in scientific emergencies; and these gods, as with Thales, were Fire and Water. Craters and flood were his accustomed scape-goats, upon whose heads were charged all things unaccountable; and the Herr Doctor, who had only one element left to choose from, and that a passive one, but knew, on general principles, that Splüthner must be wrong, got as far off as he could and took Ice. And Splüthner having poooh-pooohed this, Zimmermann rode his hypothesis with redoubled zeal. He became convinced that ice was the embodiment of orthodoxy. Fixing his professional spectacles on his substantial nose, he went into Carinthia and ascended the great Venice mountains, much as he would have performed any other scientific experiment. Then he encamped on the shores of the Pasterzen glacier, and proceeded to make a study of it.

So it happened that the Doctor, taking a morning stroll over the subject of his experiment, in search of small things which might verify his theory, met Mrs. Knollys sitting in her accustomed place. The Doctor had been much puzzled, that morning, on finding in a rock at the foot of the glacier the impression, or sign-manual as it were, of a certain fish, whose acquaintance the Doctor had previously made only in tropical seas. This fact seeming, superficially, to chime in with Splüthnerian mistakes in a most heterodox way, the Doctor's mind had for a moment been diverted from the ice; and he was wondering what the fish had been going to do in that particular gallery, and secretly doubting whether it had known its own mind, and gone thither with the full knowledge and permission of its maternal relative. Indeed, the good Doctor would probably have ascribed its presence to the malicious and personal causation of the devil, but that the one point on which he and Splüthner were agreed was the ignoring of unscientific hypotheses. The Doctor's objections to the devil were none the less strenuous for being purely scientific.

Thus ruminating, the Doctor came to the crevasse where Mrs. Knollys was sitting, and to which a little path had now been worn from the inn. There was nothing of scientific interest about the fair young English girl, and the Doctor did not notice her; but he took from his waistcoat-pocket a leaden bullet, molded by himself, and marked "Johannes Carpentarius, Juvavianus, A. U. C. 2590," and dropped it, with much satisfaction, into the crevasse. Mrs. Knollys gave a little cry; the bullet was heard for some seconds tinkling against the sides of the chasm; the

tinkles grew quickly fainter, but they waited in vain for the noise of the final fall. "May the Splüthner live that he may learn by it," muttered the Doctor; "I can never recover it."

Then he remembered that the experiment had been attended with a sound unaccounted for by the conformity of the bullet to the laws of gravitation; and looking up he saw Mrs. Knollys in front of him, no longer crying, but very pale. Zimmermann started, and in his confusion dropped his best brass registering thermometer, which also rattled down the abyss.

"You say," whispered Mrs. Knollys, "that it can never be recovered!"

"Madam," spoke the Doctor, doffing his hat, "how would you recover from a place when the smallest approximation which I have yet been able to make puts the depth from the surface to the bed of the gletscher at from sixteen hundred to sixteen hundred and sixty *mètres* in distance?" Doctor Zimmermann spoke very good English; and he pushed his hat upon the back of his head, and assumed his professional attitude.

"But they all were trying ——" Mrs. Knollys spoke faintly. "They said that they hoped he could be recovered." The stranger was the oldest gentleman she had seen, and Mrs. Knollys felt almost like confiding in him. "Oh, I must have the—the body." She closed in a sob; but the Herr Doctor caught at the last word, and this suggested to him only the language of scientific experiment.

"Recover it? If, madam," Zimmermann went on with all the satisfaction attendant on the enunciation of a scientific truth, "we take a body and drop it in the schrund of this gletscher; and the ice-stream moves so slower at its base than on the upper part, and the ice will cover it; even if we could reach the base, which is a mile in depth. Then, see you, it is all caused by the motion of the ice ——"

But at this Mrs. Knollys had given a faint cry, and her guide rushed up angrily to the old professor, who stared helplessly forward. "God will help me, sir," said she to the Doctor, and she gave the guide her arm and walked wearily away.

The professor still stared, in amazement at her enthusiasm for scientific experiment and the passion with which she greeted his discoveries. Here was a person who utterly refused to be referred to the agency of Ice, or even, like Splüthner, of Fire and Water; and went out of the range of allowable hypotheses to call upon a *Noumenon*. Now both Splüthner and Zimmermann had studied all natural agencies and made allowance for them, but for the Divine they had always hitherto proved an alibi. The Doctor could make nothing of it.

At the inn that evening he saw Mrs. Knollys with swollen eyes; and remembering the scene of the afternoon, he made inquiries about her of the innkeeper. The latter had heard the guide's account of the meeting; and as soon as Zimmermann had made plain what he had told her of the falling body, "Triple blockhead!" said he. "*Es war ihr Mann.*" The Herr Professor staggered back into his seat; and the kindly innkeeper ran upstairs to see what had happened to his poor young guest.

Mrs. Knollys had recovered from the first shock by this time, but the truth could no longer be withheld. The innkeeper could but nod his head sadly, when she told him that to recover her Charles was hopeless. All the guides said the same thing. The poor girl's husband had vanished from the world as utterly as if his body had been burned to ashes and scattered in the pathway of the winds. Charles Knollys was gone, utterly gone; no more to be met with by his girl-wife, save as spirit to spirit, soul to soul, in ultramundane place. The fair-haired young Englishman lived but in her memory, as his soul, if still existent, lived in places indeterminate, unknowable to Doctor Zimmermann and his compeers. Slowly Mrs. Knollys acquired the belief that she was never to see her Charles again. Then, at last, she resolved to go—to go home. Her strength now gave way; and when her aunt left, she had with her but the ghost of Mrs. Knollys—a broken figure, drooping in the carriage, veiled in black. The innkeeper and all the guides stood bare-headed, silent, about the door, as the carriage drove off, bearing the bereaved widow back to England.

III.

WHEN the Herr Doctor had heard the innkeeper's answer, he sat for some time with his hands planted on his knees, looking through his spectacles at the opposite wall. Then he lifted one hand and struck his brow impatiently. It was his way, when a chemical reaction had come out wrong.

"Triple blockhead!" said he; "triple blockhead, thou art so bad as Splüthner." No self-condemnation could have been worse to him than this. Thinking again of Mrs. Knollys, he gave one deep, gruff sob. Then he took his hat, and going out, wandered by the shore of the glacier in the night, repeating to himself the Englishwoman's words: "*They said that they hoped he could be recovered.*" Zimmermann came to the tent where he kept his instruments, and stood there, looking at the sea of ice. He went to his

measuring pegs, two rods of iron: one sunk deep and frozen in the glacier, the other drilled into a rock on the shore. "Triple blockhead!" said he again, "thou art worse than Splüthner. The Splüthner said the glacier did not move; 'thou, thou knowest that it does.'" He sighted from his rods to the mountain opposite. There was a slight and all but imperceptible change of direction from the day before.

He could not bear to see the English girl again, and all the next day was absent from the inn. For a month he stopped at Heiligenblut, and busied himself with his instruments. The guides of the place greeted him coldly every day, as they started on their glacier excursions or their chamois hunting. But none the less did Zimmermann return the following summer, and work upon his great essay in refutation of the Splüthner.

Mrs. Knollys went back to the little cottage in Surrey, and lived there. The chests and cases she brought back lay unopened in the store-room; the little rooms of the cottage that was to be their home remained bare and unadorned, as Charles had seen them last. She could not bring herself to alter them now. What she had looked forward to do with him she had no strength to do alone. She rarely went out. There was no place where she could go to think of him. He was gone; gone from England, gone from the very surface of the earth. If he had only been buried in some quiet English church-yard, she thought,—some green place lying open to the sun, where she could go and scatter flowers on his grave, where she could sit and look forward amid her tears to the time when she should lie side by side with him,—they would then be separated for her short life alone. Now it seemed to her that they were far apart forever.

But late the next summer she had a letter from the place. It was from Dr. Zimmermann. There is no need here to trace the quaint German phrases, the formalism, the cold terms of science in which he made his meaning plain. It spoke of erosion; of the movement of the summer; of the action of the underwaters on the ice. And it told her, with tender sympathy oddly blended with the pride of scientific success, that he had given a year's most careful study to the place; with all his instruments of measurement he had tested the relentless glacier's flow; and it closed by assuring her that her husband might yet be found—in five and forty years. In five and forty years—the poor professor staked his scientific reputation on the fact—in five and forty years she might return, and the glacier would give up its dead.

This letter made Mrs. Knollys happier. It made her willing to live; it made her almost long to live until old age—that her Charles's body might be given back. She took heart to beautify her little home. The trifling articles she had bought with Charles were now brought out,—the little curiosities and pictures he had given her on their wedding-journey. She would ask how such and such a thing looked, turning her pretty head to some kind visitor, as she ranged them on the walls; now and then she would have to lay the picture down, and cry a little, silently, as she remembered where Charles had told her it would look best. Still, she sought to furnish the rooms as they had planned them in their mind; she made her surroundings, as nearly as she could, as they had pictured them together. One room she never went into; it was the room Charles had meant to have for the nursery. She had no child.

But she changed, as we all change, with the passing of the years. I first remember her as a woman middle-aged, sweet-faced, hardly like a widow, nor yet like an old maid. She was rather like a young girl in love, with her lover absent on a long journey. She lived more with the memory of her husband, she clung to him more, than if she had had a child. She never married; you would have guessed that; but, after the Professor's letter, she never quite seemed to realize that her husband was dead. Was he not coming back to her?

Never in all my knowledge of dear English women have I known a woman so much loved. In how many houses was she always the most welcome guest! How often we boys would go to her for sympathy! I know she was the confidante of all our love affairs. I cannot speak for girls; but I fancy she was much the same with them. Many of us owed our life's happiness to her. She would chide us gently in our pettiness and folly, and teach us, by her very presence and example, what thing it was that alone could keep life sweet. How well we all remember the little Surrey cottage, the little home fireside where the husband had never been! I think she grew to imagine his presence, even the presence of children: boys, curly-headed, like Charles, and sweet, blue-eyed daughters; and the fact that it was all imagining seemed but to make the place more holy. Charles still lived to her as she had believed him in the month that they were married; he lived through life with her as her young love had fancied he would be. She never thought of evil that might have occurred; of failing affection, of cares. Her happiness was in her mind alone; so all the earthly part was absent.

There were but two events in her life—

that which was past and that which was to come. She had lived through his loss; now she lived on for his recovery. But, as I have said, she changed, as all things mortal change; all but the earth and the ice-stream and the stars above it. She read much, and her mind grew deep and broad, none the less gentle with it all; she was wiser in the world; she knew the depths of human hope and sorrow. You remember her only as an old lady whom we loved. Only her heart did not change—I forgot that; her heart, and the memory of that last loving smile upon his face, as he bent down to look into her eyes, before he slipped and fell. She lived on, and waited for his body, as possibly his other self—who knows?—waited for hers. As she grew older she grew taller; her eyes were quieter, her hair a little straighter, darker than of yore; her face changed, only the expression remained the same. Mary Knollys!

Human lives rarely look more than a year, or five, ahead; Mary Knollys looked five and forty. Many of us wait, and grow weary in waiting, for those few years alone, and for some living friend. Mary Knollys waited five and forty years—for the dead. Still, after that first year, she never wore all black; only silvery grays, and white with a black ribbon or two. I have said that she almost seemed to think her husband living. She would fancy his doing this and that with her; how he would joy in this good fortune, or share her sorrows—which were few, mercifully. His memory seemed to be a living thing to her, to go through life with her, hand in hand; it changed as she grew old; it altered itself to suit her changing thought; until the very memory of her memory seemed to make it sure that he had really been alive with her, really shared her happiness or sorrow, in the far-off days of her earliest widowhood. It hardly seemed that he had been gone already then—she remembered him so well. She could not think that he had never been with her in their little cottage. And now, at sixty, I know she thought of him as an old person too; sitting by their fireside, late in life, mature, deep-souled, wise with the wisdom of years, going back with her, fondly, to recall the old, old happiness of their bridal journey, when they set off for the happy honey-moon abroad, and the long life now past stretched brightly out before them both. She never spoke of this, and you children never knew it; but it was always in her mind.

There was a plain stone in the little Surrey church-yard, now gray and moss-grown with the rains of forty years, on which you remember reading: "Charles Knollys—lost in Carinthia"—This was all she would have

inscribed; he was but lost; no one *knew* that he was dead. Was he not yet to be found? There was no grassy mound beside it; the earth was smooth. Not even the date was there. But Mrs. Knollys never went to read it. She waited until he should come; until that last journey, repeating the travels of their wedding-days, when she should go to Germany to bring him home.

So the woman's life went on in England, and the glacier in the Alps moved on slowly; and the woman waited for it to be gone.

IV.

IN the summer of 1882, the little Carinthian village of Heiligenblut was haunted by two persons. One was a young German scientist, with long hair and spectacles; the other was a tall English lady, slightly bent, with a face wherein the finger of time had deeply written tender things. Her hair was white as silver, and she wore a long, black veil. Their habits were strangely similar. Every morning, when the eastern light shone deepest into the ice-cavern at the base of the great Pasterzen glacier, these two would walk thither; then both would sit for an hour or two and peer into its depths. Neither knew why the other was there. The woman would go back for an hour in the late afternoon; the man, never. He knew that the morning light was necessary for his search.

The man was the famous young Zimmermann, son of his father, the old Doctor, long since dead. But the Herr Doctor had written a famous tract, when late in life, refuting all Splüthners, past, present, and to come; and had charged his son, in his dying moments, as a most sacred trust, that he should repair to the base of the Pasterzen glacier in the year 1882, where he would find a leaden bullet, graven with his father's name, and the date A. U. C. 2590. All this would be vindication of his father's science. Splüthner, too, was a very old man, and Zimmermann the younger (for even he was no longer young) was fearful lest Splüthner should not live to witness his own refutation. The woman and the man never spoke to each other.

Alas, no one could have known Mrs. Knollys for the fair English girl who had been there in the young days of the century; not even the innkeeper, had he been there. But he, too, was long since dead. Mrs. Knollys was now bent and white-haired; she had forgotten, herself, how she had looked in those old days. Her life had been lived. She was now like a woman of another world; it seemed another world in

which her fair hair had twined about her husband's fingers, and she and Charles had stood upon the evening mountain, and looked in one another's eyes. That was the world of her wedding-days, but it seemed more like a world she had left when born on earth. And now he was coming back to her in this. Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier had moved on, marking only the centuries; the men upon its borders had seen no change; the same great waves lifted their snowy heads upon its surface; the same crevasse still was where he had fallen. At night, the moonbeams, falling, still shivered off its glassy face; its pale presence filled the night, and immortality lay brooding in its hollows.

Friends were with Mrs. Knollys, but she left them at the inn. One old guide remembered her, and asked to bear her company. He went with her in the morning, and sat a few yards from her, waiting. In the afternoon she went alone. He would not have credited you, had you told him that the glacier moved. He thought it but an Englishwoman's fancy, but he waited with her. Himself had never forgotten that old day. And Mrs. Knollys sat there silently, searching the clear depths of the ice, that she might find her husband.

One night she saw a ghost. The latest beam of the sun, falling on a mountain opposite, had shone back into the ice-cavern; and seemingly deep within, in the grave azure light, she fancied she saw a face turned toward her. She even thought she saw Charles's yellow hair, and the self-same smile his lips had worn when he bent down to her before he fell. It could be but a fancy. She went home, and was silent with her friends about what had happened. In the moonlight she went back, and again the next morning before dawn. She told no one of her going; but the old guide met her at the door, and walked silently behind her. She had slept, the glacier ever present in her dreams.

The sun had not yet risen when she came; and she sat a long time in the cavern, listening to the murmur of the river, flowing under the glacier at her feet. Slowly the dawn began, and again she seemed to see the shimmer of a face—such a face as one sees in the coals of a dying fire. Then the full sun came over the eastern mountain, and the guide heard a woman's cry. There before her was Charles Knollys! The face seemed hardly pale; and there was the same faint smile—a smile like her memory of it, five and forty years gone by. Safe in the clear ice, still, unharmed, there lay—O God! not her Charles; not the Charles of her own thought, who had lived through life with her and shared her sixty years; not the old man she had borne

thither in her mind—but a boy, a boy of one and twenty lying asleep, a ghost from another world coming to confront her from the distant past, immortal in the immortality of the glacier. There was his quaint coat, of the fashion of half a century before; his blue eyes open; his young, clear brow; all the form of the past she had forgotten; and she his bride stood there to welcome him, with her wrinkles, her bent figure, and thin white hairs. She was living, he was dead; and she was two and forty years older than he.

Then at last the long-kept tears came to her, and she bent her white head in the snow. The old man came up with his pick, silently, and began working in the ice. The woman lay weeping, and the boy, with his still, faint smile, lay looking at them, through the clear ice-veil, from his open eyes.

I BELIEVE that the Professor found his bullet;
I know not. I believe that the scientific

world rang with his name and the thesis that he published on the glacier's motion, and the changeless temperature his father's lost thermometer had shown. All this you may read. I know no more.

But I know that in the English churchyard there are now two graves, and a single stone, to Charles Knollys and Mary, his wife; and the boy of one and twenty sleeps there with his bride of sixty-three; his young frame with her old one, his yellow hair beside her white. And I do not know that there is not some place, not here, where they are still together, and he is twenty-one and she is still eighteen. I do not know this; but I know that all the pamphlets of the German doctor cannot tell me it is false.

Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier moves on, and the rocks with it; and the mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face.

J. S., of Dale.

THE TWO DARKS.

At dusk, when Slumber's gentle wand
Beckons to quiet fields my boy,
And day, whose welcome was so fond,
Is slighted like a rival'd toy,—

When fain to follow, fain to stay,
Toward night's dim border-line he peers,
We say he fears the fading day:
Is it the inner dark he fears?

His deep eyes, made for wonder, keep
Their gaze upon some land unknown,
The while the crowding questions leap
That show his ignorance my own.

For he would go he knows not where,
And I—I hardly know the more;
Yet what is dark and what is fair
He would to-night with me explore.

Upon the shoals of my poor creed
His plummet falls, but cannot rest;
To sound the soundless is his need,
To find the primal soul, his quest.

In vain these bird-like flutterings,
As when through cages sighs the wind:
My clearest answer only brings
New depths of mystery to his mind,—

Vague thoughts, by crude surmise beset,
And groping doubts that loom and pass
Like April clouds that, shifting, fret
With tides of shade the sun-wooed grass.

O lonely soul within the crowd
Of souls! O language-seeking cry!
How black were noon without a cloud
To vision only of the eye!

Sleep, child! while healing Nature breaks
Her ointment on the wounds of Thought;
Joy, that anew with morning wakes,
Shall bring you sight it ne'er has brought.

Lord, if there be, as wise men spake,
No Death, but only Fear of Death,
And when Thy temple seems to shake
'Tis but the shaking of our breath,—

Whether by day or night we see
Clouds where Thy winds have driven none,
Let unto us as unto Thee
The darkness and the light be one.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Open Constituencies.

It has been the rule in this country that a legislative officer shall be a resident of the district from which he is chosen, and to this rule there have been few exceptions. Many of the State constitutions, indeed, require it, though some do not; while the Constitution of the United States only requires that a member of the House of Representatives shall be a resident of the State from which he is chosen. But, whether required or not, the practice has been everywhere observed in State and nation; and there has been, so far as we know, no important movement toward abandoning it in any part of the country. To be sure, ambitious city men are sometimes elected from their country homes; but they are apt, naturally enough, to have to combat a prejudice in procuring a representative office by such a makeshift.

In England, on the contrary, no such rule is known. Members of the House of Commons are, indeed, chosen by districts, each having one or more representatives; but the member chosen need not be a resident of the district itself, but may be taken from any part of the United Kingdom. Hence, at every parliamentary election, many boroughs and counties select as their representatives men that have never been residents there, and whose capacity for legislation is their sole recommendation to the favor of their constituents.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the American system, for in many respects it has worked well. It has brought out men who have proved of great use in public affairs, and who might not have come to the front under a different system. On the other hand, the objections to the American method are of no little moment. In the first place, the rule of always choosing a resident often results in putting into office men of inferior ability, to the detriment of the public welfare. It frequently happens that there is no resident of conspicuous ability whose views are sufficiently accordant with those of the voters to secure his election; and when this is the case, an inferior man is necessarily chosen instead. There is in all countries a tendency on the part of the ablest men to concentrate in or near the large towns, because it is here, as a rule, that they find the best opportunities for the exercise of their talents. Commerce necessarily centers in such places, and the wealth that thus gathers there brings with it a large proportion of the ablest lawyers, teachers, and other professional men, as well as men of business. In other words, the rural districts are largely drained of their ablest men by the superior attractions of the cities; so that, in some districts, the number of men really fitted for high political office is small. The consequence is, that men of inferior character are often unavoidably chosen as representatives; men who would hardly be selected if the English custom prevailed of seeking a representative wherever a suitable person might be found.

Again, the American custom has the effect of keeping out of office many men who would be of great service to the country if they could get elected, and who might get elected if they could have their choice of a constituency, but who stand no chance at all in the district in which they happen to live. Some districts, especially in the great cities, are peopled by ignorant masses, whose choice of a representative is but slightly governed by considerations of fitness, and the ablest man in such a district would have small chance of getting elected. Hence, there result from our method of election two closely related evils, the actual choice of inferior men who happen to be residents, and the consignment to private life of many abler men who reside among an ignorant or unsympathetic constituency.

But perhaps the worst effect of the prevailing custom is the spirit of provincialism infused by it into our national politics. Every member of Congress is obliged, under penalty of losing his seat, to look out for the local interests of his district, however opposed they may be to the general good; and thus local interests are liable to become paramount in his mind over the national welfare and the principles of justice. Conspicuous instances of this sort have been repeatedly seen in the case of tariff legislation, and in the river and harbor jobs, whose very name has become odious. And if a representative is unfaithful to these local interests, however sinister they may be, he may at any time lose his office, in spite of important services rendered to the nation at large. But if he could present himself for election in any part of his own State, it would often happen that, when he was rejected by one constituency, he would be chosen by another, and thus a man of eminent fitness would seldom lose his office on account of local jealousy or provincial dislike.

It is somewhat remarkable that the custom of always choosing a resident has been so long retained, notwithstanding its inconveniences. But the narrow, provincial spirit which leads to the magnifying of local interests has too widely prevailed among us; and so long as this continues to be the case, the irrational custom is likely to be maintained. We believe, however, that this spirit is much less prevalent than it was, and that the American people are now more truly one in feeling than ever before; and we think that, in the more enlightened constituencies, no great effort would be required to abolish the present cast-iron custom altogether. That its abolition would result, in many instances, in giving us abler legislators there can be little doubt, while at the same time it would promote the independence of the legislators themselves, by freeing them from the thralldom of mere local interests. In our opinion, a popular leader would render his country no inconsiderable service by breaking through the absurd custom of a hundred years, and presenting himself for election in a district where he did not reside; and we are confident that if the custom was once broken, the advan-

tages of the new system would speedily be recognized. One of the principal uses of a Congressman has hitherto been the obtaining of small federal offices for his "constituents." Under the dawning régime of reform this degrading misuse of representatives will be done away with, and "open constituencies" will be more possible and more probable in America.

Is the Old Faith Dying?

THE question as to the present status of Christianity in Christian lands is now under discussion; and the statements made by debaters on either side as to the facts of the case are curiously variant. On the one side, it is asserted in the most unqualified manner that belief in the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion is nearly obsolete; that the faith of our fathers has no longer any practical hold on the community; that the intelligent and influential citizens have nearly all parted company with the churches; and that the day is not distant when Christianity will be numbered among the effete superstitions. The truth of this statement seems, to those who make it, so obvious that they take no pains to prove it; it is assumed, as a postulate, in all their reasoning; it would be superfluous, they think, to show *that* these things are so; all that is required is to show *why* they are so.

On the other side, the disputants begin by denying the existence of any such facts as these antagonists assume, and by demanding the production of them. Not only so, they have recourse to the census of the United States and to the various year books and published records of the various Christian sects, to show that Christianity is gaining instead of losing ground; that the number of communicants in the various churches is increasing faster than the population; and that the sittings in the churches are now three times as numerous, in proportion to the number of the people, as they were in the days of the Revolution; so that if one-third of the room in them is now occupied, the church attendance must be at least as large, relatively, as it was one hundred years ago. Every habitual church-goer knows that more than one-third of the room is occupied at the ordinary Sunday services; while the extent to which the church is used for purposes of worship and instruction is greatly increased by the multiplication of services, both on week-days and on Sundays, and especially by the rise and progress of Sunday-schools. In most Protestant churches, the congregation which meets at the Sunday-school service is nearly as large as that which gathers for the morning preaching-service, and the two congregations are composed, to a large extent, of different persons—not one-half of the members of the Sunday-school being present at the preaching-service. This state of things may not be desirable; but the fact must be noted in making up our estimate of the number of persons in the community brought under the influence of the churches.

To this class of facts constant appeal is made by those who dispute the assumption that Christianity is a waning faith. The volume of the Rev. Daniel Dorchester, in which figures compiled from the census and from the official records of the different sects are clearly presented, makes a striking presentation of the growth of the Christian faith. By tables which have

been for some time before the public, and which have not, so far as we know, been controverted, it is made to appear that the number of communicants in the evangelical Protestant churches has increased, since the beginning of this century, three times as fast as the population. Some of these figures, with others confirming them, have lately been adduced by Dr. Ward in a discussion of this subject in the "North American Review." The showing made in this compact and vigorous article should have the effect to push the debate back to the settlement of the question of fact. Before any further arguments are constructed to show why Christianity is obsolescent, it would be necessary to bring forth some reasons for believing that such is the case. To prove mathematically that Christianity is true, or untrue, may be somewhat difficult; but there can be no serious difficulty in making it appear whether or not it is losing its hold upon the thought and life of the people. And it would be a much more scientific method of procedure if those who maintain the decadence of the popular faith would take a little trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts that bear upon this particular point.

It is often said specifically that men of affairs, as a class, have lost their interest in the churches, and an attempt was lately made to test the truth of this assertion. In an Eastern city, with a population of a little less than forty thousand, the president and cashier of one of the national banks were requested to furnish a list of the fifty strongest business firms in the city, with the name of the head of each firm. The gentlemen furnishing the list had no knowledge whatever of the use that was to be made of it. In classifying fifty-four names thus given, it was found that there were seven whose relation to the churches was unknown to the gentleman who had obtained the list; six who were not identified with any of them; and forty-one who were all regular attendants upon the churches and generous supporters of their work—the great majority of them communicants. In a Western city of a little more than sixty thousand inhabitants, a similar list of fifty-two names was obtained in the same way; and the analysis showed three whose ecclesiastical standing was unknown; one Jew; six not connected with churches; and forty-two regular church-goers, of whom thirty-one were communicants. These lists were both made up by well-informed and sagacious business men; the cities represented by them are not conspicuously religious communities; and the composition of them gives small color to the notion that the business men of our cities are estranged from the churches. It is astonishing that such a notion should ever have gained currency, in the face of the palpable fact that so much money is contributed every year for the support of the churches and the prosecution of their charitable and missionary enterprises.

It is possible that a fair showing with respect to the business men of other cities might be less favorable than that here presented; but it is almost certain that a complete induction of facts would correct the impression that the churches have lost their hold upon this class of men.

It is true that a comparatively small number of very respectable persons have withdrawn from all connection with the churches, and have shut their minds, as a temper the reverse of scientific, against all ideas and

influences which proceed from this source. But for this, they would be made aware of two facts of which they now seem oblivious: first, that many of the churches are quietly and cautiously adjusting their current teaching to the growing light of the age, so that there is much less repugnance between their doctrines and modern science than is often imagined; second, that they are learning to enter, by a truer sympathy and a more intelligent ministry, into the real life of men, and thus to maintain and strengthen their hold upon the masses of the people. Unquestionably, the "non-church-goer" who started this discussion, and all that class of outside critics to which he belongs, have much to learn respecting the real condition and prospects of the church of Christ in America. If their information were better, their

estimates would be more hopeful and their judgments more sympathetic. And they cannot too soon disabuse their minds of the belief that the Christian religion is in its decadence. Such facts as those to which we have referred show its outward growth; but the real signs of its progress cannot be expressed in figures. It is the gospel of the heaven rather than the gospel of the mustard-seed whose triumphs are most signal and most sure. The one grand fact on which defenders of Christianity should rest their case is presented in these words of Canon Fremantle: "The Spirit of Christ is supreme over the whole range of the secular life,—education, trade, literature, art, science, and politics,—and is seen to be practically vindicating this supremacy." If this can be seen, it is worth seeing. No fact could be more significant or more impressive.

OPEN LETTERS.

Matthew Arnold in America.

ONE of the signs that this country has reached its majority—reached it through the ennobling sacrifices of the civil war, which changed our political boyhood into manhood—is the fact that Americans are no longer sensitive to foreign criticism. The nation is too big, prosperous, good-natured to care what Europe thinks. The continent no longer trembles when a distinguished foreign critic sets his foot on it. He is welcome to fill his note-book and go his way; and by and by, when he publishes his "Notes of a Short Journey in the United States," or "Observations on the Social and Political System of American Democracy," we will read his little book, perhaps with amusement, perhaps with profit to ourselves, but certainly without that eager curiosity to know how we look to our visitors that used to possess us in *ante-bellum* days.

Yet the arrival among us of so acute a social observer as Mr. Matthew Arnold deserves a passing notice. I am not going to try to prophesy what Mr. Arnold's experiences here may be, nor to anticipate his judgment of society in the United States. What he thinks of us in a general way we already know from the preface to "Culture and Anarchy," and from his article last year in "The Nineteenth Century," "A Word about America." The opinion there given was evidently quite firmly held, although modestly expressed, and there is little reason to expect that a brief stay in this country will modify it much. But as our critic is always insisting upon the need of a greater flexibility of mind and accessibility to ideas in people of British stock, we may predict that he will in this instance practice that favorite virtue, and hold his opinion subject to some revision. Indeed, he has acknowledged that it is difficult "to speak of a people merely from what one reads."

There are one or two things, however, which, it may with confidence be predicted, he will find here, and will find perhaps worth studying. He will find, for instance, that democracy which he foresees to be inevitable, and that equality which he thinks desirable

in modern society. But whether the particular type of democracy and equality which we have developed will seem to him admirable is doubtful. "In America perhaps," he once wrote, "we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any high standard of social life and manners formed." Again, Mr. Arnold has written much and ably on the question of secondary education, and has advocated the establishment in England of higher schools for the instruction of the middle class, which should enjoy state support and supervision like the French *lycées*. He will, therefore, naturally be interested in the public school systems of our cities, and in the state universities of some of our Western States. It is true that he has expressed in advance an unfavorable opinion of our secondary schools, and has intimated that, like the English classical and commercial academies, they have not "a serious programme—a programme really suited to the wants and capacities of those who are to be trained." I venture, however, to express the hope that he will have time to look closer into this matter, and to give us the results of his observations.

Finally, he will find the Philistine here in great rankness and luxuriance; and my chief object in writing this letter is to say why I think that we need not be overmuch disquieted by the presence of the Philistine among us, or by Mr. Arnold's discovery that he exists here in overwhelming numbers and in flagrant type. It is well known that our critic has divided English society into three classes, which he politely names Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. In America, he tells us, there are no Barbarians and hardly any Populace. The great bulk of the nation consists of the Philistines; a livelier kind of Philistine, he admits, and more accessible to ideas, than his English brother, but left more to himself, and without the social standard furnished by an aristocracy. I believe it was Mr. Arnold who, in his essay on Heine, first imported the word Philistine into English, and he has succeeded in domesticating it by dint of repetition in his later essays. Yet even now it may be doubted whether the great British and American public has any clear notion of

the right meaning of the term. There was an amusing discussion in the English newspapers some time since as to whether Macaulay was or was not a Philistine. I do not remember that Mr. Arnold ever called him one. He has in many passages of his writings been very hard upon Macaulay for being a rhetorician, for lacking intellectual delicacy, and for being dogmatic, superficial, uncritical, and what not. But surely it would be a confusion of terms to apply to a man of Macaulay's inquisitive and speculative spirit a term which always implies in Mr. Arnold's use of it a distrust of ideas, an inflexibility of mind, an adherence to routine and machinery.

The truth is that Mr. Arnold's Philistine is identical with what we know in America as the practical man; the man who is impatient of "theories," and who brings everything to the test of utility; who does not care for "the things of the mind" except in so far as they minister to immediate practical ends. To Mr. Arnold the representative *par excellence* of Philistinism is the respectable English Liberal and Puritan Dissenter of the middle classes, whose life vibrates between "business and Bethels." It is the "hideousness and immense ennui" of the life lived by this person which afflicts the critic's imagination. The Philistine, he insists, must transform himself. He has "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners." He must be civilized, must get sweetness and light. He must aim at culture, which is "the study and pursuit of perfection." And the chief agency, at present, for the diffusion of culture is criticism, "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." It is admitted, however, that the Philistine may and does possess all the solid virtues, industry, integrity, piety, etc.

Now, I think it is evident why we need not be overmuch disquieted by the reflection that the mass of Americans are Philistines. Mr. Arnold's vision of a transformed society in which the Philistine shall have been utterly abolished out of the land is, it is to be feared, an unattainable though a beautiful ideal. The rough work of the world has got to be done by men and women who have small leisure for the study and pursuit of perfection—even perhaps of moral perfection—and to whom a disinterested concern for the things of the mind will always be an impossibility. They have got to think of their business, and to find their happiness in it rather than in self-culture. And if their life outside of their business, if their religion, their amusements, etc., seem to the man of fine culture and wider horizons to be unsatisfactory, humdrum, and full of "immense ennui," he should not therefore call them hideous, though he may legitimately enough try to show them a better way. We cannot all of us employ our spare moments in reading Greek poetry.

I know that Mr. Arnold says, or seems to say, that there have been entire communities in possession of sweetness and light, but that appears doubtful. "By the Illissus there was no Wragg, poor thing!" Perhaps not, but the Philistine was there; yes, we may feel sure that the Philistine was there, though the Illissus is so far removed from us that the unfortunate man is not revealed to us as clearly as when he is our neighbor.

The best thing that we can do with our Philistine is to accept him and live on terms with him, while offering him every practicable means for self-improvement. Mr. Arnold complains that the English—and therefore, by implication, the American—middle class is vulgarized. This would be true if there went nothing to make vulgarity but the absence of high thinking and fine manners and tastes. But one may be without these and yet not be vulgar. Intellectual narrowness, social plainness, the absence of beauty, the hard conditions to which most men are more or less condemned, are far from constituting vulgarity. Mr. Arnold's impatience of the Philistine seems to spring from a certain unsympathetic attitude toward the homely—or, if he chooses, vulgar—aspects of human life which, though superficially ugly, are necessary, and therefore not unwholesome, nor indeed even altogether unlovely. Even in his more strictly literary criticism this defective sympathy is apparent. The quality which he praises most is *distinction* in style and thought, urbanity, dignity, intellectual delicacy, rather than what is most broadly and intensely human. He has no relish of the healthy coarseness of nature. In all his laudation of equality he remains at heart aristocratic. He does not feel with or for the lower classes as they are, but he wants to make gentlemen of them! If he wishes to understand the true spirit of American democracy, let him turn his attention for a moment to the remarkable literary phenomenon offered by the "poems" of Walt Whitman. Here, amid much rankness and formlessness, much slovenly writing and defective art, and some affectation, he will find the most vivid and powerful explosions of the true democratic spirit known in literature. By the true democratic spirit, I mean the spirit of exultant hope and confidence in the future of the people; the spirit of good fellowship, friendliness, brotherhood with the average man; and even a physical comfort in the contact of the healthy human animal, man or woman,—a liking for the warm, gregarious pressure of the crowd. This is the real equality: not merely the praiseworthy wish to elevate the middle and lower classes by culture up to a position where it is possible for a man of refinement to sympathize with them intellectually; but a willingness—nay, a strong thirst and impulse—to meet them on the basis of their common manhood; to interest one's self in their characters, feelings, life experiences. A man who may have an appreciation of Greek poetry, but who likes to put on a flannel shirt on occasion, go about among farmers, fishermen, commercial travelers, and see life from their point of view without being offended by their want of sweetness and light, is the ideal American democrat.

As to the welcome which our distinguished guest will receive in America, we do not doubt that it will be a hearty one—though heartiness is not, perhaps, a trait which Mr. Arnold specially prizes. It may be better to say, therefore, that his welcome will be appreciative. I do not allude to personal hospitalities, but to the respectful gratification at his presence in the country of the many who have long owed him an intellectual debt; or perhaps it might be truer to say the few who have owed him this debt. He has spoken of himself, now and then, as an unpopular writer; and possibly, in view of his rather low estimate of the

popular taste, the phrase is not altogether one of self-disparagement. His writings are certainly not as dear to the great heart of the people as are those of Dickens, Kingsley, and some other English authors who have visited their American constituency. Yet I know numbers of young men—and some, alas! no longer young—who have found in Matthew Arnold's poetry a more exact answer to their intellectual and emotional wants than in any poetry of Tennyson's or even of Emerson's. They have found, too, a classical purity and restraint of manner, "a certain Doric delicacy,"—such as Sir Henry Wotton was ravished with in the odes and songs of "Comus,"—which has imparted a finer gusto to their literary palates than anything else in contemporary poetry. They are apt to regret that a poet who has written such poetry as "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis," as "Empedocles on Etna" and "The Sick King in Bokhara," should have—comparatively—wasted his time of late in scolding the British Philistine. And though they know that no poet can compel the service of his muse, yet they are fond of pointing to Mr. Arnold as an instance of the peril which attends a writer who allows himself to get more and more into an exclusively critical attitude, and to forget the habit of original creation. They know, of course, what their favorite poet's plea would be, what it already has been in his essay on "The Function of Criticism": that the times are unfit; that a period of criticism is needed to prepare another era of creative power. But, besides that, some of Mr. Arnold's admirers do not altogether believe the doctrine of that essay; they profess themselves eager to take prose if they cannot get poetry; such prose, *i. e.*, as that of his earlier and pleasanter essays—the essays "On Translating Homer," on Heine and the De Guérins, on "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment." Beautiful prose that was—simple, pliant, delicate, flowing so subtly and quietly into all the folds of the subject. But they are growing tired of hearing about the Philistine.

As regards the spread of Mr. Arnold's ideas about social classes, political tendencies, education, etc., or in other words, as regards the general influence of his writings in this country, I am afraid that his ideas in themselves are unpopular; and then that there is something fastidious, patronizing, *de haut en bas* in his way of remonstrating with the Philistine, which exasperates the latter and hardens him in his error. I once heard a public speaker fall with great fury upon a sentence of Mr. Arnold's in which he had declared that the Cornell University seemed "to rest on a provincial misconception of what culture truly is, and to be calculated to produce miners, or engineers, or architects, not sweetness and light." What, then, asked in effect this eloquent public speaker and influential statesman,—what, then, in Heaven's name is a university for if not to produce miners or engineers or other trained men to do their work in the world, and to do it thoroughly? And what is this vague, fugacious "sweetness and light" which this impractical doctrinaire offers us? etc., etc. One can imagine with what delicate irony Mr. Arnold would reply to this orating Philistine. How gently he would point out to him that our need is rather for more light than for immediate acting; and that this mania for acting, on the part of the Liberal party in England, has re-

sulted in the bill for enabling a man to marry his deceased wife's sister.

Not that Mr. Arnold was wrong in what he wrote about the true purpose of a university; but that, in his way of approaching the tired politician or business man who has been bearing the burden and heat of the fight, with his proffer of sweetness and light and his complaint of the hideousness of such names as Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg, Wragg, and other Anglo-Saxon outrages on euphony which have come betwixt the wind and his nobility,—in all this there is a slight suggestion, to the tired warrior of the gentleman whose chat annoyed Hotspur.

Not, I repeat, that he was wrong, for it is for the steady maintenance in his writings of a "disinterested" ideal of culture that the friends of liberal education should be most grateful to him. At a time when many philosophers are telling us that the development of human society, being the final step in the evolution of life, is to be, and ought to be, accompanied by the closer and ever closer specializing of functions in the individuals of that society—so that the miner, *e. g.*, shall tend more and more to be merely a miner, and the engineer merely an engineer, and every man of continually less importance as an individual and continually greater importance as a "differentiated" crank or organ in the social machine or body,—at such a time Mr. Arnold upholds the old idea that the highest product of social machinery is a *man*, and not a miner or engineer, and the highest object of educational systems is the culture of a man, or in other words, "the study and pursuit of perfection." It is very true that, under present conditions, for a long time to come such culture is attainable only by the few. But for that matter, wealth, ease, leisure, and many other desirable things are attainable only by the few. Perhaps the time may come, in the future of the race, when every one will have the time and means to do his duty to society without neglecting his highest duty to himself. Of such a time Matthew Arnold is one of the prophets.

Henry A. Beers.

"The Bread-winners."

A COMMENT.

I BELIEVE that all editors receive constantly letters about novels which they are publishing; and as it is at least a sign of interest, I have general usage to warrant me in committing my first sin of the sort, with "The Bread-winners" as my text. This story is well written, and I all the more regret the assumption in its second number that trades-unions are composed either of ignorant and lazy dupes, or of such wretches as Offitt. It is a bit of snobbishness imported from England, where even it has been an impossible position to be taken by good writers since "Put Yourself in His Place" was written. Strong as that was, and attacking only one of the abuses of trades-unionism, it failed in its purpose; and while violence seldom now characterizes an English strike, it is because the unions have become so strong that they are a recognized power, whose demands must be respected. When such men as Mill and Thornton and George advocate the banding of laborers together for mutual protection, novelists who trade more largely on sentiment and

sympathy with the oppressed should at least advance sufficiently to keep an even front with the economists. Taking the wage-fund theory at its extreme,—that labor is a commodity,—it is absurd to say that the buyer only should dictate the price, and that both parties to the transaction should not stand on an equal footing in the "haggling of the market," either side using all the advantages that it can obtain, in any way short of actual violence. But, apart from discussion of the wages question on its merits, it is simply untruthful and worthy only of the more ignorant class of journalists to continue the assertion that trades-unions are mainly controlled and strikes inaugurated by agitators, interested only for what they can make out of them. Such men as John Jarrett, the ex-president of the Iron and Steel Workers, receive salaries for their services, but they earn every cent of them; and among these "labor agitators" there is not only organizing ability of the highest order, but more unselfishness than is displayed in nine-tenths of the business and social bodies by which work of any sort is accomplished through united effort. Nor is it fair or true that only the incompetent and idle workmen support these movements. If this were so, they would never have attained the proportions to which they have grown abroad, and which they are daily reaching here. The whole thing is only a rational solution of the labor question, the only possible one while men are inclined to look only at their own interests, unless some equal or superior power shall compel them to consider the interests of those with whom they are dealing. Thackeray and Dickens were powerful because they supported justice against prejudice, not less than by reason of their great genius; and the author of "The Bread-winners" will never turn out permanently valuable work, so long as he misrepresents a legitimate force in the interests of a false political economy and an antiquated spirit of caste.

Edward J. Shriver.

REPLY BY THE AUTHOR.

As I have not represented Mr. Offitt and his friends as trades-unionists, I might properly decline any controversy as to the merits of these organizations. It may be as well, however, to say a word in answer to the sweeping assertions of Mr. Shriver, though anything like a discussion of the matter is impossible in the limits which *THE CENTURY* can allow to such a note as this. Mr. Shriver makes the familiar claim of the harmless and rational processes of trades-unions; yet he knows that no important strike has ever been carried through without violence, and that no long strike has ever been ended without murder. He insists on the right of the workman to sell his labor at the best price; yet he knows that trades-unionism is the very negation of that right. The inner circle of petty tyrants who govern the trades-unions expressly forbid the working-man to make his own bargain with his employer; his boys may become thieves and vagabonds, his girls may take to the streets, but they shall not learn his trade, or any other honest trade, without the consent of the union. It is only a few years since we saw the streets of Pittsburgh devastated by murder, arson, and rapine,

through a rising which agitators could originate but could not control; it is only a few weeks since we saw some thousands of telegraph operators foolishly give up their means of livelihood at the dictation of a few conspirators, whose vanity and arrogance had blinded them to the plainest considerations of common sense. No one who has read the newspapers, for the last ten years, is ignorant of the existence of those secret orders, the offspring and the hideous caricatures of trades-unions, which come to the surface occasionally in the Pennsylvania courts, in connection with a story which begins with assassination and ends, most properly, with the gallows. I have made, I trust, a legitimate use of these evident facts, and do not feel myself called upon to discuss the rights and wrongs of trades-unions. I am not touched by the appeal Mr. Shriver makes to my literary ambition. "I follow use, not fame." If I could make one working-man see that, in joining a secret society which compels him by oath to give up his conscience and his children's bread to the caprice or ambition of any "Master Workman" or "Executive Council," he is committing an act of folly whose consequences he cannot foresee, and placing himself in the power of an utterly irresponsible despotism, I should be better satisfied than if I should "turn out" what Mr. Shriver and Mr. Offitt would consider "permanently valuable work."

Author of "The Bread-winners."

Opera in New York.

THOSE who ought to know shake their heads at the idea of two Italian opera companies singing in New York at the same time. German opera, at one of the two principal houses, offsetting the usual Italian opera, would be, they think, a healthier kind of competition, and would better serve the public and the interests of musical culture. Americans, and especially New Yorkers, have grown up with Italian opera, which for more than half a century has kept the field. Fondness for beautiful voices and appreciation of refined execution in singing have been greatly developed by this education; but it must be confessed that Italian opera has exerted a perverting influence upon church music, in so far as our composers have adopted its forms for sacred songs and church services. With increasing musical knowledge our people have learned to appreciate the great orchestral and choral works of the German masters; and in latter years the Italian opera company has attempted to give "Fidelio," "Lohengrin," and "Flying Dutchman," but only with indifferent success. The widespread appreciation of Wagner's music has been due to the selections given in concert by Theodore Thomas, who has brought the orchestral forces in New York to such a degree of perfection, that at the present day the Philharmonic Orchestra is almost unrivaled by any orchestra in Europe. And probably the deepest musical impression ever made in this country was when Frau Materna, at the May Festival, sang portions of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung."

One necessary requisite for German opera—a magnificent orchestra—we already possess. But we need besides a trained chorus of German singers, and,

most important of all, good soloists. Our public is accustomed to hear first-class singers in Italian opera; but it would not be easy to procure equally good singers of German opera. It is a peculiarity of German singers that they like to establish themselves at some court theater, where they will be free from the distractions and weariness of a nomadic life, and where they will have time for conscientious study and are sure of a pension when their vocal powers become impaired. On the other hand, singers who are in the employ of speculators or "impresarios" are as a rule overworked. A large sum of money must be made to satisfy the manager and the excessive demands of the soloists, and the singers, without being aware of it, fall into routine ways.

It would not be possible probably to secure the services of such singers as Frau and Herr Vogel, Frau Materna, Sucher, Marianne Brandt, Herren Scaria, Betz, Gudehus, Hill, Fuchs, and Reichmann; for the season in Germany lasts nine or ten months, and their contracts only allow them a leave of absence of, sometimes, a few weeks at a time, during which they sing as "guests" or stars in other cities. Their vacation is devoted to rest. But there are in Germany many good singers who are not engaged at court theaters, or are so attached only for six or seven years.

Thus we can hardly expect to hear German opera from the best representatives of vocal art in Germany, and would need to content ourselves with performances which excel in point of "ensemble" and correct interpretation of the music.

Owing to the cost of grand opera in this country, people of small means are, for the most part, reduced to hearing the lightest operettas, most of them of questionable value. It would be much better if those who cannot afford grand opera might hear good comic opera, such as is produced in France and Germany, like Mozart's "Figaro," and many works of Boïeldieu and Auber. In fact, the only desirable solution of the pressing question of popular opera in America, is to have the best comic operas of France and Germany sung in English; until, of course, we may have operas in which both words and music are composed by Americans. The progress which the American people show in every branch of music is remarkable, and not less astonishing is the great number of young people having beautiful voices. This talent and these voices must be given the chance to be educated in an operatic school, where they may pass from the school-room to a practicing stage, upon which they may prepare themselves to step upon the stage of an opera-house.

G. Federlein.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Old Mrs. Grimes.

(Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead.")

OLD Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!
We ne'er shall see her more.
She was the wife of good old Grimes,
Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,
Since she gave up her breath;
Her head was white with frosts of time
She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet
E'er walked where duty led;
And never wore a pair of shoes,
Except when out of bed.

Busy she was, from morn to night,
Spite of old Time's advances;
Although her husband left her here
In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,
She'll rest through endless ages;
The sun has set, her work is done,
She's gone to claim her wages.

A. T.

The Wedding on the Creek.

Oh! I's got to string de banjer 'g'inst de closin' ob
de week,
For dar's gwine to be a weddin' 'mongst de nig-
gers on de Creek.
Dey's gittin' up a frolic, an' dar's gwine to be a
noise
When de Plantation knocks ag'in' de Slab Town
boys!
Dar'll be stranger folks a-plenty, an' de gals is
comin' too,
All lubly as de day-break, an' fresher dan de
jew!
A'nt Dinah's gittin' ready, wid her half a dozen
daughters,
An' little Angelina, fum de Chinkypen Quarters;
Anudder gal's a-comin', but I couldn't tell her
name;
She's sweet as 'lasses candy an' pretty all de same!
She's nicer dan a rose-bush an' lubly ebrywhar
Fum de bottom ob her slippers to de wroppin's in
her ha'r.
Lordy mussy 'pon me, how 'twill flusterate de
niggers
To see her slidin' 'cross de flo' an' steppin' froo de
figgers!

J. A. Macom.

EXTRA!!!

COLLISION DURING A FEARFUL GALE!

A SINGULAR DISASTER!

One of the Ships of the Royal Mail
 CUTS DOWN A LARGE THREE-MASTER!
 FINE SEAMANSHIP BY THE BOYS IN BLUE!
 A RECORD TO BE CHERISHED!
 But for the efforts of either crew
 SIX HUNDRED must HAVE PERISHED!
 Showing the skill and good control
 ON TRANSATLANTIC MAILERS!
 REPORTED LOST but a SINGLE SOUL!
 And three-and-twenty sailors.

S. Conant Foster.

To Mrs. Carlyle.

I HAVE read your glorious letters,
 Where you threw aside all fetters,
 Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely, in your
 own delightful style,
 And I fear my state's alarming;
 For these pages are so charming,
 That my heart I lay before you,—take it,
 Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

And I sit here thinking, thinking,
 How your life was one long winking
 At poor Thomas' faults and failings, and his undue
 share of bile!
 Wont you own, dear, just between us,
 That this living with a genius
 Isn't, after all, so pleasant,—is it,
 Jeannie Welsh Carlyle?

There was nothing that's demeaning
 In those frequent times of cleaning,
 When you scoured and scrubbed and hammered, in
 such true housewifely style;
 And those charming teas and dinners,
 Graced by clever saints and sinners,
 Make me long to have been present—with you,
 Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

How you fought with dogs and chickens,
 Playing young women, and the dickens
 Knows what else; you stilled all racket, that might
 Thomas' sleep beguile;
 How you wrestled with the taxes,
 How you ground T. Carlyle's axes,
 Making him the more dependent on you—
 Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Through it all from every quarter
 Gleams, like sunshine on the water,
 Your quick sense of fun and humor, and your bright,
 bewitching smile;
 And I own, I fairly revel
 In the way that you say "devil."
 'Tis so terse, so very vigorous, so like
 Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

All the time, say, were you missing
 Just a little love and kissing,—
 Silly things, that help to lighten many a weary,
 dreary while?
 Never a word you say to show it;
 We may guess, but never know it;
 You went quietly on without it—loyal
 Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Bessie Chandler.

Engaged.

MUTE the music of the fiddle
 When we wandered to the door;
 Must have been about the middle
 Of the night, or may be more.
 Every poising of her face let
 Loose the rhapsodies of love;
 Every movement of her bracelet,
 Or her glove.

After each adieu was bidden,
 Leisurely we took our leave;
 One white hand was half-way hidden
 In a corner of my sleeve.
 Foolishly my fancy lingers!
 Still, what can a captive do?
 Just the pressure of her fingers
 Thrilled me through.

Spoke we of the pleasant dances,
 Costumes, supper, and the wine;
 Gossiped of the stolen glances;
 Gessed engagements,—mentioned mine.
 Some old sorrow to her eye lent
 Tears that trickled while we talked,
 And I found her growing silent
 As we walked.

My engagement? Queer, why stupid
 People peddle little lies!
 Here, beside me, cunning Cupid
 Shot his arrows from her eyes;
 In my heart a twinge and flutter
 Followed fast each dart he dealt,
 And my tongue tried hard to utter
 What I felt.

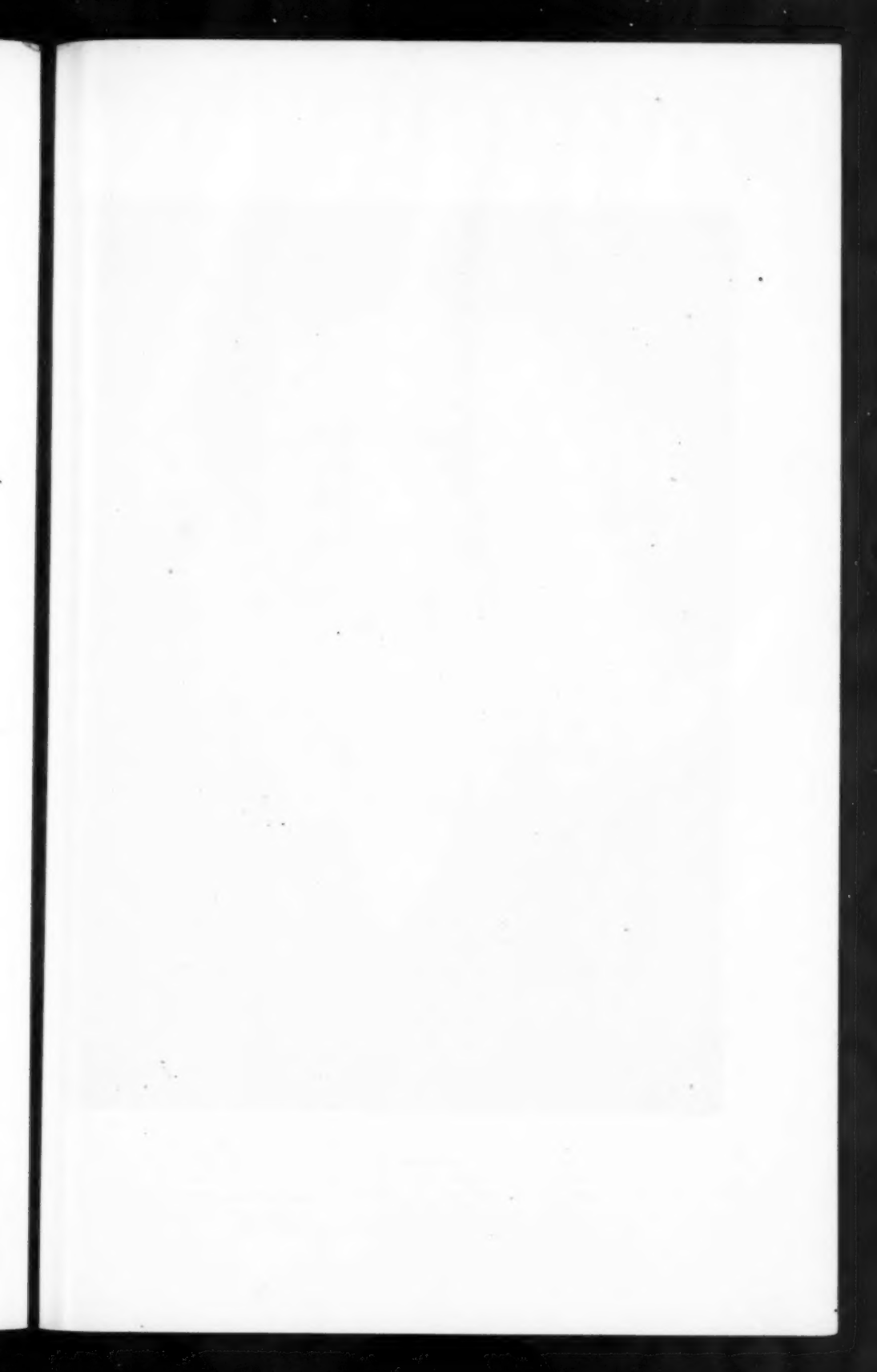
Standing near the polished newel,
 With the gas turned very low,
 Conscience seemed to whisper, "Cruel
 Tell the truth before you go."
 So my courage, getting firmer,
 Set her doubtings all aright;
 Tiny hands came with the murmur,
 "Now, good-night!"

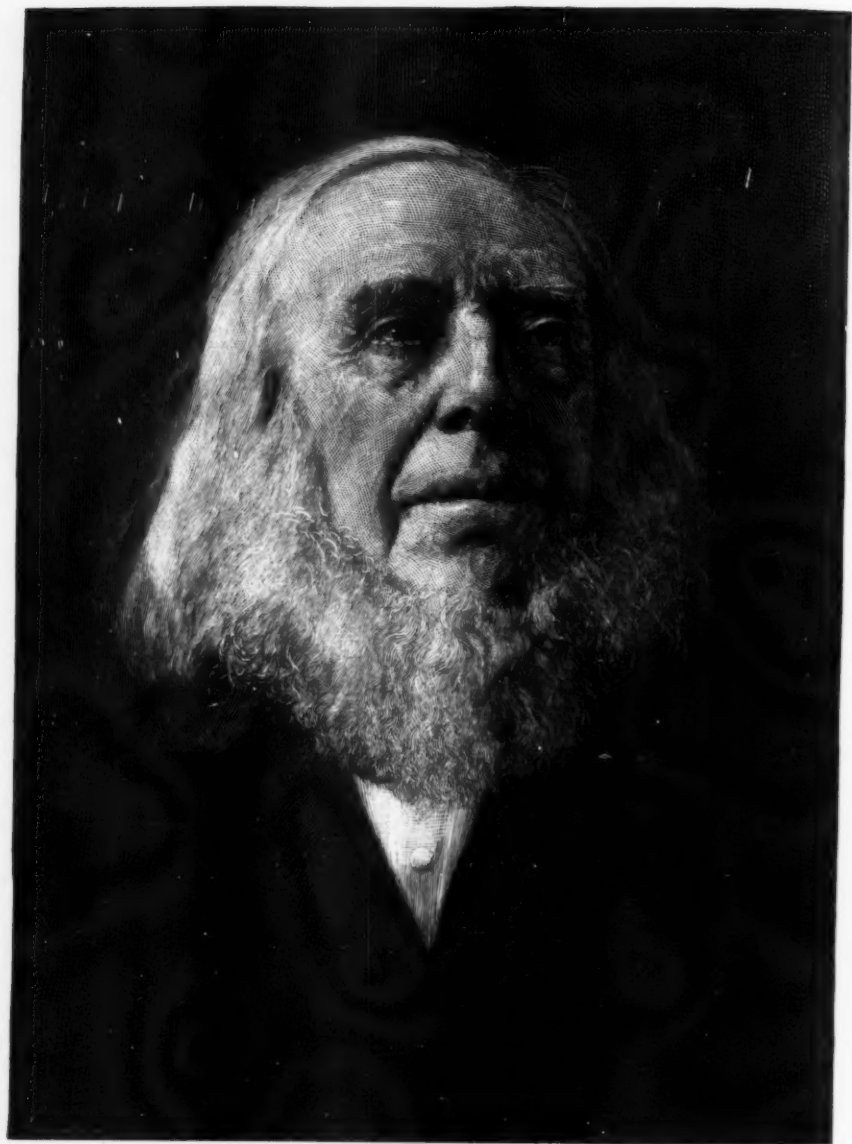
'Twas the same delicious lisp heard
 At the dance—a merry strain!
 True the voice now softly whispered,—
 True she let her hands remain
 In my own, as if in token
 Of some wish in sweet eclipse,
 Cherished lovingly, unspoken
 By her lips.

Long-lashed eyelids gently drooping,
 Face suffused with scarlet flush,
 Told the secret, as I, stooping,
 Kissed the rose-leaf of her blush:
 Like some happy, sunny island
 In a sea of joy was I;
 Quick she turned her face to smile, and
 Said: "Good-bye!"

When we met the morning after,
 Blithe as any bird was she;
 Music mingled with her laughter,
 Every word was love to me.
 So the genial Mrs. Grundy,
 Seeing how our hearts are caged,
 Tells the truth at church next Sunday
 "They're engaged!"

Frank Dempster Sherman.





PETER COOPER.

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